"Sound Off!"

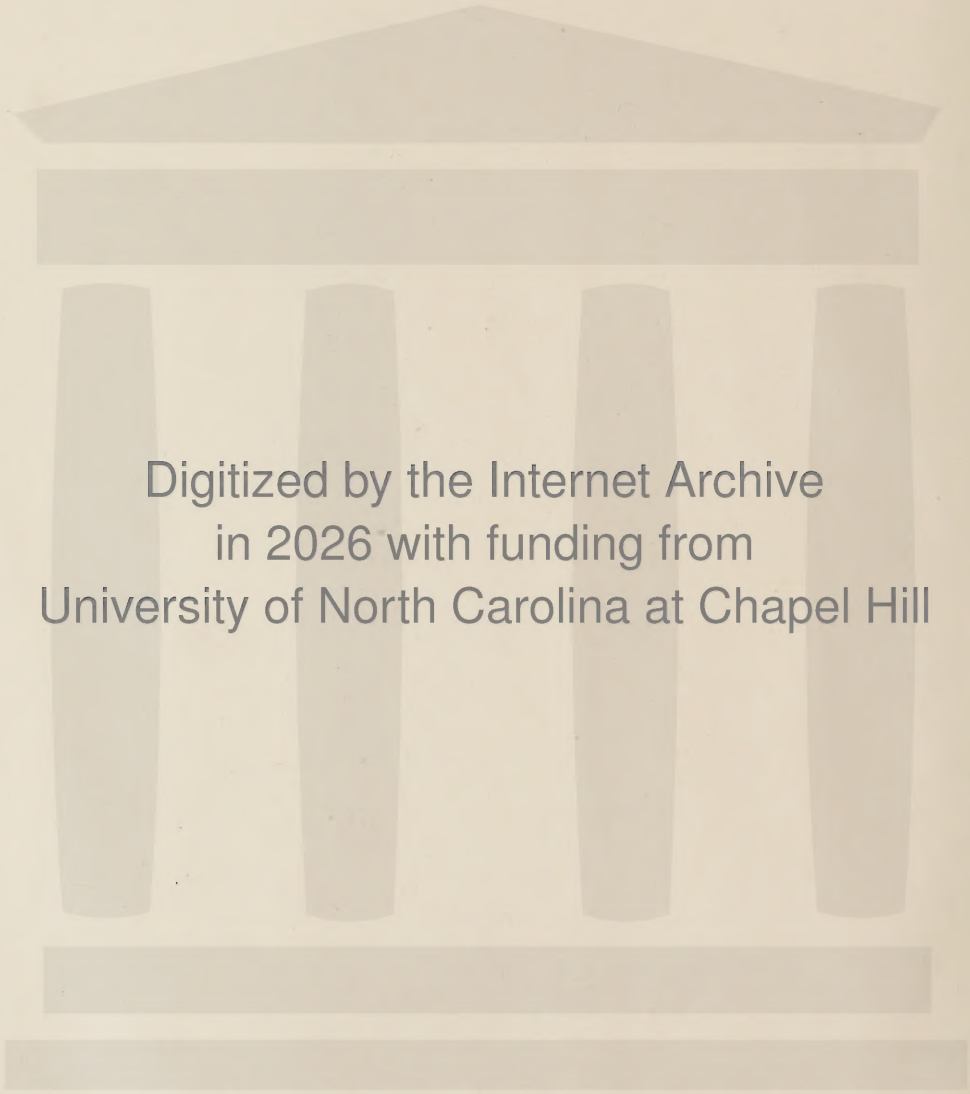
SOLDIER SONGS

EDWARD · ARTHUR · DOLPH

"Sound Off!"

Soldier Songs

From Yankee Doodle to Parley Voo


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

https://archive.org/details/soundoffsoldiers00unse

Drawn by James McNeil Whistler when he was a West Point cadet.

"Sound Off!"

Soldier Songs
From Yankee Doodle to Parley Voo

EDWARD ARTHUR DOLPH

Music Arranged by Philip Egner
Illustrated by Lawrence Schick
Foreword by Peter B. Kyne

MCMXXIX

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
New York

"SOUND OFF!"

Copyright, 1929, by
COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION
All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian

Printed in the United States of America by
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

DEDICATED
TO
THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

PREFACE

"What man," says Charles J. Finger in his excellent book of frontier ballads, "cares to sing about his profession?" I answer, "The soldier." The primitive warrior had his battle songs, and as long as armies have been known soldiers have lightened the hardships of campaign or lessened the monotony of camp by singing about their officers, their regiments, their food and shelter, the enemy, and the many little intimate details of their daily life. It is even recorded that Cæsar's men used to sing a ribald song "that reflected on that great captain's morals."

Unfortunately, few of these genuine soldier songs have been preserved. If they had been, what an interesting side-light on history they would furnish!

In compiling this book, I have been prompted by two motives: first, to preserve such soldier songs as are now extant and to resurrect as many of the forgotten ones as I could find; and second, to give to the army and veterans' organizations a singable collection of soldier songs.

When I first began collecting material I intended to compile a book of "army folk-songs"—a book of songs that were made by soldiers themselves out of their experiences in barracks and bivouac. But it soon became evident that many songs that were popular with soldiers were written outside of the army. In this volume, therefore, I have included not only the "folk-songs" of the army, but also those songs that have been adopted by soldiers and made their own.

No one is better aware than I am of the imperfections and shortcomings of this book. Such a collection as this can never be complete. Many soldier songs of the past have died with those who sang them, and to uncover all that are buried in old diaries and memoirs would require rare good fortune and many years of research. Even to obtain all those that are extant would require much more cooperation than is ordinarily obtainable. The difficulty of securing from copyright owners permission to use the tunes to which many current and World War songs are sung is another factor to be contended with. Moreover, some of the songs and tunes that have been used by our soldiers are older than the army itself. They were used by soldiers in other lands long ago; they have gone to sea as chanteys, and their origin is lost in the maze of their travels and in the changes they have undergone. Despite its shortcomings, however, this book is believed to contain the most comprehensive collection of American soldier songs that has ever been made.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge here the loyal and efficient cooperation of the two men who have assisted me in making this book.

Lieutenant Philip Egner, who arranged the music, has been Teacher of Music at the United States Military Academy for the past twenty years. During that time he has composed the music for seven cadet musical comedies, as well as the music for many popular West Point songs. He was co-editor with Frederick Mayer of a volume of West Point songs. Prior to coming to the military academy, Lieutenant Egner was for many years 'cellist with the Metropolitan Opera in New York. He also had been connected with the Philharmonic Society of New York and had been a member of the late Theodore Thomas Orchestra.

Lieutenant Lawrence Schick, Cavalry, U.S.A., who drew the illustrations, served in the army during the World War and later graduated from the United States Military Academy where he is now an instructor in the Department of Drawing.

I also make grateful acknowledgment to the following:

Many officers and men of the army and members of the American Legion for valuable material and criticism.

The American Legion Monthly, for assistance in securing World War songs.

Frazier Hunt, for his friendly interest and encouragement.

Wm. R. Kane, for criticism and permission to use songs from "The Soldier's Scrap Book."

Egner and Mayer, for permission to use the words of several songs from "The West Point Song Book."

Leo Feist, Inc., for permission to use several songs for which they hold the copyrights.

The U.S.M.A. Library, West Point, N.Y., for assistance in research.

Music Division, New York Public Library, for assistance in research.

Music Division, Library of Congress, for assistance in research.

Edward Arthur Dolph

West Point, New York,
July 15, 1928.

FOREWORD

In collecting and publishing this volume Lieutenant Dolph has performed a service that will be appreciated by all men who have ever worn the uniform of the army or navy. While the old-time chantey might be said to be more applicable, perhaps, to the navy, the fact remains that the sailor does a deal of marching, and there is something very provocative of song in the rhythm of marching feet. Even tone-deaf men will sing, hideously but joyfully; hence this collection of ancient and all-but-forgotten ballads of the service will be as welcome to the blue-jacket as to the man in khaki.

One day in Shanghai, observing the doleful, heart-breaking, monotonous chant of coolies carrying cargo up the dock and away from a ship's slings, it occurred to me to wonder why the weary wretches did not reserve all of their breath for the extraordinarily arduous toil in which they were engaged. I voiced my reflections to my Chinese tailor, a graduate of a Y.M.C.A. school, who informed me that there was nothing of joy in the grunting, groaning chant of the coolie, but that he sang to help himself to forget that he was weary, underfed, and economically hopeless.

I think some similar spirit animates tired, marching soldiers. In the days when I was a buck private in the Spanish War and the Filipino Insurrection, however, we never sang on the march, our minstrelsy being reserved for squad-room or canteen. But during the World War some genius must have discovered that there was a sort of uplift in community singing; at any rate we, in our civilized way, went back to the methods of our prehistoric ancestors who with tom-tom and tuneless chant evoked the spirit of patriotism without which victory cannot be attained. Looking back ten years, it seems to me that the civilian population started the practice, which spread rapidly to the army and found joyous and ready acceptance. At any rate, the field artillery battery which I commanded commenced to sing the day I marched them, in their old civilian clothes, to our first training camp.

But, alas! to the old soldier commanding them, there was something quite out of place with their minstrelsy, for they sang no soldier songs that day, other than "John Brown's Body." One man did start "Marching Through Georgia," but I promptly squelched that, since it seemed to me that that song, commemorating as it does a military exploit that reeks of the ruthlessness we condemned so heartily during the World War, is still offensive to the citizens of Georgia and hence has no place among the modern soldier songs of a united people.

FOREWORD

In my buck-private days I had known many of the old songs of the infantry, but eighteen years had passed since last I sang them, and the words refused to come. Nor was I in the service very long before I made the discovery that the old army songs of my boyhood practically had passed into the limbo of forgotten things. During the entire period of my service I never heard the infantry sing one of them. A sturdier spirit prevailed in the field artillery, however. "Caissons Rollin' Along" will never die while men and horses and guns survive. But—it was the only artillery song we knew, so we worked it overtime. I think the cavalry have more songs than any other branch of the service, but we had little or no cavalry in the A.E.F. and if the yellow-legs sang them they sang them to the Mexicans along the border.

The spirit of song was irrepressible, however, and we marched many a kilometer in full pack and, like the Chinaman, forgot that we carried seventy-pound packs and were tired and thirsty and hungry.

A soldier song is, essentially, a song of the people. Its melody must be simple, the words either sad or humorous, and it must have a resounding chorus in which the tone-deaf can join without fear of discovery. It is for this reason that the most popular song of the World War was "All We Do Is Sign the Payroll," sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body." Then, too, it lent itself readily to improvisation. I remember a chief cook I had. He had a bellowing baritone and was one of the funniest men I ever knew. One day, after having passed through three British rest camps, this fellow suddenly roared forth: "All we do is go to rest camps—"

A joyous shout greeted this opening line. The men knew instantly what was coming and with mighty vigor, indeed, did they come in on the last line:

"And we never get a damned bit of rest."

As one of that thin and rapidly aging line of veterans I hail the advent of Lieutenant Dolph's book. He has performed a labor of love, indeed; he has furnished us with a vital necessity and has saved from oblivion ballads that were born of historic events and reared in hardship, danger, and blood. And his has been no easy task. It has entailed far more labor and travel and expense than the writing of a great novel; it has meant the winnowing of old minds that have reached the point where thinking is fragmentary, and in the patient piecing together of these fragments the author rates a cheer from all red-blooded men who have known the pull of a pack-strap.

PETER B. KYNE.

CONTENTS

PAGE

I. *Songs with Hash-Stripes: Current Section* 3

Bugle-Calls, The, *73*
Fatigue Call, *76*
Mess Call, *75*
Reveille, *73*
Sick Call, *75*
Stable Call, *76*
Taps, *77*
Caisson Song, The, *40*
Captain Jinks, *27*
Cavalry Remount, The, *22*
Cavalry Song, The, *31*
Coast Artilleryman, The, *60*
Drill, Ye Engineers, Drill, *62*
Drinking Fusileers, The, *14*
Fiddlers' Green, *25*
For Her Lover Who Was Far Away, *19*
For Seven Long Years, *4*
I Don't Want No More Army, *10*
Infantry Song, The, *30*
In the Good Old Target Time, *66*
It's a Way We Have in the Army, *69*
It Was Not Like This in the Old Armee, *67*
Keep Them Rolling, *52*
Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga, The, *64*
Mountain Battery, The, *49*
Old King Cole, *45*
O'Reilly's Gone to Hell, *54*
Raw Recruit, The, *17*
Red Guidon, The, *57*
Regular Army, Oh!, The, *6*
Rogues' Marches, *71*
Stand, Army, to the Bar, *68*
There Is No Work in the Army, *34*
With the Dirt Behind Their Ears, *38*
You're in the Army Now, *12*

II. *Hinky-Dinky, Parley-Voo?: World War Section* 79

Army Beans, *153*
Après la Guerre Fini, *136*
Battle of Bill Run, The, *172*
Battle of Paris, The, *90*
Bill, Old Dog, We're Going to Do Yah, *169*
Bombed, *105*
Brave Grenadier, The, *180*
Bring Back My Kitchen to Me, *150*
Busted King of England, The, *140*
Carry On, *182*
Coast Artillery Song, *128*
Corporal Gives Me Hell, The, *178*
Darling, I Am Coming Back, *109*
Engineer Train, The, *134*
Get Out That Old Broken Tibia, *124*
Give Me a Discharge, *175*
Give Me Some Hardtack, *152*
Good Morning, Mr. Zip–Zip–Zip, *97*
Guts of the Army, The, *134*
Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here, *95*
Handsome Young Airman, A, *115*
Have You Forgot Us? *175*
Helluva Engineer, A, *125*
Hinky-Dinky, Parley-Voo? *82*
Hold Your Head Down, Fusileer, *145*
Hot Time in Berlin, A, *168*
I Ain't Got Weary Yet, *183*
I'd Hate to Be a Hun, *173*
If You Don't Like Beans and Hardtack, *153*
I'll Tell You Where They Were, *87*
I'm A-rarin' to Go, *170*
In the Base at Savenay, *124*
It's the Syme the Whole World Over, *138*
I Want to Go Home, *99*
Just Behind the Battle, Mother, *102*
K-K-K-Katy, *165*
Keep Your Eye on General Wingate's Brigade, *177*
Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy, *145*
Kelly Field Air Service Song, *121*
Kussing the Kaiser, *169*
Look at the Ears on Him, *117*
Mademoiselle Soixante-Quinze, *135*
Medical Officers' Training Camp Song, *180*
M. P.'s, The, *179*

PAGE

Oh, How I Hate to Go into the Mess Hall, *154*
Oh, It's a Lovely War, *143*
Old Gray Hearse, The, *122*
One of the Yankee Division's Marching Songs, *184*
Our Wild Irish Rows, *172*
Over There, *163*
Parodies on "The Darktown Strutters' Ball"
Air Service Version—Kelly Field, *161*
Where Do You Get That Stuff? *162*
Version of Battery C, 21st F. A., 5th Division, *161*
Version of the Twenty-Seventh Division, *160*
Version of the Twenty-Eighth Division, *162*
Version of Unknown Origin, *161*
Parodies on "K-K-K-Katy"
K-K-K-K-P, *165*
C-C-C-Cootie, *165*
Parodies on "Liberty Bell"
Company A, 121st M.G.Bn., *166*
Old General Bell, *166*
Parodies on "A Long, Long Trail"
A Camp Travis Parody, *159*
The Red Leg Rookie's Lament, *158*
There's a Long, Long Nail A-Grinding, *159*
Parodies on "Over There"
After All, *164*
The 360th Infantry Parody, *164*
Parodies on "The Old Gray Mare"
Kaiser Ain't What He Used to Be, The, *146*
Pay-Day Song, *149*
Signal Corps Song, *149*
We're in the Q.M.C., *149*
Parody on "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," *169*
Parodies on "Where Do We Go From Here?"
Bon Soir, Mademoiselle, *156*
Mother, Take In Your Service Flag, *155*
Mother, Put Out Your Service Star, *156*
Parody of 310th Engineers, *157*
Slip a Pill to Kaiser Bill, *157*
Passing Pilot, The, *113*
Post-war Stanzas of Hinky-Dinky, Parley-Voo? *86*
Private's Song, The, *178*
Roarious—Coast Artillery Marching Song, *134*
Scratch, Scratch, Scratch, *167*
Second Field Volunteers, *181*
She Is a Lulu, *93*
Slum and Beans, *154*
Song from the 109th Field Artillery, *178*
That's the Wrong Way to Tickle Marie, *144*
There Are Ships, *174*
Twenty-Eighth Division, The, *177*
We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser, *171*
We're Through, *135*
We Saw the Damn Thing Through, *107*
We've Got a Dinky Stove N'Everything, *179*
When Evening Cooties Crawl, *167*
When I Get To New York, *176*
When the Guns Are Rolling Yonder, *131*
When We Step Up Old Fifth Avenue, *174*

III. *In the Days of the Empire: Spanish-American War Section* . . . *185*

At Naic (No. 1), *222*
At Naic (No. 2), *223*
Bacon on the Rind, *191*
By Old Fort San Felipe, *220*
Carabao, The, *218*
Down by Old Manila Bay, *224*
Dream, A, *215*
El Soldado Americano, *203*
Emancipated Race, The, *207*
Filipino Hombre, The, *188*
Governor General's Song, The, *225*
If a Lady's Wearin' Pantaloons, *219*
In Mindanao, *194*
Little Brown Brothers, *206*
On Datu Ali's Trail, *197*
On the Road to Old Luzon, *221*
Rookie, A, *210*
Soldiers' Song, The, *200*
Transport Song, *206*

IV. *The Blue and the Gray: Civil War Section* *226*

Abraham's Daughter, *255*
All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight, *280*
Army Bean, The, *318*
Army Bugs, The, *317*
Army Graybacks, *317*
Army Grub, *324*

PAGE

Battle-Cry of Freedom, The (Battle Song), *235*
Battle-Cry of Freedom, The (Rallying Song), *232*
Battle Hymn of the Republic, *242*
Bonnie Blue Flag, The, *245*
Bowld Soger Boy, The, *258*
Cavaliers of Dixie, The, *228*
Co-Ca-Che-Lunk, *312*
Colored Soldiers at Honey Hill, *356*
Confederate Parody on "Just Before the Battle, Mother," *334*
Corporal Schnaps, *308*
Dixie, *238*
Do They Miss Me in the Trenches? *295*
Down in Charleston Jail, *342*
Eating Goober Peas, *302*
For Bales, *297*
Grafted into the Army, *264*
Hard Crackers, *320*
Hardtack, *323*
Here's Your Mule, *305*
I'll Be a Sergeant, *271*
Infantry, The, *325*
Joe Bowers, *314*
John Brown's Body, *248*
Just Before the Battle, Mother, *331*
Kingdom Coming, *353*
Libby Prison Song, *343*
Life in the Soldiers' Camp, A, *294*
Life of a Soldier, The, *324*
Life on the Vicksburg Bluff, A, *290*
Lorena, *335*
Marching Along, *277*
Marching Through Georgia, *350*
Mary Had a Little Lamb, *236*
Maryland, My Maryland, *251*
Not the Infantry, but the Cavalry, *323*
Oh, I'm a Good Old Rebel, *361*
Since I've Been in the Army, *260*
Song from 107th Colored Troops, *356*
Song of the Dude, *324*
Stonewall Jackson's Way, *284*
Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground, *328*
Touch the Elbow, *275*
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching, *344*
'T was at the Siege of Vicksburg, *287*
Upi Dei Di, *300*
We Are the Boys of Potomac's Ranks, *359*
We've Drunk from the Same Canteen, *364*
When Johnny Comes Marching Home, *357*
When Sherman Marched Down to the Sea, *347*
When this Cruel War Is Over, *339*
Winning Them Back, *338*
Would You Be a Soldier, Laddy? *268*

V. *On to Mexico: Mexican War Section* *368*

Battle Call, The, *408*
Bayonet Boys, The, *393*
Buck and Gag Him, *394*
Buena Vista, *389*
Come Raise Aloft the Red, White, and Blue, *401*
Death of Crockett, The, *413*
Fair Land of Texas, The, *396*
Female Volunteer for Mexico, *421*
Fire Away, *387*
Join the Hickory Blues, *383*
Leg I Left Behind Me, The, *392*
Love and Battle, *418*
My Daddy to My Mammy Said, *417*
New York Volunteers' Camp Song, *419*
Point Isabel Chant, *419*
Remember the Alamo, *370*
Rio Bravo, *391*
Song of the Memphis Volunteers, *384*
Song of Texas, The, *381*
Strike for Your Rights, Avenge Your Wrongs, *399*
Taylor, the Fine Old Southern Gentleman, *410*
Texan Rangers' Song, *374*
Texas War Cry, The, *413*
To Arms, *378*
Uncle Sam and Mexico, *404*
Uncle Sam to Texas, *415*
Union Call, The, *406*
'Way Down in Mexico, *385*
We Are Coming Home, *395*
We're the Boys for Mexico, *416*
Will You Come to the Bower, *372*
With These We'll Bivouac, *420*
Zachary Taylor, *412*

PAGE

VI. *From the Wabash to the Everglades: War of 1812 Section* . . 422

American Star, The, *451*
Battle of Stonington, The, *434*
Benjamin Beall, *455*
Boys of Ohio, The, *452*
Frontier Man's Call, *453*
Dragoon Bold, The, *456*
Hey Betty Martin, *437*
Hunters of Kentucky, The, *445*
Indian Yell, The, *454*
New Yankee Doodle Dandy, *442*
Parliament of England, *428*
Patriotic Diggers, *431*
Pauvre Madelon, *451*
Star-Spangled Banner, The, *424*
Yankee Girls, The, *440*
Yankee Volunteers, The, *449*

VII. *In the Days of Yankee Doodle: Revolutionary War Section* . . 457

Battle of the Kegs, The, *469*
Blue Bird, The, *490*
Brave Paulding and the Spy, *488*
British Light Infantry, The, *485*
Chester, *499*
Come Out, Ye Continentalers, *468*
Come Swallow Your Bumpers, Ye Tories, *465*
Follow Washington, *498*
Free America, *480*
How Happy the Soldier, *486*
How Stands the Glass Around, *463*
Irishman's Epistle to the Troops in Boston, The, *495*
Mad Anthony Wayne, *473*
Old Soldiers of the King, *477*
Parody on "The Banks of the Dee," *482*
Progress of Sir Jack Bragg, The, *502*
Saratoga Song, The, *500*
Sergeant Champe, *491*
Swamp Fox, The, *496*
Volunteer Boys, The, *503*
Yankee Doodle, *459*

VIII. *Songs from the Regiments* 505

Fifty-First Coast Artillery Song, *544*
Fourteenth Infantry Song, *520*
Garryowen (7th Cavalry), *510*
Girl I Left Behind Me, The (7th Infantry), *507*
Hiking Song of the Eighth Infantry, *533*
In the Second Cavalry, *515*
Mexican Border Medley, *558*
Ninth Cavalry Anthem (The Monkey Married The Baboon's Sister), *522*
Old Arizona Again (4th Cavalry), *552*
Old Ninth Infantry, The, *512*
Only One More Jungle Season (11th Engineers), *559*
Seventy-Sixth Field Artillery Song, *526*
Sixth Field Artillery Song, *529*
Son of a Musketeer, A, (7th N. Y.), *550*
Tenth U. S. Infantry Song, *538*
Third Coast Artillery March, *541*
To the Eighteenth (18th Infantry), *524*
We Lead the Way (29th Infantry), *547*
We're the Boys of the Thirsty-First (31st Infantry), *556*
Young Dragoon, The (5th Cavalry), *554*

IX. *West Point Songs* 561

Alma Mater, *571*
Army, Army, You're A Wonder, *606*
Army Blue, *567*
Army Blue of 1859, *570*
Army, O Army, *599*
Army's Coming Down the River, The, *597*
Benny Havens, Oh! *563*
Cadets' Graduating Song for 1848, *607*
Chevrons, *575*
Dashing White Sergeant, *573*
Down in Maryland, *602*
Fight Away, *595*
Furlo' Moon, *588*
Furlo' Song of 1829, *593*
He Done His Level Best, *582*
Hike Song of 1917, *579*
How Well I Remember, *585*
Missouri National, *583*
Official West Point March, *610*
Oh, Me, Oh My, *590*

Slum And Gravy, *598*
Yearling, The, *591*
Note: Extracts from the following songs will be found in the introductions to the various sections:

World War Section
Last Long Mile, *81*
Madelon, *81*
Spanish-American War Section
Accessional—A Victorious Ode, *186*
Additional, *187*
Dolly Gray, *185*
War of 1812 Section
Harrison's Victory, *422*
Kentuckians' Song, *422*
Noble Lads of Canada, The, *423*
Sinclair's Defeat, *422*
Revolutionary War Section
Lovewell's Fight, *457*
West Point Section
On Brave Old Army Team (In introduction to Football Songs), *594*
Bibliography, *613*
Index of First Lines, *616*

"SOUND OFF!"

"But you've gotta come back for that inspection!"

SONGS WITH HASH STRIPES *

Someone once said that the old songs are best. The popularity of old songs in the army today and the scarcity of new ones seem to prove that statement.

Reading the titles of the songs that are sung today is like calling the roll in the Old Soldiers' Home. Almost every song is a veteran. A strict classification would require placing many of them in other sections, for nearly every one originated before the World War.

With the exception of a few regimental songs, very few soldier compositions have appeared since the war. The Muse that prompts the soldier's lyre either deserted about 1919 or else finds no inspiration in these piping times of peace.

This scarcity of new songs may be due partly to the present neglect of singing in the army. The mass singing of '17 and '18 is now unknown, and song leaders were dispensed with after the war.

It must not be supposed, however, that the songs listed here are the only ones that soldiers sing today. Several that are listed in the World War section are very popular. Though Nancy of "Wide Missouri" fame is still a reigning belle in soldier song circles, her popularity is daily contested by the Mademoiselle from Armentières and dear old ribald Lulu.

Though the songs given here are old, they serve their purpose well. They are good, for they represent the survival of the fittest. Many songs that originated with them are now forgotten, but these live on because they contain something of the spirit of those who made and sang them long ago. In them are glimpses of the old army, the friendly rivalry of branches, and the traditional humor of the service. To sing them is to be imbued with the comradery and good-fellowship which are the birthright of the soldier.

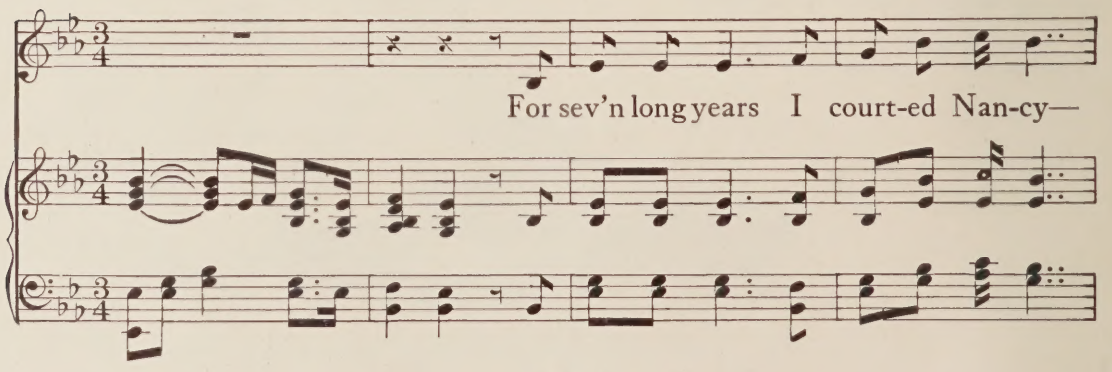
* Hash stripes: Soldier slang for service stripes that are worn on the sleeve to indicate the number of enlistments completed.

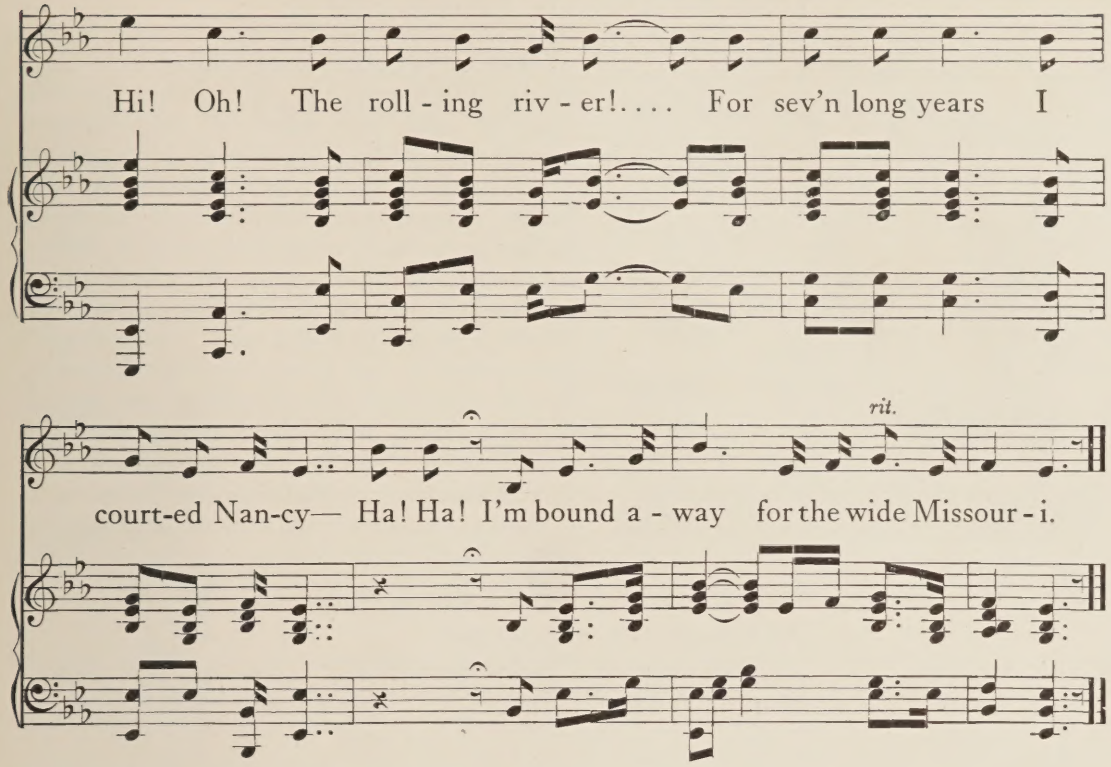
FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS
or
THE WIDE MISSOURI
(Old Cavalry Song)

The history of this well-known and widely sung song, like that of so many others, is an illusive and tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp. One follows a promising clue only to find that the end of one trail is but the beginning of another. The song has been sung in different forms as a soldier song and as a sea chantey. Captain W. B. Whall, in his "Ships, Songs, and Shanties," concludes that it was originally a song, not a sea chantey, and ascribes its probable origin to American and Canadian voyageurs. He gives a version of the song in which a white trader courts the daughter of Chief Shenandoah and carries her away across the "wide Missouri." Joanna C. Colcord, in "Roll and Go," has a version called "Shenandoah," which was used on ships after the Civil War. In "The American Songbag," Carl Sandburg has "The Wide Mizzoura," some stanzas of which are very similar to those given here.

The cavalry jealously claims this song for its very own, having acquired it, no doubt, during the frontier days. Sometimes the "would not have me for a lover" stanza is followed by one beginning, "Because I was a wagon soldier"; but the cavalry claims this to be a field artillery intrusion and an attempt to steal its song.

In some versions, too, we learn that after Nancy reached Kansas City, "then she had a nigger baby"; and in the Philippines I once heard of a group that, being as mellow with liquor as the song is with age, ascribed the parentage of Nancy's baby to various individuals present—with disastrous results to the singers.





She would not have me for a lover—
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
She would not have me for a lover—
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

And so she took my fifteen dollars—
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
And so she took my fifteen dollars—
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

And then she went to Kansas City—
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
And then she went to Kansas City—
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

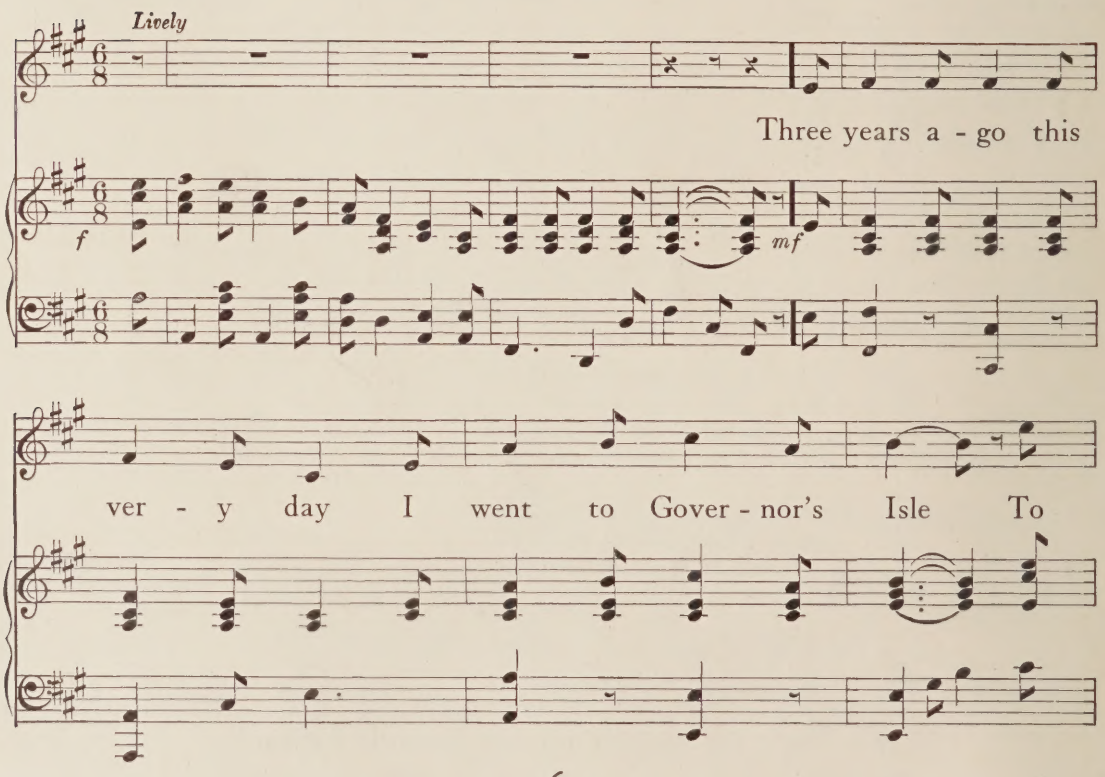
She must have had another lover—
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
She must have had another lover—
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

I'm drinkin' of rum and chawin' tobacco—
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
I'm drinkin' of rum and chawin' tobacco—
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

THE REGULAR ARMY, OH!

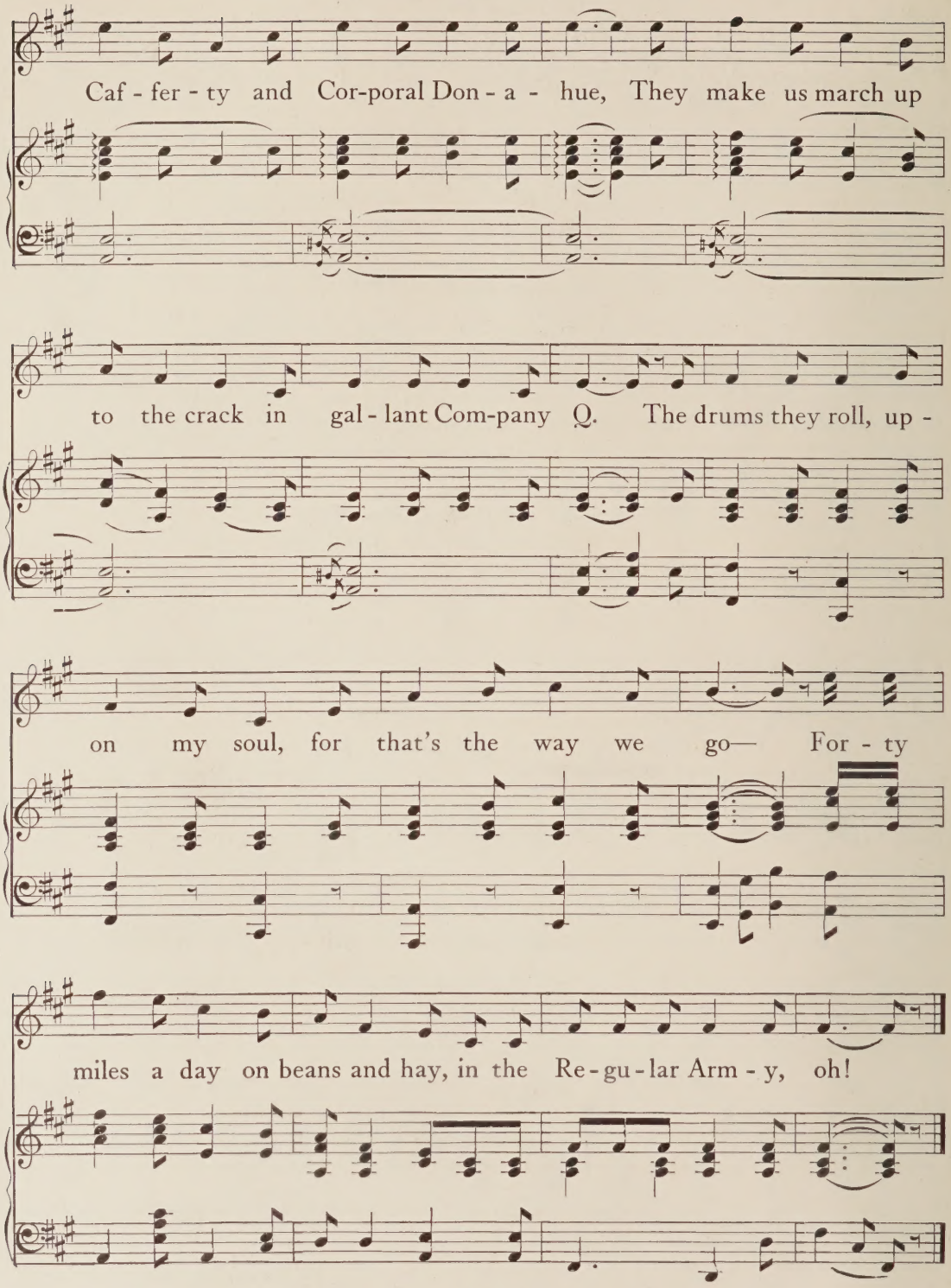
Here is another song which, like "The Wide Missouri," is reminiscent of the frontier and the days of the covered wagon. In 1874 a version of it appeared in sheet-music form with words by Ed Harrigan and music adapted and arranged by Braham. But it has been sung in different forms, for the soldier on the frontier adopted it, changed it when he felt inclined, and made it his own. The younger generation in the army does not know it, but to the older officers and those on the retired list it will recall many pleasant memories. An old war correspondent who was with General Miles in the Sioux campaigns of the seventies tells of hearing the general sing this stanza:

We're marching off for Sitting Bull,
And this is the way we go;
Forty miles a day on beans and hay
In the Regular Army, Oh!



stand fer - ninst the can - non in true mil - i - tar - y
style; Thir - teen A - mer - i - can dol - lars each month we sure - ly
get To car - ry a gun and bay - o - net with a
Chorus
mil - i - tar - y step. There's Ser - geant John Mc -

THE REGULAR ARMY, OH!


Caf - fer - ty and Cor-poral Don - a - hue, They make us march up
to the crack in gal - lant Com-pany Q. The drums they roll, up -
on my soul, for that's the way we go— For - ty
miles a day on beans and hay, in the Re - gu - lar Arm - y, oh!

THE REGULAR ARMY, OH!

We had our choice of going to the army or to jail,
Or it's up the Hudson River with a copper take a sail;
So we puckered up our courage and with bravery we did go,
And we cursed the day we marched away with the Regular Army, oh!

Chorus

When we went out to Fort Hobo they run us in the mill,
And there they made us take a bath, 'twas sure against our will;
But with three full meals within our belts, each day, we had our fill,
And we sat upon the dump cart and watched the terriers drill.

Chorus

The captain's name was Murphy, of "dacint Frinch descint,"
Sure he knew all the holy words in the Hebrew testament;
And when he said to Hogan, "Just move your feet a foot,"
Sure Hogan jumped a half a mile on Sergeant Riley's boot.

Chorus

The best of all the officers is Second Lieutenant McDuff;
Of smoking cigarettes and sleep he never got enough.
Says the captain, "All we want of you is to go to Reveille,
And we'll let the first sergeant run the company."

Chorus

There's corns upon me feet, me boy, and bunions on me toes,
And lugging a gun in the red-hot sun puts freckles on me nose,
And if you want a furlough to the captain you do go,
And he says, "Go to bed and wait till you're dead in the Regular Army, oh!"

Chorus

We went to Arizona for to fight the Indians there;
We were nearly caught bald-headed but they didn't get our hair;
We lay among the ditches in the dirty yellow mud,
And we never saw an onion, a turnip, or a spud.

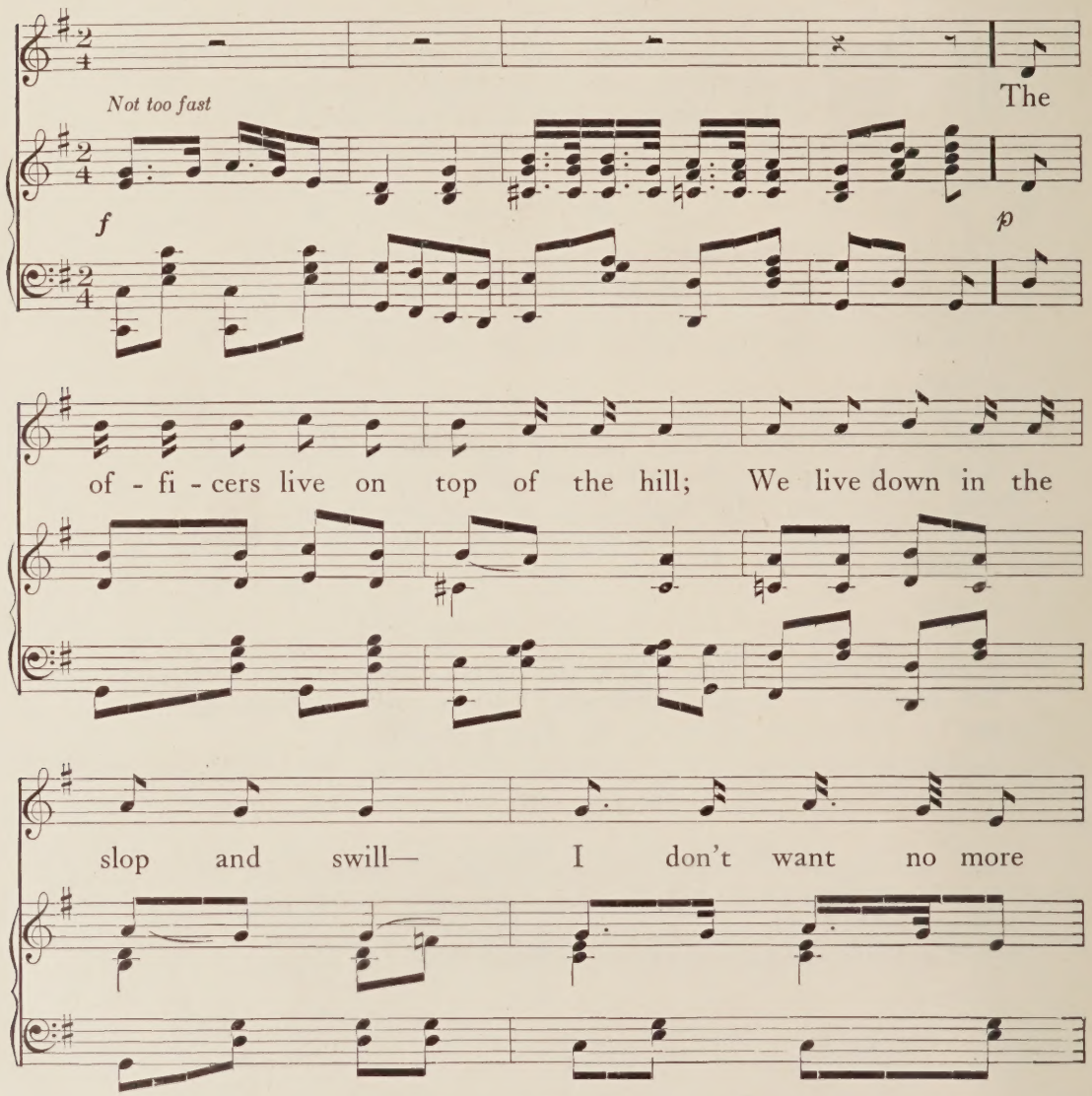
Chorus

We were captured by the Indians and brought ferninst the chafe,
Says he, "We'll have an Irish stew," the dirty Indian thafe.
On the telegraphic wire we skipped to Mexico,
And we blessed the day we marched away from the Regular Army, oh!

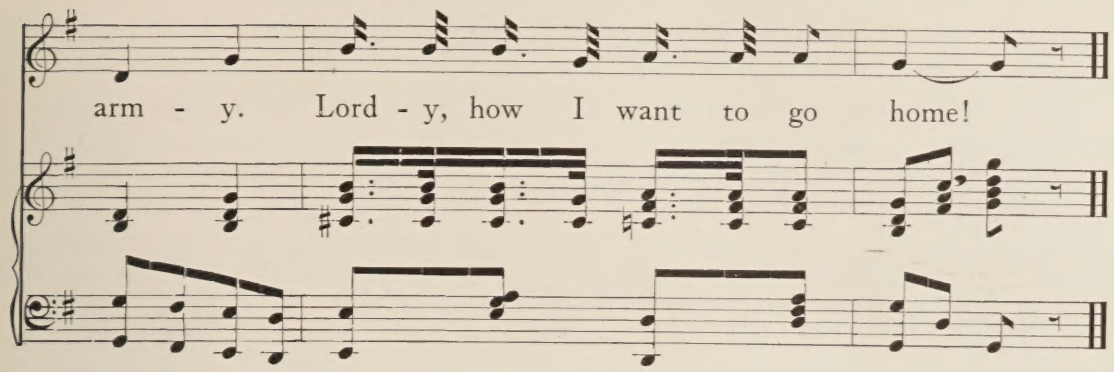
Chorus

I DON'T WANT NO MORE ARMY

Here's a bird's-eye view of the army from a buck private's standpoint. Like the rolling snowball, it grows as it goes. All you have to do is to think of two lines, and then let the gang join in on the chorus. I've heard many stanzas, but I don't know who started the ball rolling. Lieutenant J. J. Niles, in his collection of Negro soldier songs, has a song of similar tune and verse-structure called "I Don't Want Any More France." One stanza closely resembles the opening stanza of the version given here. It begins, "Officers, they live up on de hill," and ends with "Jesus, I want to go home." The lines printed here were contributed by Lieutenant William W. Webster, Field Artillery, who picked them up in the Army of Occupation in Germany. That other stanza about going to town? Sure I know it. Come on down behind the stable, and we'll sing it together.



I DON'T WANT NO MORE ARMY



They showed me the mule that I could ride;
They didn't show the shovel on the other side—
I don't want, etc.

We've got a kitchen on four wheels,
Just a-warming beans for our meals—

I've learned a little, more or less;
Now I know why they call it mess—

The meat was rotten, and the spuds were bum;
They mixed it all together and they called it slum—

We had a major and his name was Tack;
He rode a horse and we carried a pack—

The lieutenants they all work and sweat;
The captain sits around like a vi-o-let—

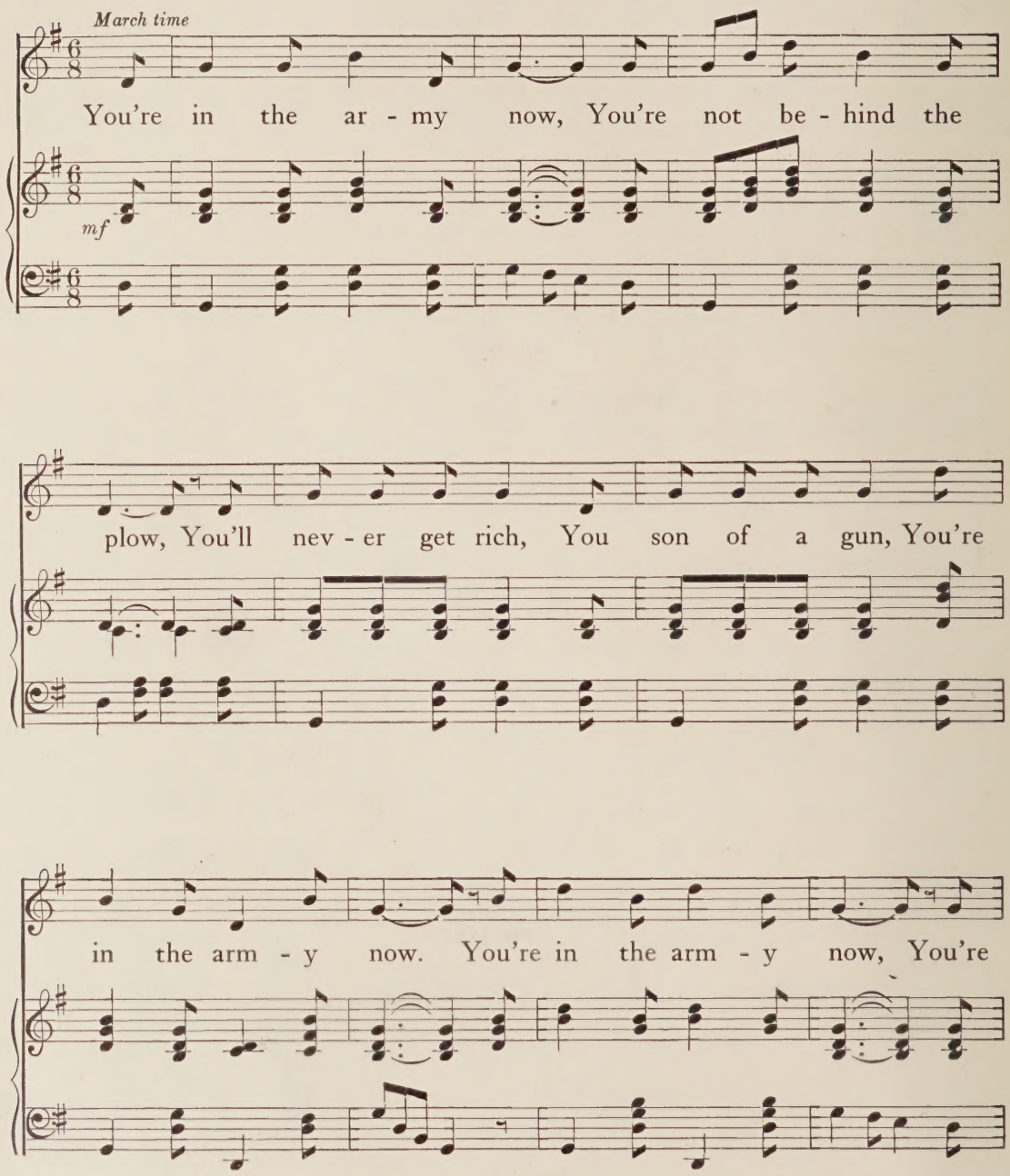
We loaded up the wagon and then
We had to take it all off again—

The officers they don't work a bit;
I don't see how they get away with it—

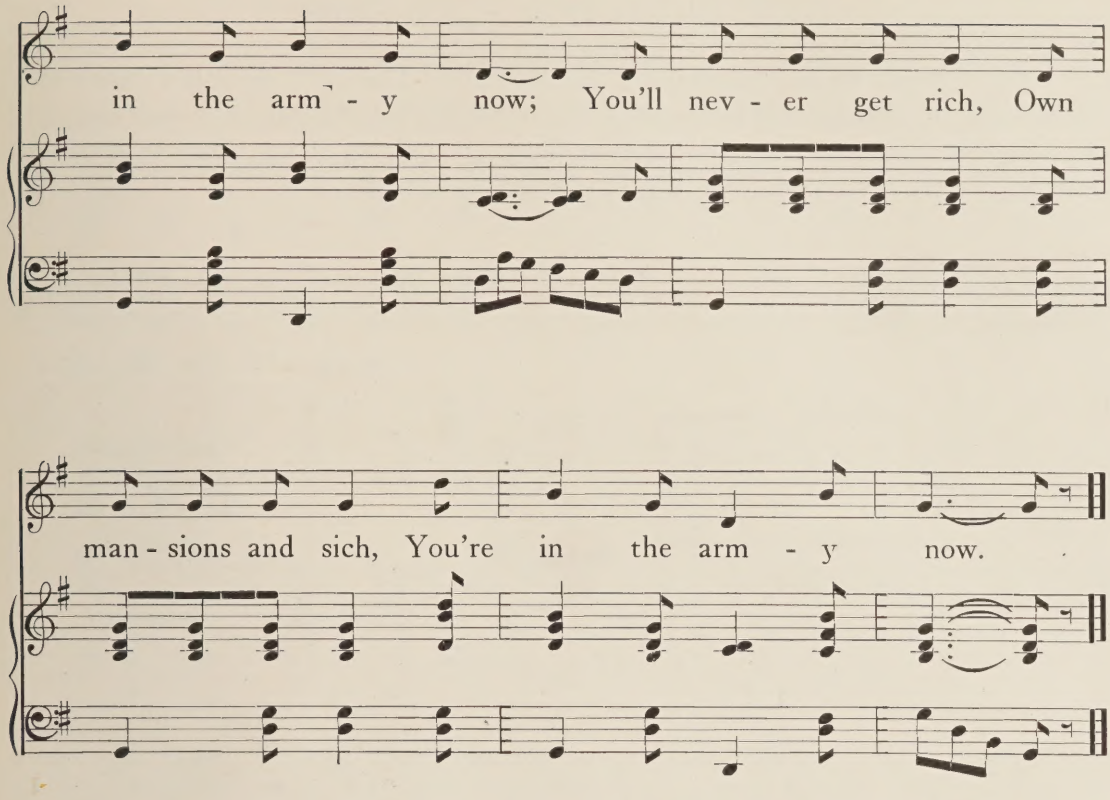
We do work for the lieutenant, and then
The captain makes us do it all over again—

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

Here are the traditional words to one of the best-known bugle-corps marches in the army.

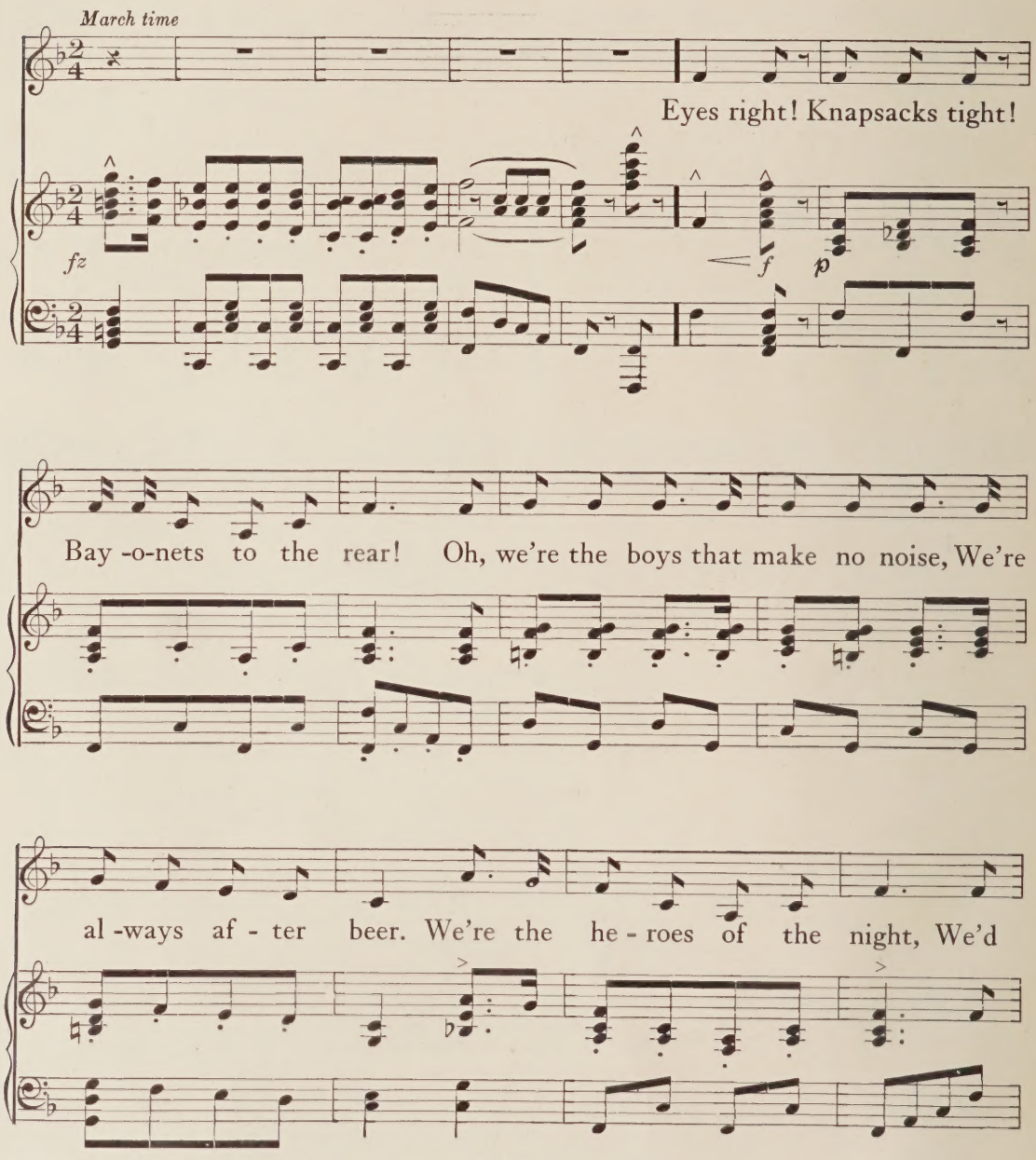

March time
mf
You're in the ar - my now, You're not be - hind the
plow, You'll nev - er get rich, You son of a gun, You're
in the arm - y now. You're in the arm - y now, You're

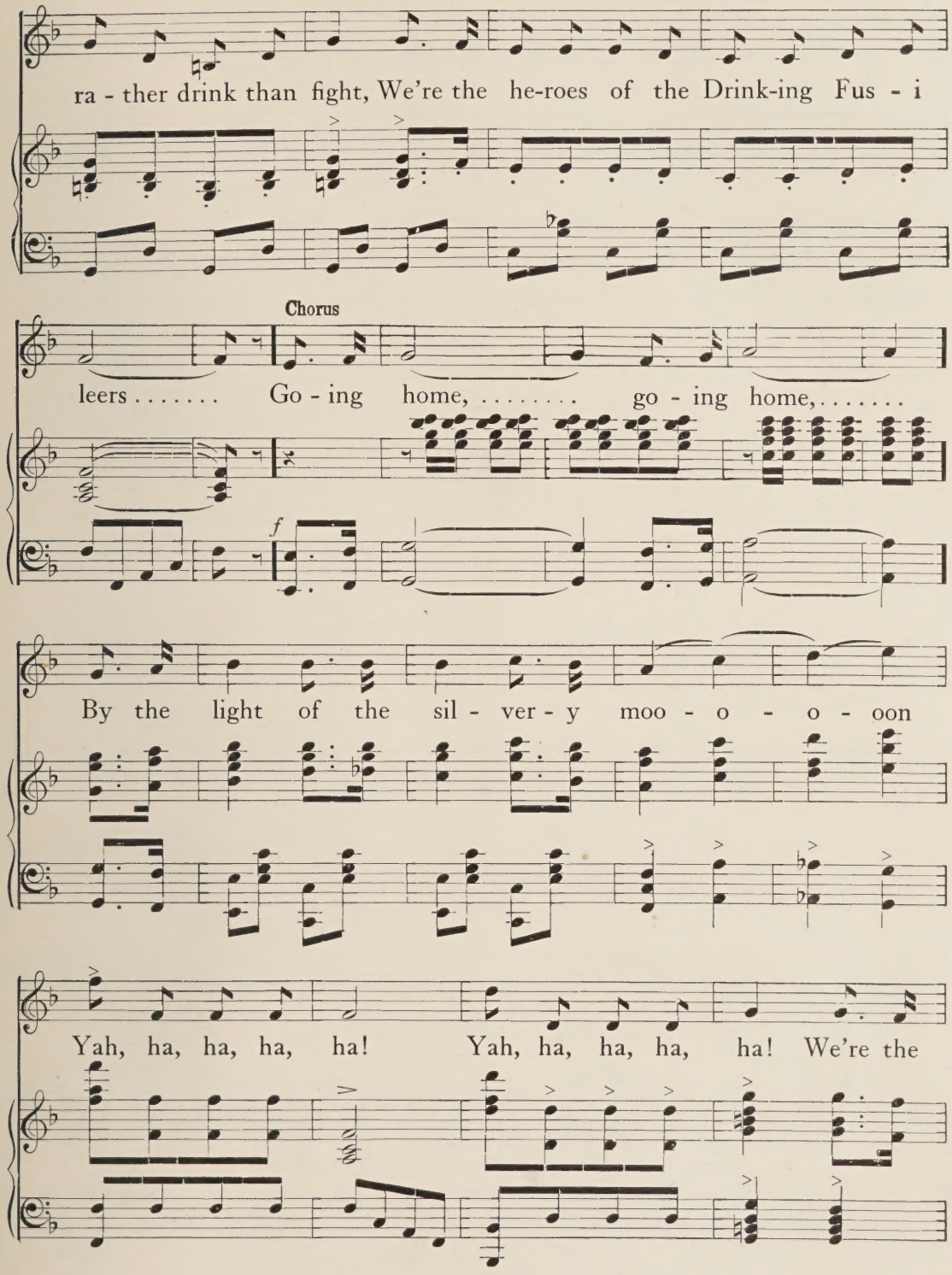
YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

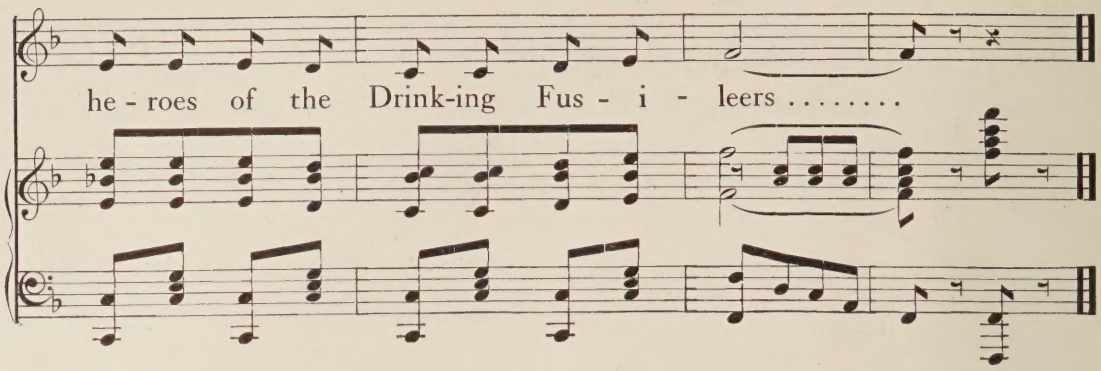


THE DRINKING FUSILEERS

I plead guilty to all charges and specifications. This isn't generally called the "Drinking" Fusileers, and I *did* police it up a bit before letting it in. But the music, which is from a British World War song, is O.K., so if you want to sing the naughty words instead of this parlor version, go ahead.

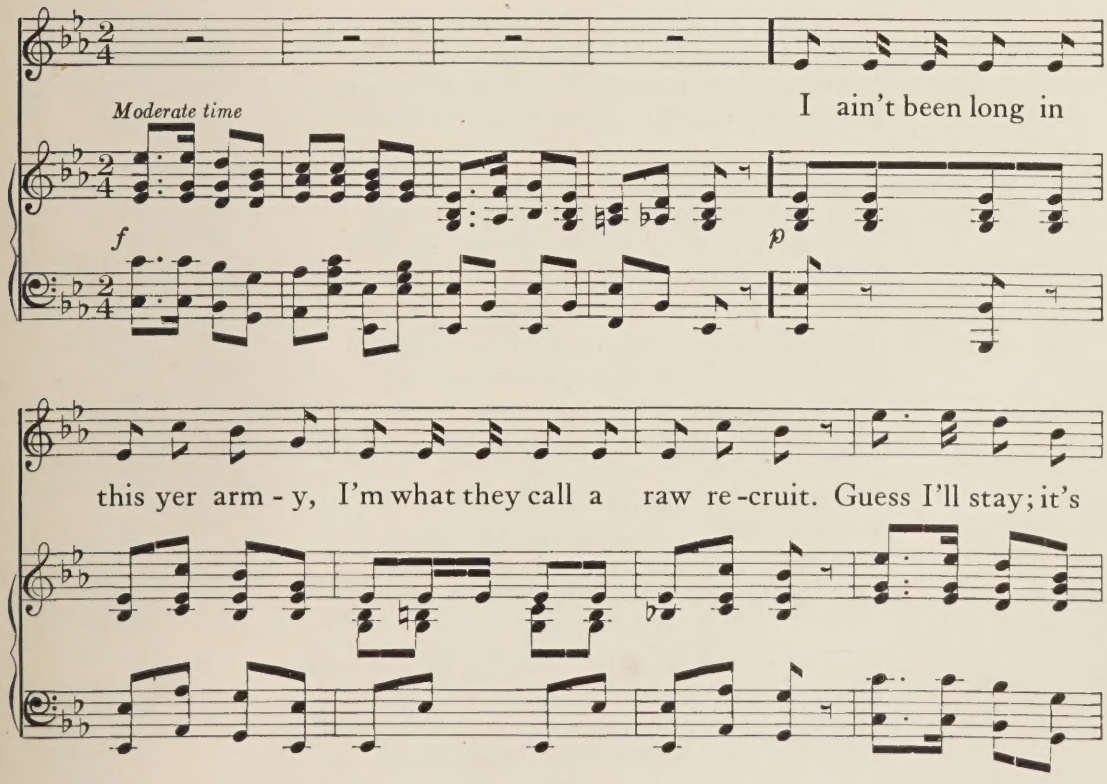

March time
Eyes right! Knapsacks tight!
fz
f
p
Bay -o-nets to the rear! Oh, we're the boys that make no noise, We're
al -ways af - ter beer. We're the he - roes of the night, We'd


ra - ther drink than fight, We're the he-roes of the Drink-ing Fus - i
Chorus
leers . . . . . Go - ing home, ... go - ing home, ...
f
By the light of the sil - ver - y moo - o - o - oon
Yah, ha, ha, ha, ha! Yah, ha, ha, ha, ha! We're the

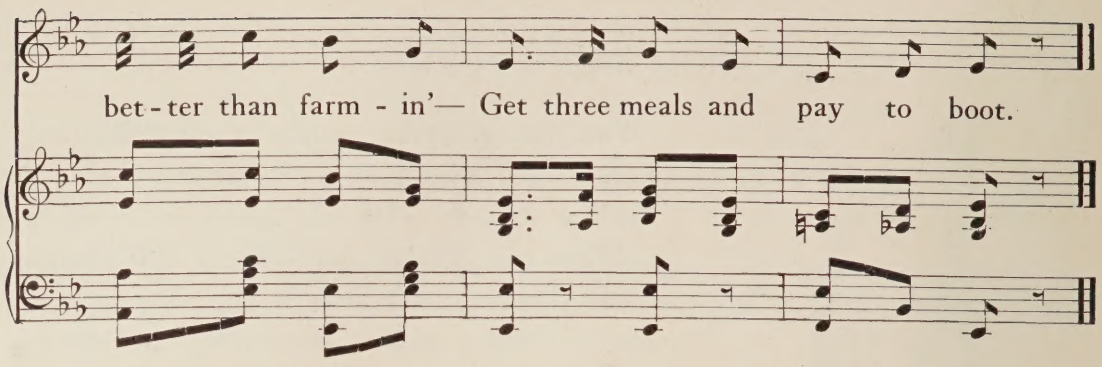

he - roes of the Drink-ing Fus - i - leers .....

THE RAW RECRUIT

What unsung genius coupled these delightfully amusing lines with such an appropriate tune as "Reuben, Reuben" only the elusive mazes of bygone days can—but do not—reveal. The continuity and thread of narrative in the song certainly point to a single author, even though his identity cannot be determined. I have been told that the song is supposed to have originated in the 9th Cavalry, but it is so obviously not the kind of thing colored soldiers would write or sing that this explanation does not seem plausible. This version was contributed by Lieutenant Charles Morrison, Cavalry. A similar one is published by the 76th Field Artillery in their "Bearcat Hymn Book."



THE RAW RECRUIT



The very first thing in the morning,
Fellow with a horn makes an awful noise.
Then that guy they call first sergeant
Says, "Get up an' turn out, boys."

Then you go down to the stables
With your brush and curry-comb.
There you groom as long as you're able,
Cease grooming, fall in, march back home.

Then you go down to the bath-house,
Place like that I never saw before.
Water runs in through a hole in the ceiling,
Runs right out through a hole in the floor.

They tried to learn me a soldier lesson,
Marched me up and turned me around.
Give me a gun an' I put it on my shoulder,
One, two, three, an' I put it on the ground.

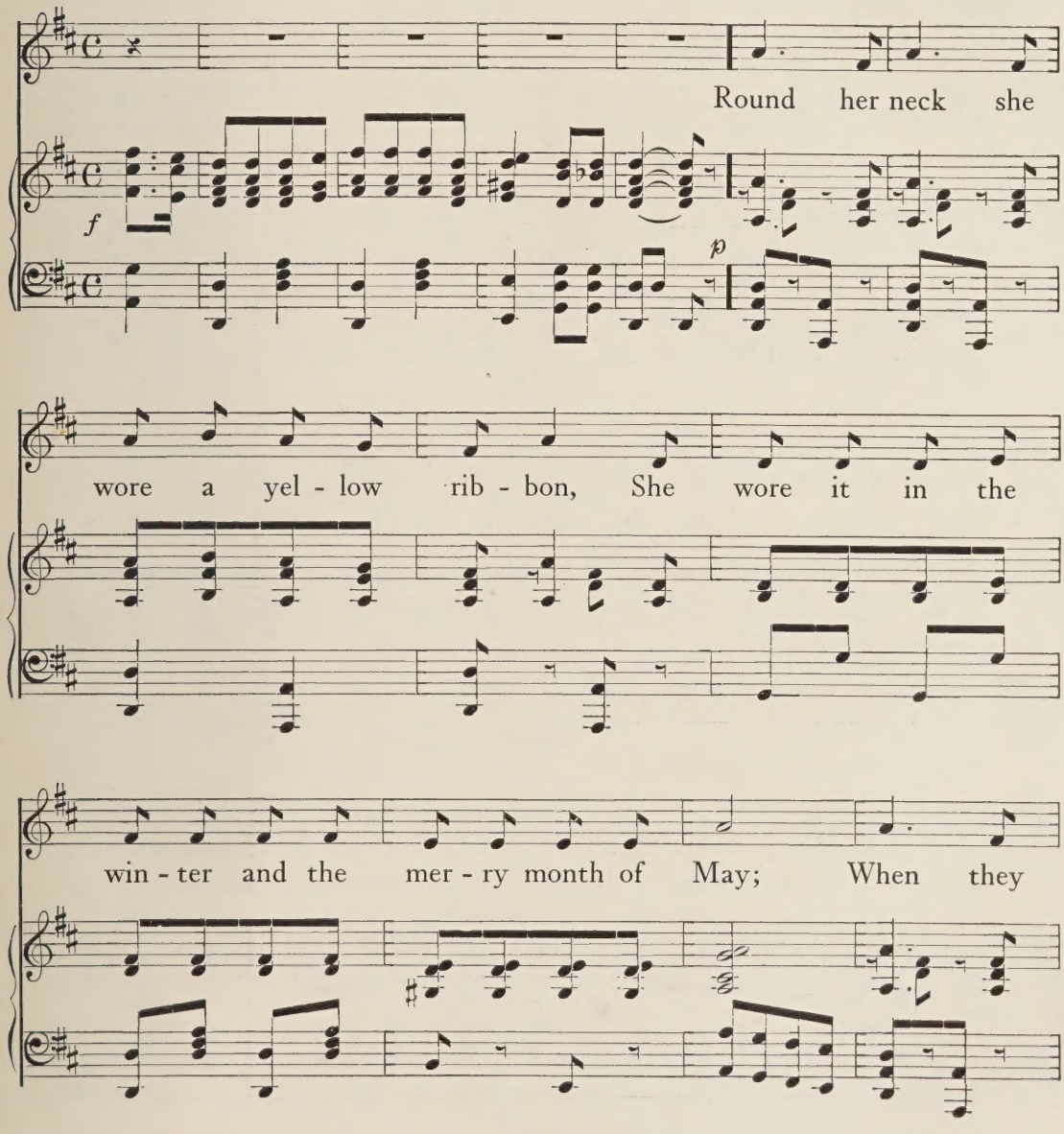
They put your name on a piece of paper,
Fellow over there gives you your pay.
Take it to the squad-room, put it on a blanket,
Fellow yells "CRAPS!" an' takes it all away.

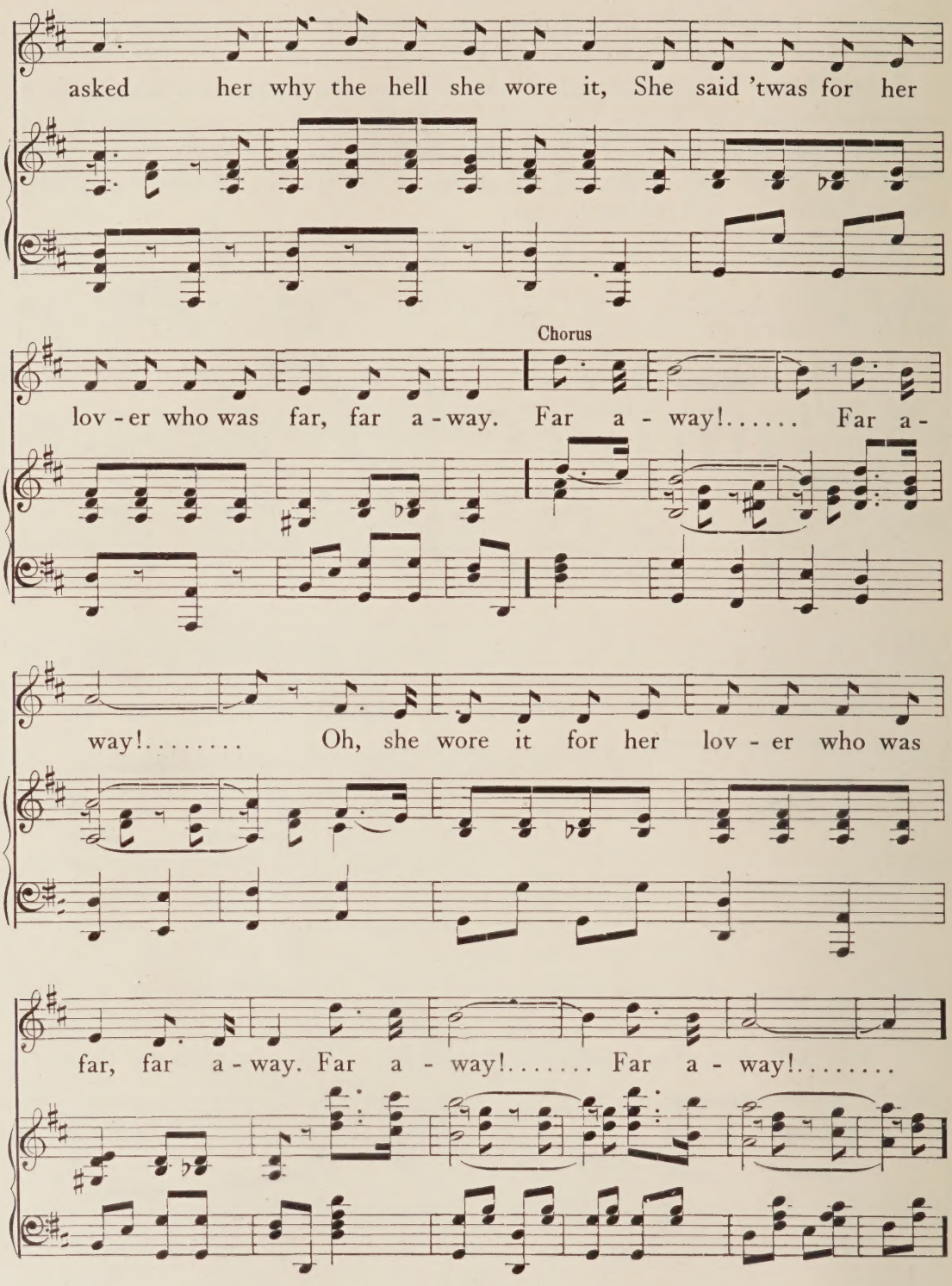
Then they try to talk by signals,
Fellow waves a flag to one far away.
Just one thing I'm tryin' to get over—
How he knows what he's tryin' to say.

Then if you should get your leg broke,
Doctor won't charge you one red cent.
"C. C." pills is all you need—
Your leg ain't broke—just badly bent.

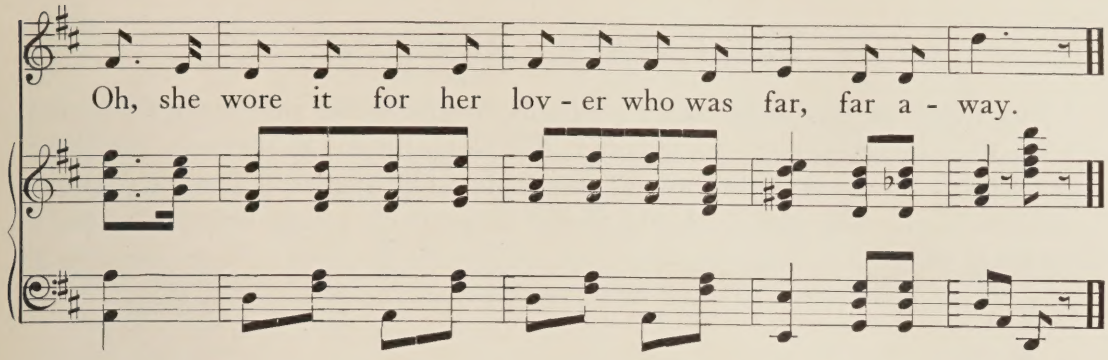
FOR HER LOVER WHO WAS FAR AWAY

I don't know how old this is, or where it came from, but I do know that it originated before the World War. During the World War it was changed somewhat and published, but it obviously dates back to the days when the blue uniforms were piped with yellow for the cavalry, red for the artillery, and pale blue and white for the infantry.



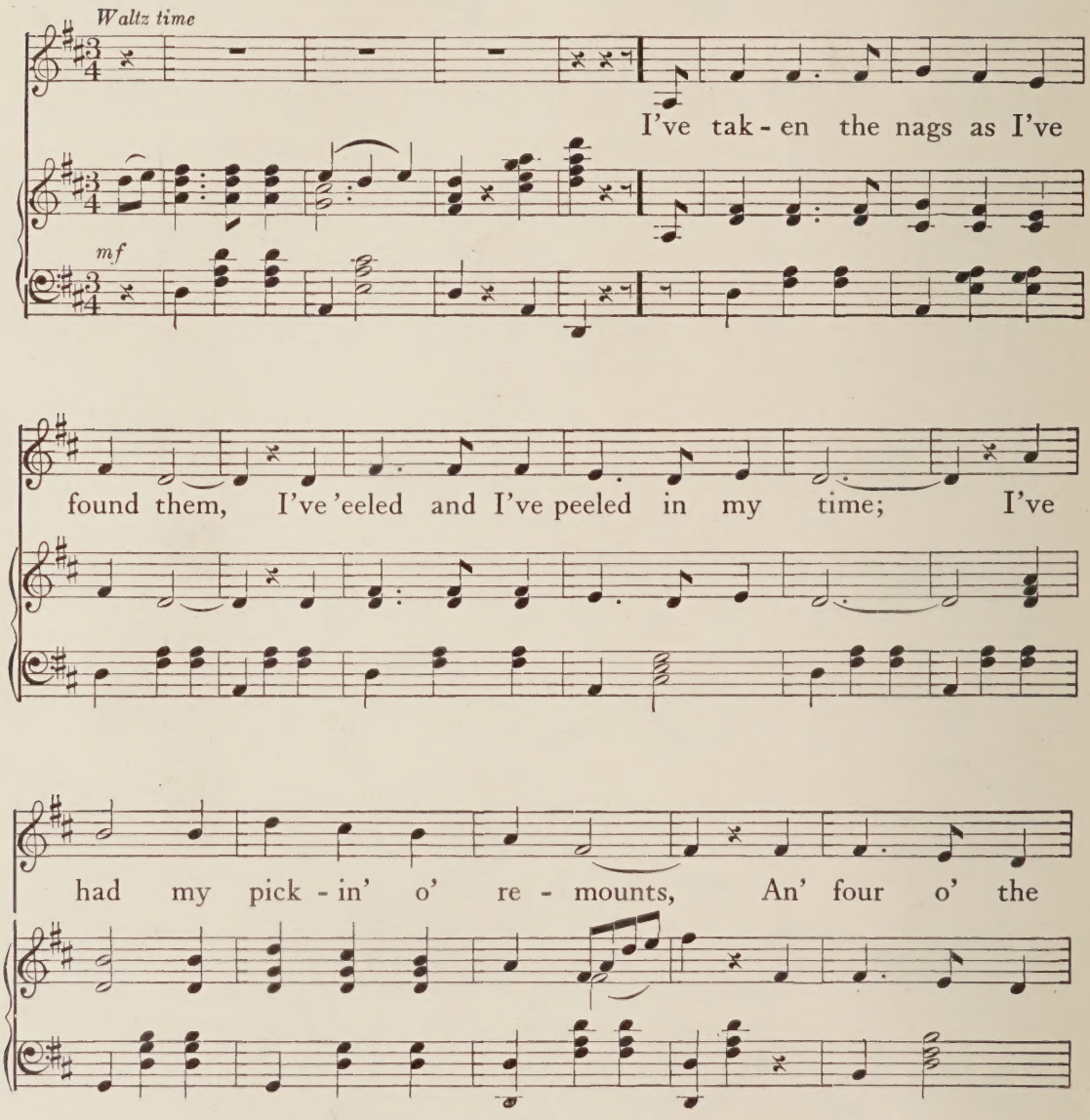

asked her why the hell she wore it, She said 'twas for her
Chorus
lov - er who was far, far a - way. Far a - way!..... Far a -
way!..... Oh, she wore it for her lov - er who was
far, far a - way. Far a - way!..... Far a - way!.....

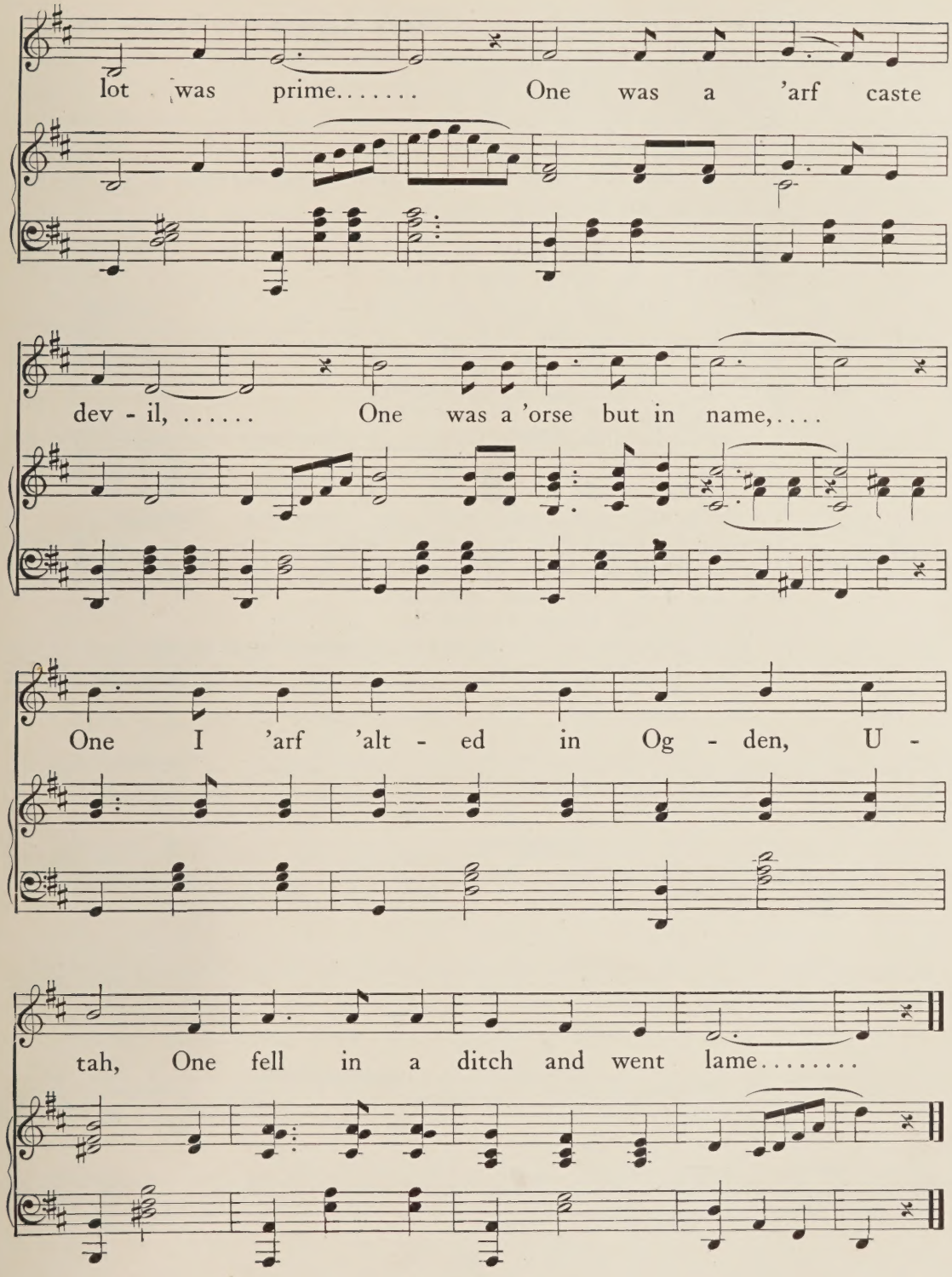
FOR HER LOVER WHO WAS FAR AWAY



THE CAVALRY REMOUNT

The words of this song, which probably originated at the Mounted Service School at Fort Riley, were contributed by Lieutenant F. A. Henning, Field Artillery. They are sung to the tune of Kipling's "The Ladies." The medical hint contained in the last stanza should prove valuable to young riders who aspire to a good seat.


Waltz time
mf
I've tak - en the nags as I've
found them, I've 'eeled and I've peeled in my time; I've
had my pick - in' o' re - mounts, An' four o' the


lot was prime..... One was a 'arf caste
dev - il, ... One was a 'orse but in name,....
One I 'arf 'alt - ed in Og - den, U -
tah, One fell in a ditch and went lame.....

THE CAVALRY REMOUNT

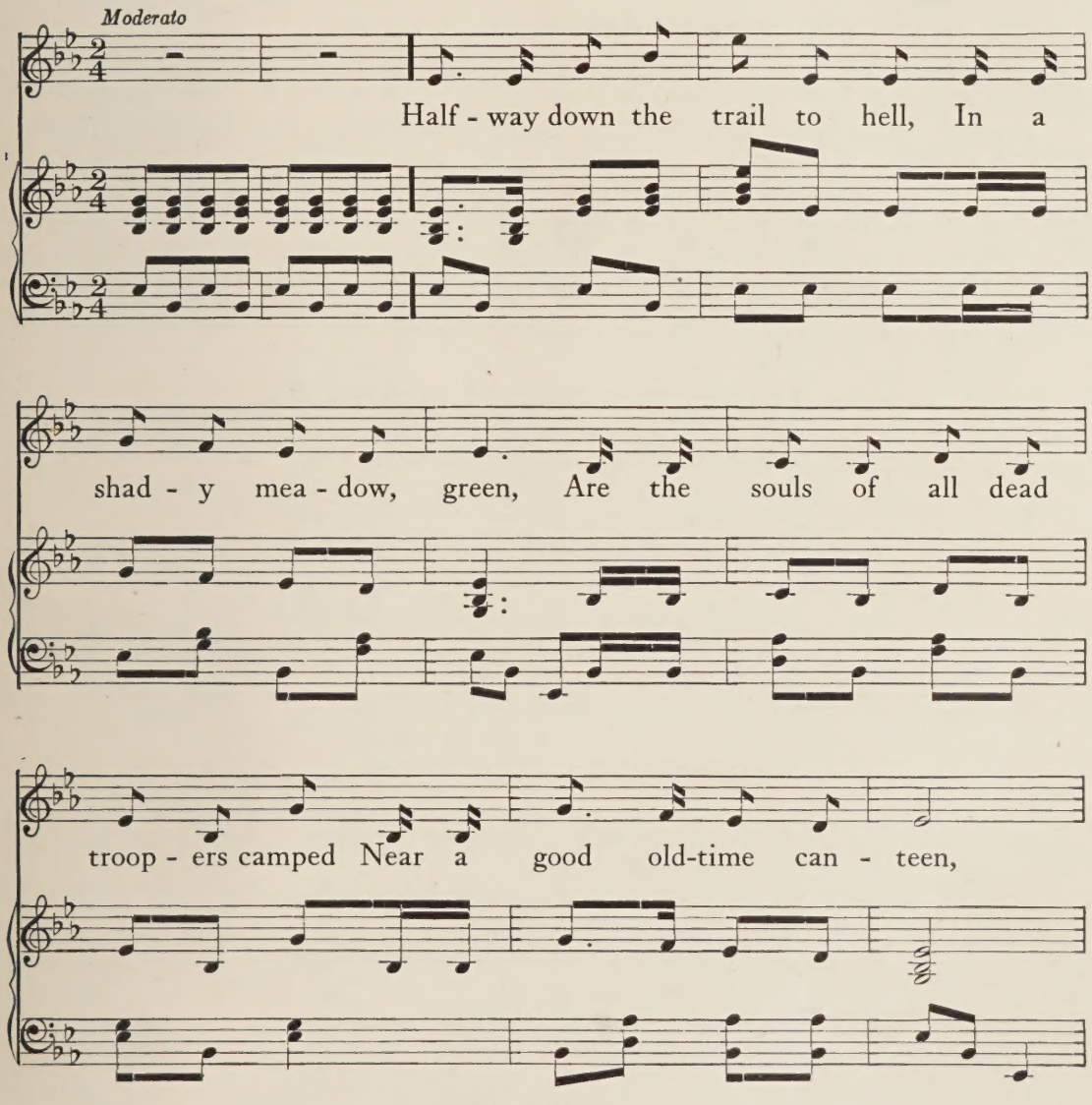
When I was a young one at Riley,
Tender as 'ell to begin,
Annie Austin they gave me,
And Annie was clever as sin.
Jumper they classed her at Riley,
Said she could go six feet nine;
She went up to a jump and came down on her rump—
Nurses are not in my line.

Then I was given a draft horse,
Schooled in the West Riding Hall;
Splendid four-gaiter they called him—
A walk, trot, stumble, and fall.
He wasn't so agile and supple,
But yet he could manage somehow
To turn at a trot in a four-acre lot,
So now he is hitched to a plow.

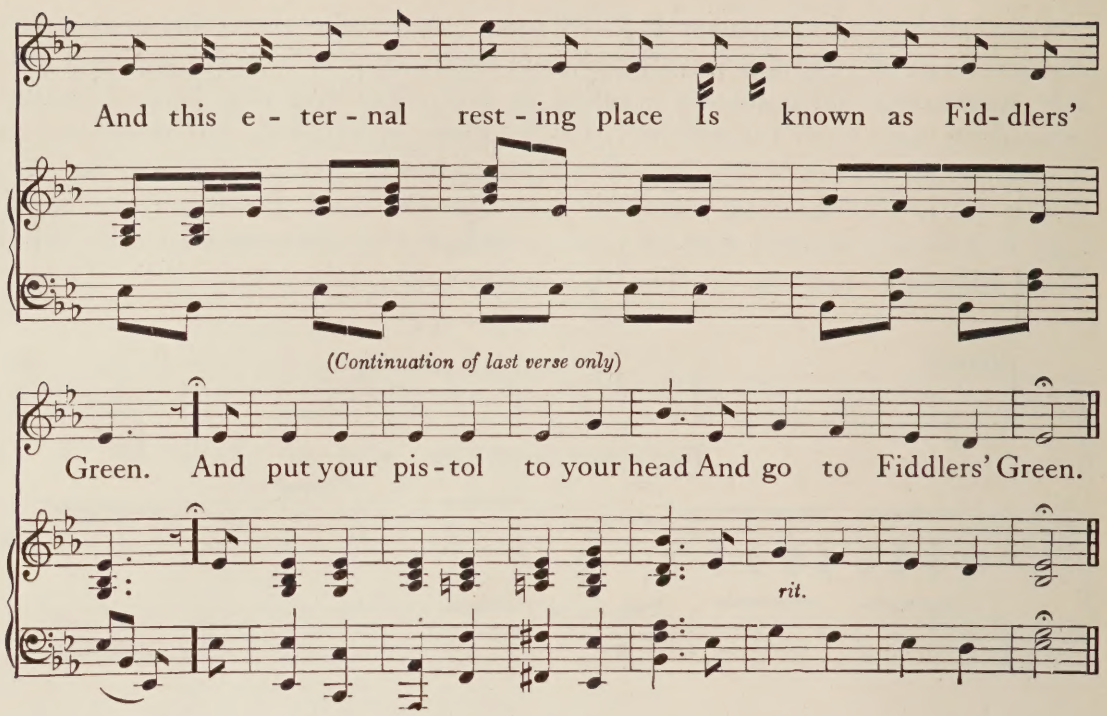
I've applied tannic acid diluted
To places not mentioned in print,
I've tumbled and fallen as you have,
I've worn all my limbs in a splint,
But now I've a nice new remount,
And wonderful things he can do;
So because you're my friend and have something to spend
I'd like to sell him to you.

FIDDLERS' GREEN

I am indebted to Lieutenant J. K. Mitchel, Cavalry, for the words of this old cavalry song. In 1923 the Cavalry Journal published it as a poem, but the Cavalry Association did not know whether or not it had ever been sung. I finally secured the tune from Lieutenant J. C. Hamilton, who told me that he had heard it sung by old officers of the Seventh Cavalry when he was a small boy. An old soldier states that the song was a favorite with the Sixth Cavalry forty years ago. It is clearly another relic of frontier days and should be classed with "The Wide Missouri" and the old Fourth Cavalry song, "Old Arizona."


Moderato
Half - way down the trail to hell, In a
shad - y mea - dow, green, Are the souls of all dead
troop - ers camped Near a good old-time can - teen,

FIDDLERS' GREEN


And this e - ter - nal rest - ing place Is known as Fid- dlers'
(Continuation of last verse only)
Green. And put your pis - tol to your head And go to Fiddlers' Green.
rit.

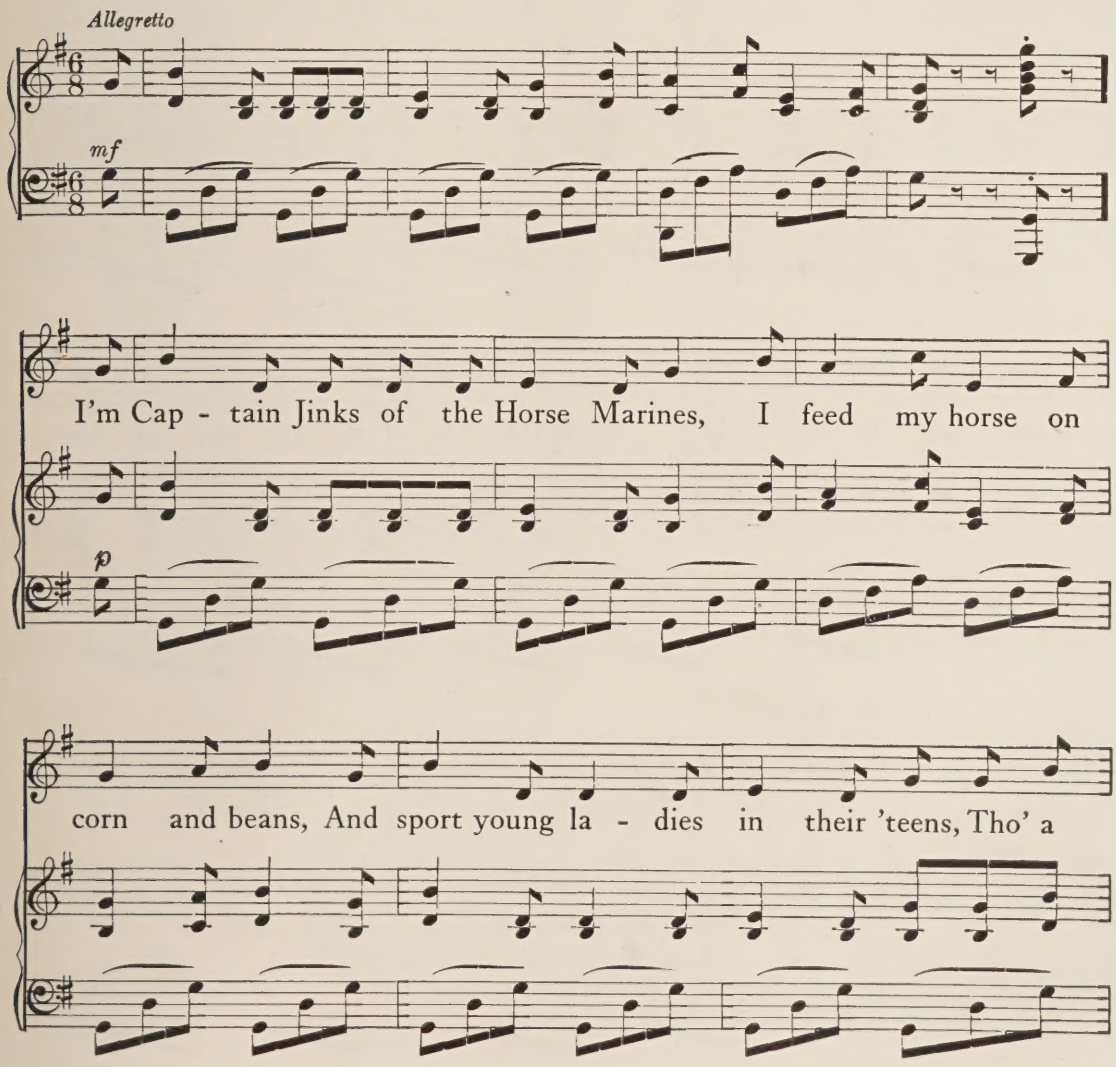
Marching past, straight through to Hell,
The Infantry are seen,
Accompanied by the Engineers,
Artillery and Marine,
For none but the shades of Cavalrymen
Dismount at Fiddlers' Green.

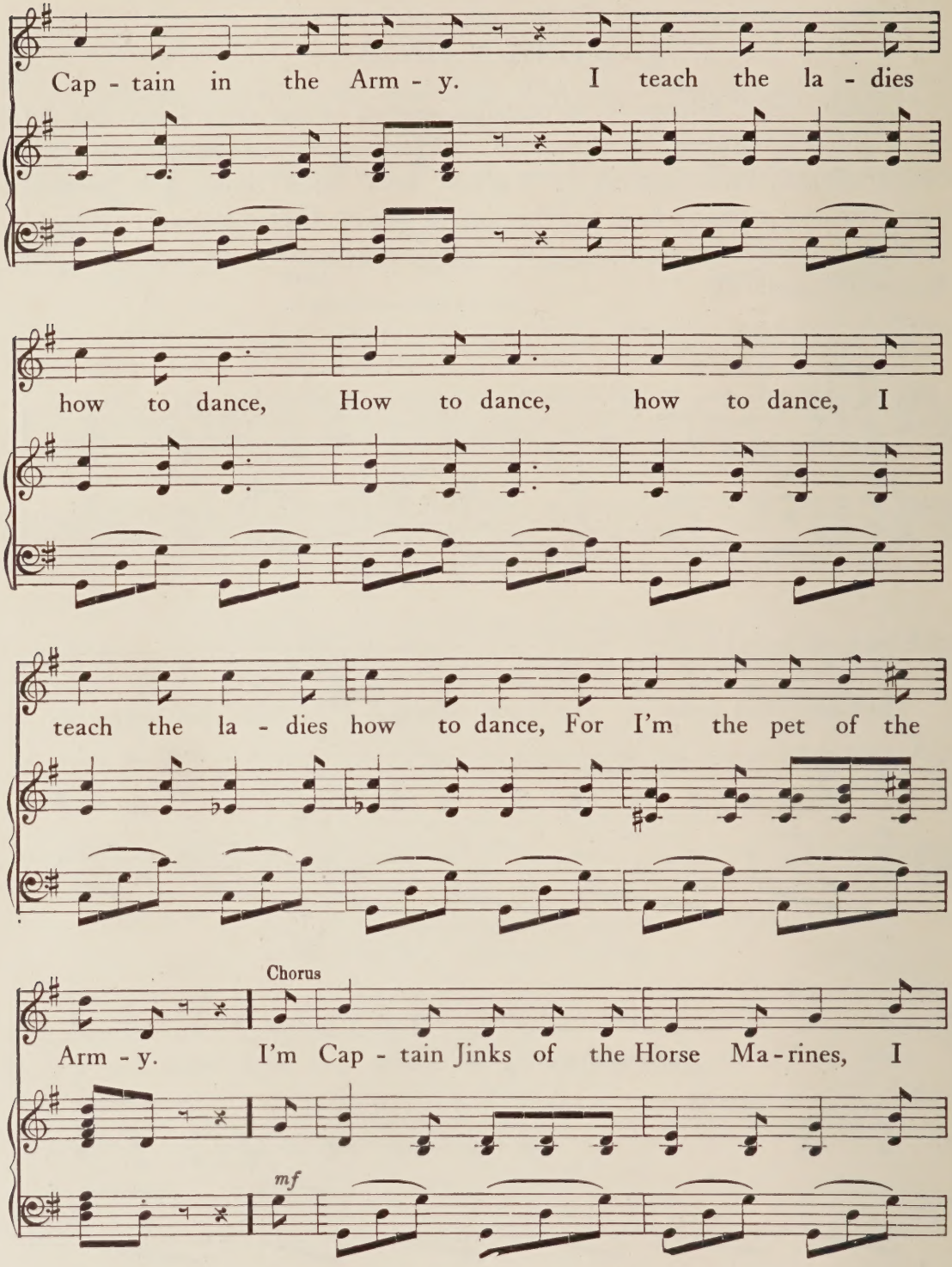
Though some go curving down the trail
To seek a warmer scene,
No trooper ever gets to Hell
Ere he's emptied his canteen,
And so rides back to drink again
With friends at Fiddlers' Green.

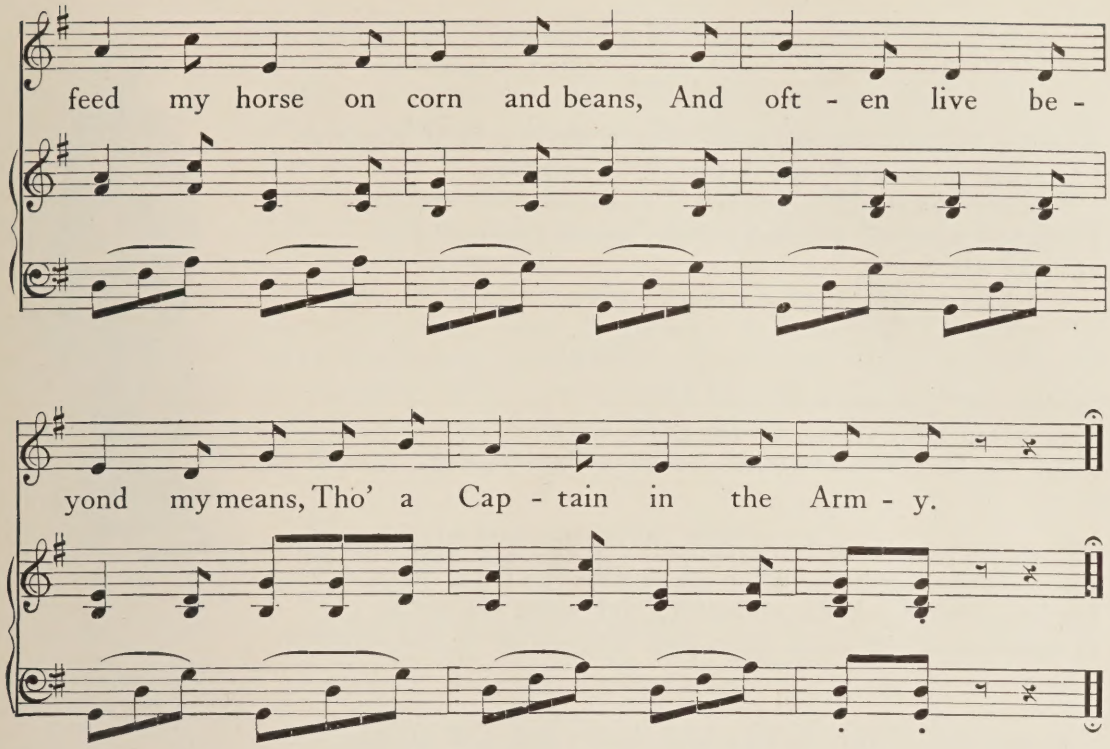
And so when man and horse go down
Beneath a saber keen,
Or in a roaring charge or fierce mêlée
You stop a bullet clean,
And the hostiles come to get your scalp,
Just empty your canteen,
And put your pistol to your head
And go to Fiddlers' Green.

CAPTAIN JINKS

"Captain Jinks" belongs to no particular period of our army songs, and did not originate in the army. But the tune is used for various veterans' parodies, and one occasionally hears snatches of "Captain Jinks" itself; hence it is included here. The song seems to have been introduced into the United States by Lindgard in 1869. It was further popularized by a play of the same name in which Ethel Barrymore appeared.


Allegretto
mf
I'm Cap - tain Jinks of the Horse Marines, I feed my horse on
p
corn and beans, And sport young la - dies in their 'teens, Tho' a


Cap - tain in the Arm - y. I teach the la - dies
how to dance, How to dance, how to dance, I
teach the la - dies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the
Chorus
Arm - y. I'm Cap - tain Jinks of the Horse Ma - rines, I
mf



I joined my corps when twenty-one,
Of course I thought it capital fun;
When the enemy comes of course I run,
For I'm not cut out for the Army.
When I left home mamma she cried,
Mamma she cried, mamma she cried,
When I left home mamma she cried,
"He's not cut out for the Army."

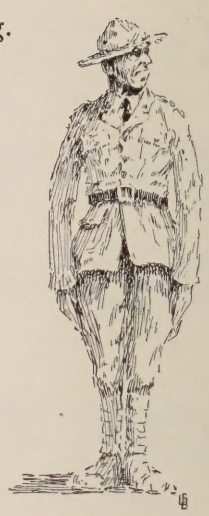
Chorus

The first time I went out for drill
The bugler sounding made me ill,
Of the battlefield I'd had my fill,
For I'm not cut out for the Army.
The officers they all did shout,
They all did shout, they all did shout,
The officers they all did shout,
"Why! Kick him out of the Army."

Chorus

THE INFANTRY SONG

This is the doughboys' parody on the following cavalry song.



Now listen unto this my song: I'm a warrior bold you see,
I'm a fighter and a hiker in the U. S. Infantry.
I stand erect with heels in line (I'm used to war's alarm)
With gun and belt and haversack; 'tis the pose of the
fighting arm.

Chorus

So fill your glasses with cold beer,
And brace your courage with good cheer,
I tell you all it's soldiering to serve in the infantry.

The cavalryman may be fierce and bold and a soldier through and through,
But he leaves his horse when off to war; 'tis what he hates to do.
He lays aside his boots and spurs, but never can he be
A fighting, hiking army man, like the soldier of the infantry.
Chorus

The soldiers of the cavalry had horses fine and grand;
They went to drill and stables accompanied by the band.
But when the army went to war an island fair to free,
The cavalry left their horses home and fought as infantry.
Chorus

The cavalry is the showy branch that people like to see,
But in the field the campaign fails without the infantry.
In China and the Philippines the doughboys fought quite well,
And they were "Johnnies on the spot" when Santiago fell.
Chorus

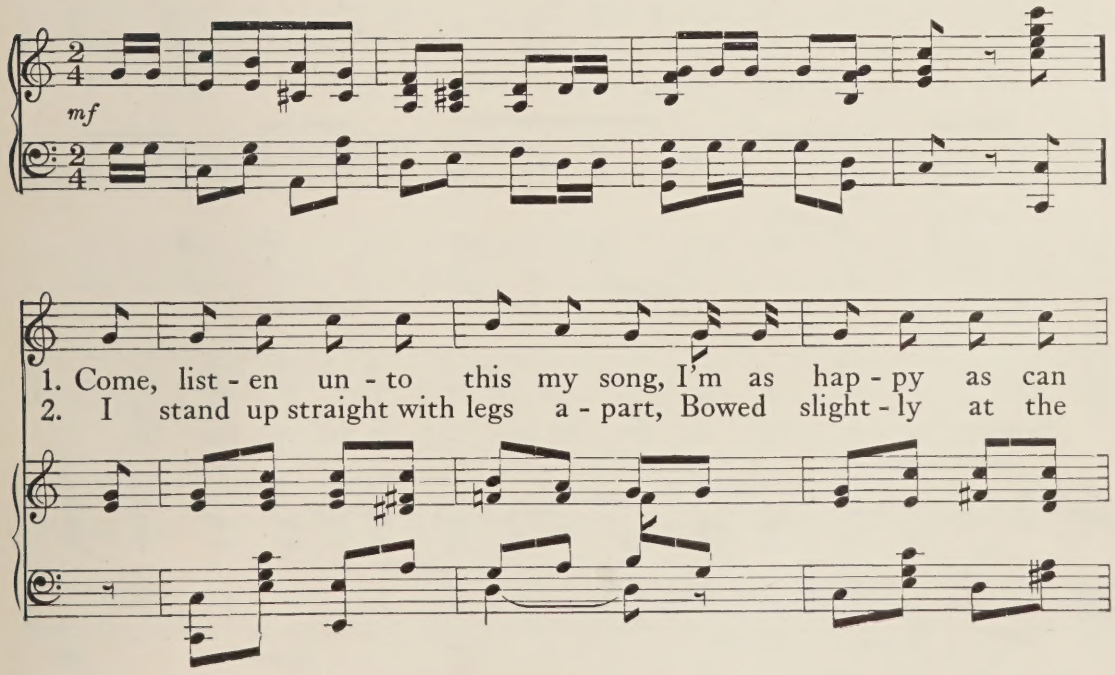
The red-stripe soldier makes me smile; he really makes me laugh,
To listen to extravagance of praise in his behalf.
He makes a noise when he fires his gun from his fortress by the sea.
He'll never know what soldiering is till he joins the infantry.
Chorus

THE CAVALRY SONG

The rivalry between the cavalry and the infantry found expression in song as early as the Civil War. In those days the cavalry called the infantry "the webfooted doughboys," and the infantry retaliated by pointed allusions to tender parts of the "yellow-leg's" anatomy. This song, which is a favorite of old officers, was written during the Boxer Rebellion in China by a contract surgeon who was afterwards killed by tulisanes in the province of Cavite, P.I.

There are different versions of this song. This one was supplied by Colonel John B. Barnes of Boonville, Missouri. Another, which was contributed by Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Fairfax of Greenville, S. C., contains "The Coast Artilleryman" song as a stanza and special chorus, and has the following stanza about the Chinese Relief Expedition:

We went to fight the Chino horde
With pistol, sword, and gun.
We'd slay 'em and we'd slash 'em
In the way it should be done.
But—we left our horses, corn, and hay
Down on the ships on Taku Bay,
And consequently had to stay
While the doughboys hiked away.



be; I'm a mash - er and a dash - er in the
knee; With fold - ed arms a - cross my breast; 'Tis the
Chorus
U. S. Cav - al - ree.
pose of the Cav - al - ree. So fill your glass - es
to the brim, And brace your cour-age with sloe gin. I
tell you all it is a sin To be - long to the In - fan - try.

THE CAVALRY SONG

I'm a cavalryman so fierce and bold,
I'm a soldier through and through;
I ride a horse because, of course,
It's the proper thing to do.
I wear my spurs both day and night
So that everyone may see
Whatever else I might have been,
I'm not in the infantry.

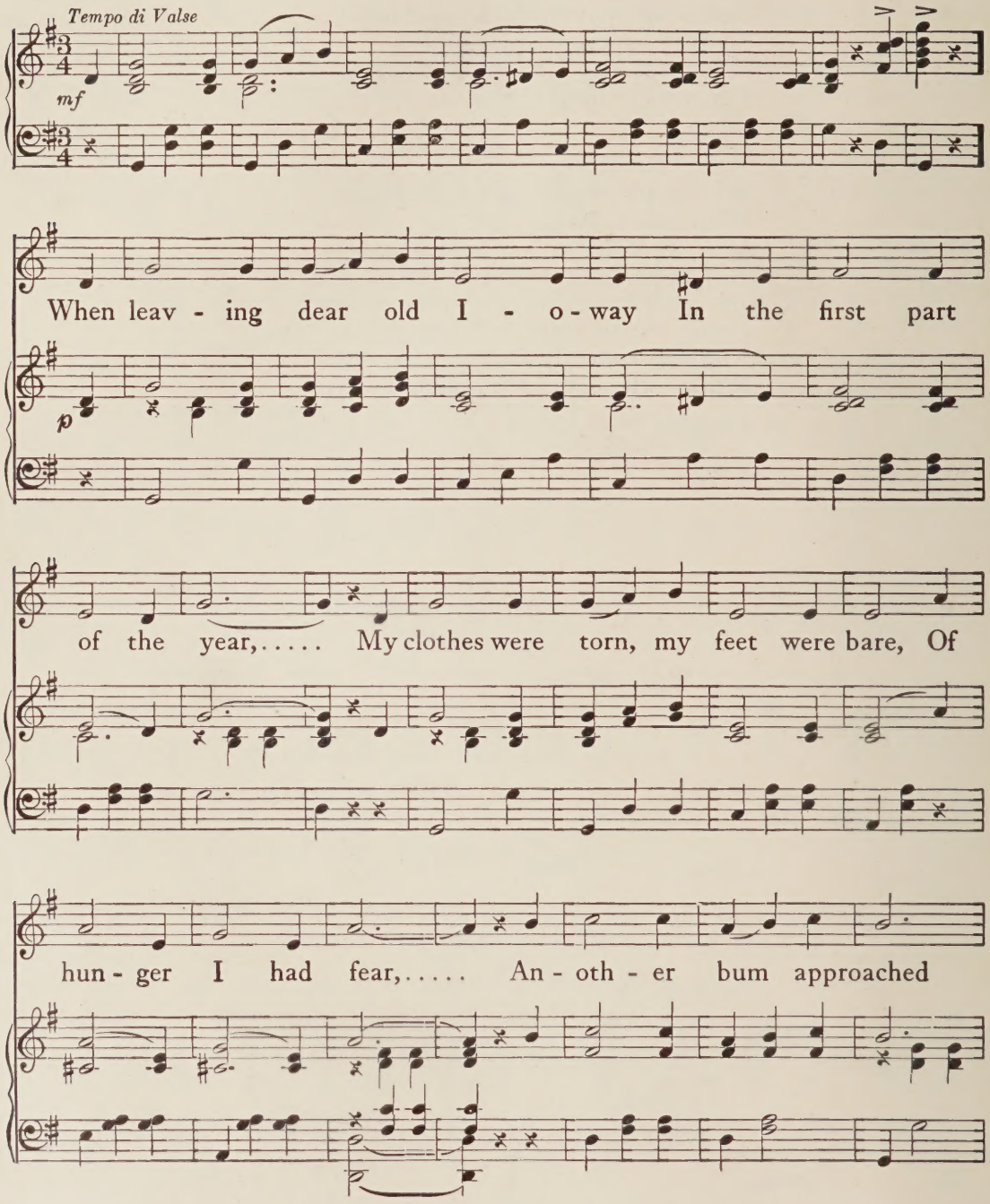
Chorus

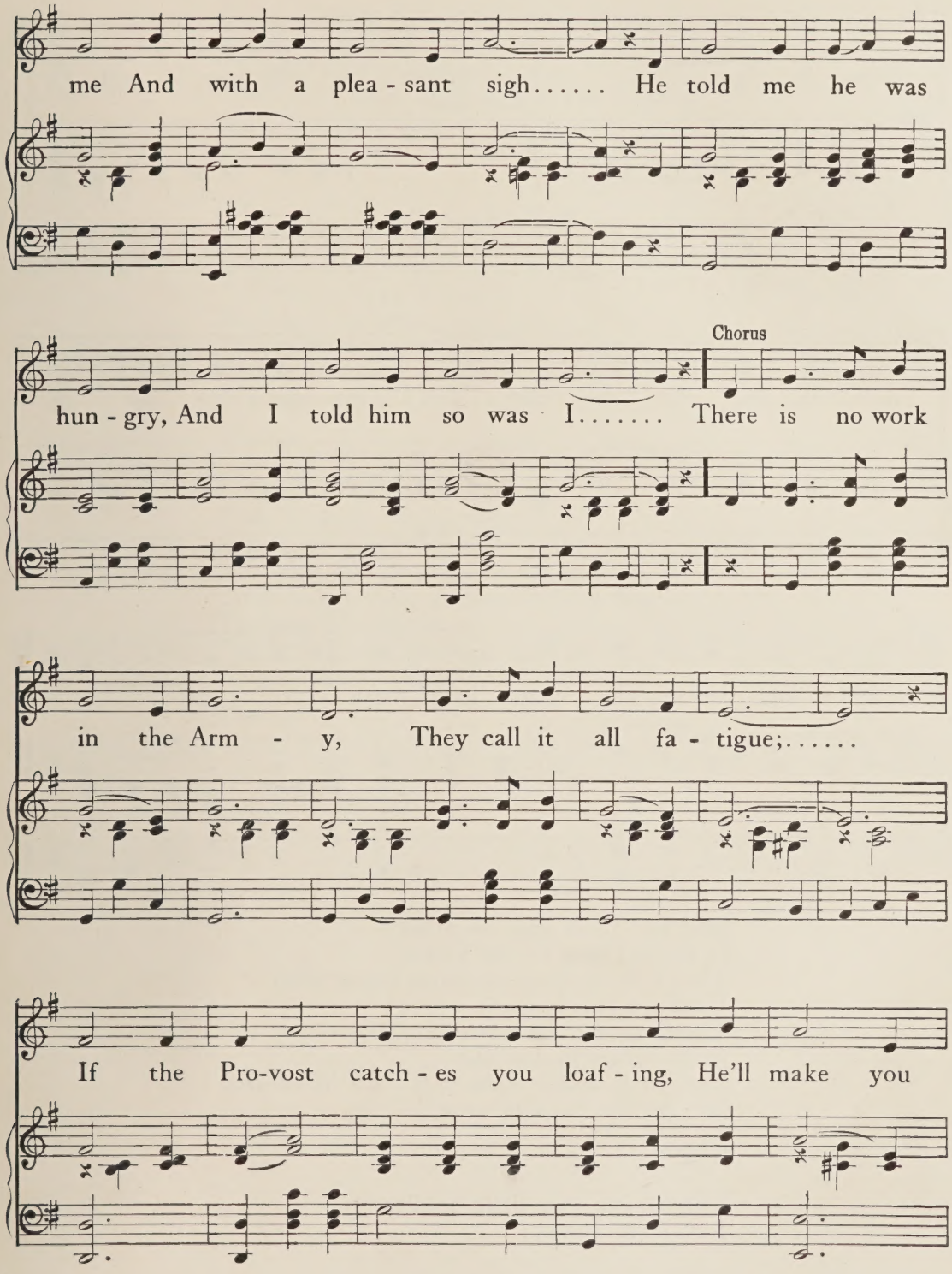
We went to fight the Chino horde,
With saber, horse, and gun;
We met him and we beat him,
Just the way it should be done;
But we left our horses, corn, and hay
Down on the ships in Taku Bay,
And consequently had to stay
While—the doughboys hiked away.

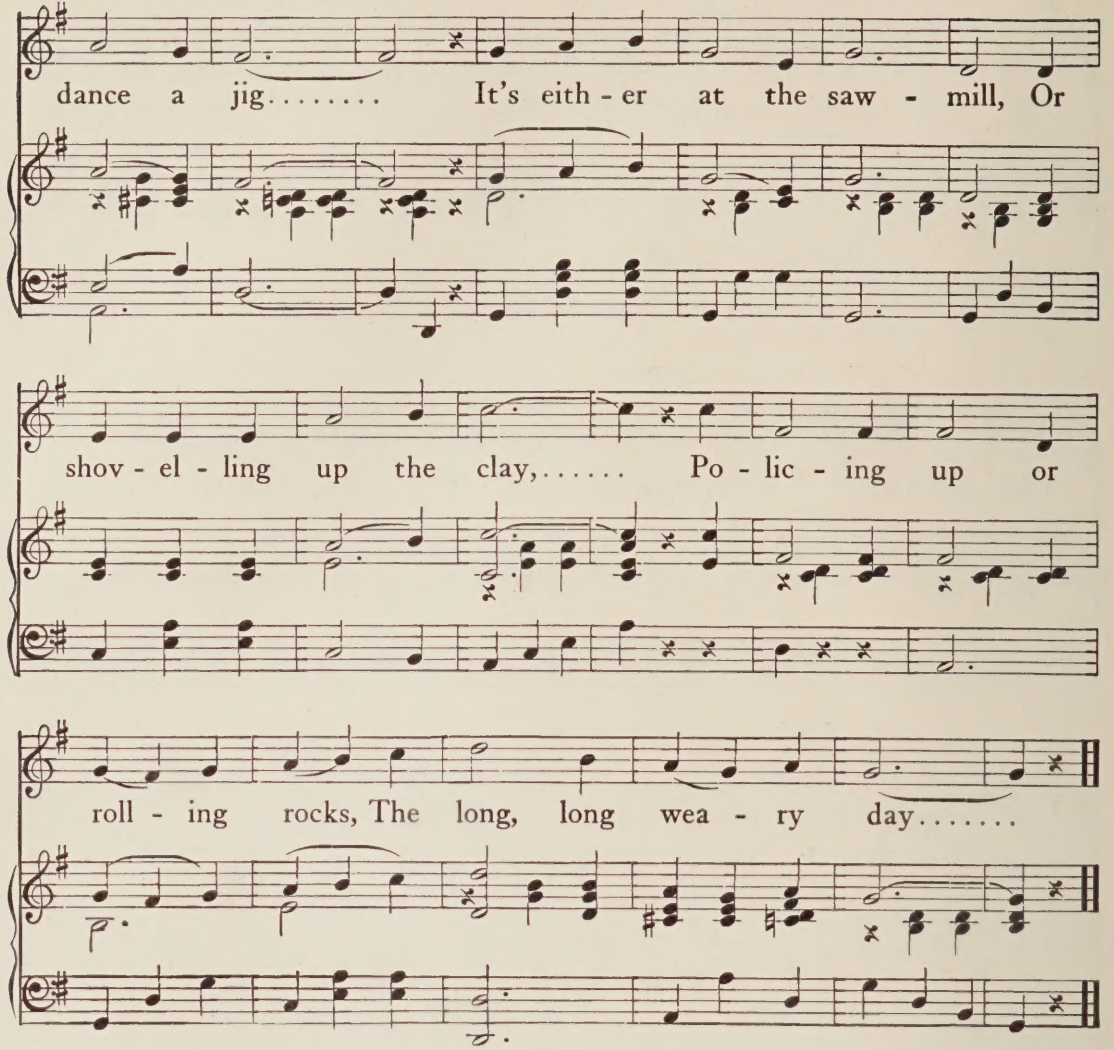
Chorus

THERE IS NO WORK IN THE ARMY

Lieutenant Colonel John C. Fairfax, Infantry, who contributed this song states that it was very popular from 1893–9.


Tempo di Valse
mf
When leav - ing dear old I - o - way In the first part
p
of the year,..... My clothes were torn, my feet were bare, Of
hun - ger I had fear,..... An - oth - er bum approached


me And with a plea - sant sigh..... He told me he was
Chorus
hun - gry, And I told him so was I..... There is no work
in the Arm - y, They call it all fa - tigue;.....
If the Pro-vost catch - es you loaf - ing, He'll make you



Said he "Let's join the army
In some Troop of the First;
They'll feed us up on government slum
Until we nearly burst.
They'll give to us a sway-back horse,
And a saber in our hand
And we'll make right cuts and Moulinets
Out on the burning sand."

Chorus

There were two little soldiers,
Just from Ioway;

THERE IS NO WORK IN THE ARMY

They came to Arizona just the other day;
They thought they'd get a pistol,
A saber and a gun,
But—they gave them a pick and shovel
And they're having lots of fun.

Chorus

The coast artillery is the place
To soldier—I don't think.
They're doing enough of different drills
To drive a man to drink.
Parade as infantry at seven
And painting guns at nine.
Scrape off again and paint at four;
It's easy and it's fine.

Chorus

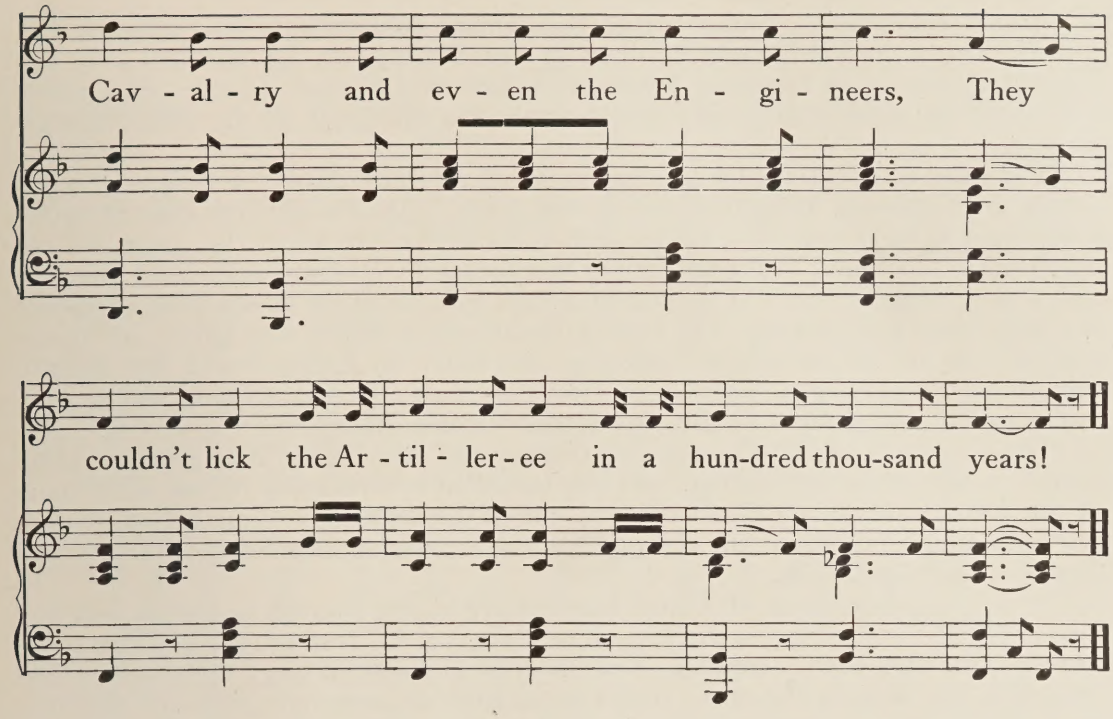
So give to me the doughboys,
They're at it all the while;
A-fighting or a-soldiering,
They can do 'em both in style.
They haven't got sixteen drills a day
To keep 'em on the go.
One drill a day's enough for me,
In the regular army, oh!

Chorus

WITH THE DIRT BEHIND THEIR EARS

The infantry and artillery both claim this. It also does duty in other branches. I have even heard it used to kid "the cavalry, the cavalry with the blisters on their rears."

The Ar - til - ler - ee, the Ar - til - ler - ee, with the
dirt be - hind their ears,. The Ar - til - ler - ee, the Ar -
til - ler - ee can drink their weight in beers. The Dough boys and the


Cav - al - ry and ev - en the En - gi - neers, They
couldn't lick the Ar - til - ler - ee in a hun-dred thou-sand years!

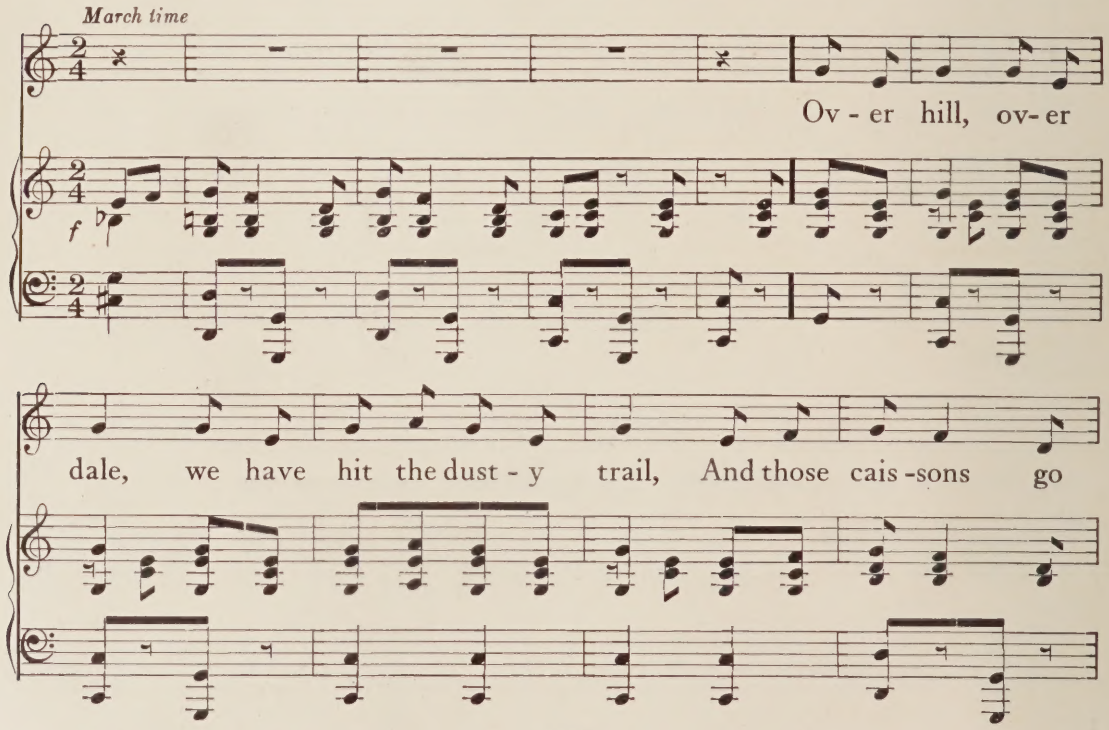
THE CAISSON SONG

Major Edmund L. Gruber wrote this famous field artillery song when he was a lieutenant in the Fifth Field Artillery in the Philippines. In April, 1908, the First Battalion came from the States to relieve the Second. Lieutenant Gruber was asked to write a song that would symbolize the spirit of the reunited regiment.

The song was inspired by an incident that occurred during a difficult march across the Zambales Mountains which was made by the Second Battalion in 1907. Lieutenant Gruber was sent ahead with a detachment to select the route and repair stream crossings. In the afternoon the battalion was so far behind that he and a scout sergeant went to the top of a high peak in order to see what progress the main body was making. The rolling country was visible for miles, but there was no sign of the battalion. Listening carefully, he finally heard the distant rumble of the carriages, which was soon punctuated by the echoing shouts and commands of the drivers as they urged their teams along.

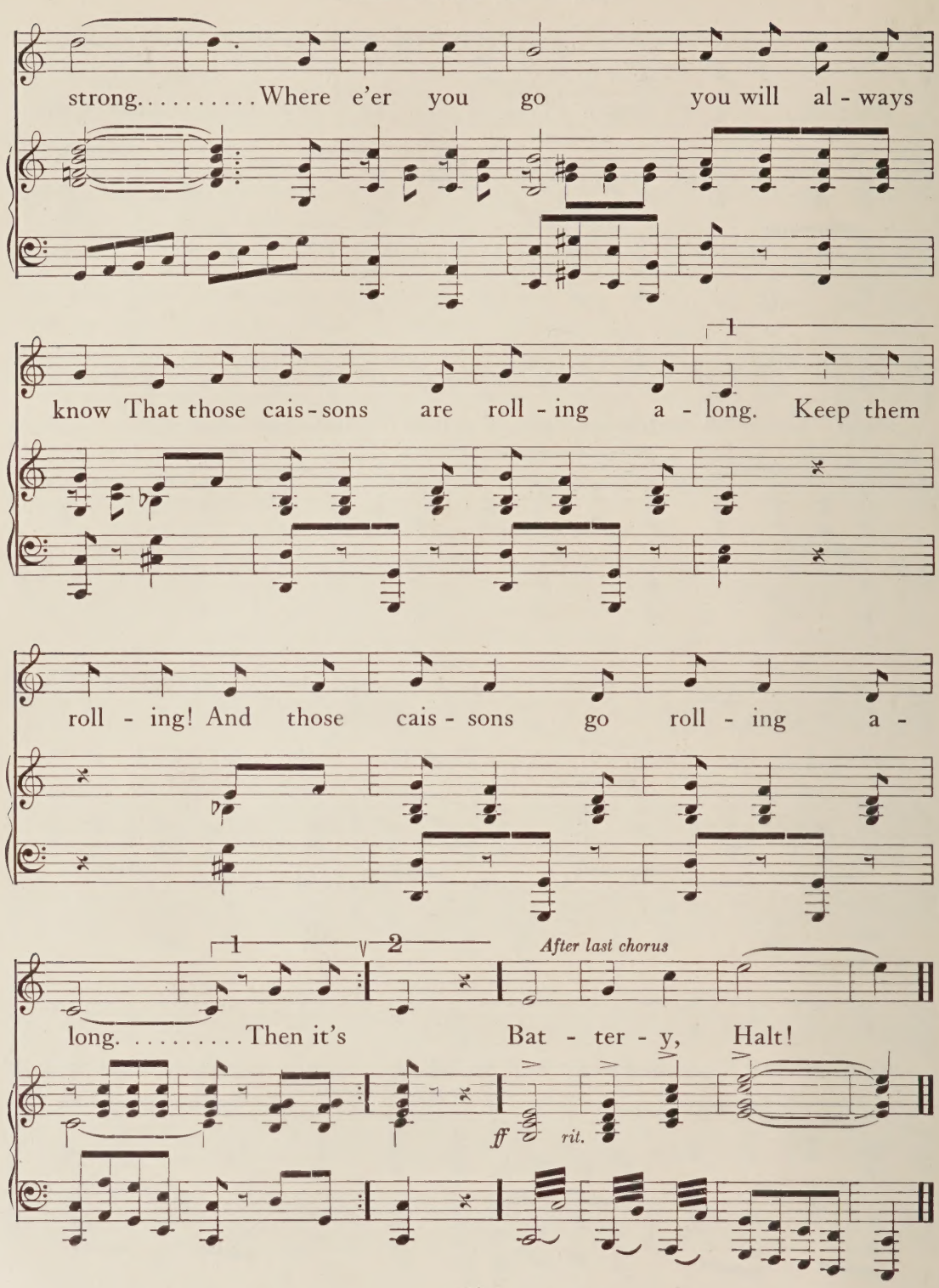
The sergeant turned to Lieutenant Gruber and said, "They'll be all right, lieutenant, if they keep 'em rolling." As the battalion neared camp on the other side of the divide, Lieutenant Gruber heard one of the chiefs of sections call out to his drivers, "Come on; keep 'em rolling!" That expression seemed to characterize the spirit of the battalion.

At a *despedida* given at Camp Stotsenburg to the Second Battalion just before it sailed for the States, the song was sung for the first time. Since the song was not published until a number of years later, and since it has been more widely sung than any song in the army, it has undergone some changes in words and music. I give here the popular version, as well as several parodies and adaptations.



THE CAISSON SONG

roll - ing a - long. . . . . In and out, hear them
shout: "Coun - ter march and right a - bout!" And those cais - sons go
Chorus
roll - ing a - long. . . . . Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the
field ar - til - ler - y, Sound off your num-bers loud and


strong. . . . . Where e'er you go you will al - ways
know That those cais - sons are roll - ing a - long. Keep them
roll - ing! And those cais - sons go roll - ing a -
long. . . . . Then it's Bat - ter - y, Halt!
After last chorus
ff
rit.

THE CAISSON SONG

Through the storm, through the night, up to where the doughboys fight,
All our caissons go rolling along.
At zero we'll be there, answering every call and flare,
While our caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

Cavalry, boot to boot, we will join in the pursuit,
While those caissons go rolling along.
Action front, at a trot; volley fire with shell and shot,
While those caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

Should the foe penetrate, every gunner lies in wait,
And those caissons go rolling along.
Fire at will, lay 'em low, never stop for any foe,
While those caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

But if fate me should call, and in action I should fall,
Keep those caissons a-rolling along.
Then in peace I'll abide when I take my final ride
On a caisson that's rolling along.

Chorus

(*After last chorus add:* Bat-ter-y Halt!)

VARIATIONS OF CAISSON SONG

In the storm, in the night, action left or action right,
See the caissons go rolling along.
Limber front, limber rear, prepare to mount, you cannoneers,
And those caissons go rolling along.

Shift your trail, fifty right; open ten and raise your site,
And those caissons go rolling along.
Was it high? Was it low? Where the hell did that one go?
And those caissons go rolling along.

Chorus

For it's BOOM! WHIZ! BANG! in the wagon soldier's gang,
As those caissons go rolling along.
So we'll give them hell with a lot of H.E. shell
While those caissons go rolling along.
Keep them rolling!
And those caissons go rolling along.

COAST ARTILLERY PARODY

Di-dee di, di-dee di, can't you hear those babies cry
As those didies hang out on the line?
Di-dee di, di-dee di, walk the floor and curse and sigh
As those didies hang out on the line.

Chorus

Then it's hi! hi! hee! the coast artillery!
The branch of the women and the wine.
In my cottage by the sea I will sit and sip my tea
While those didies hang out on the line.

INFANTRY ADAPTATION

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
It's the doughboys that still carry on.
Smeared with mud, spitting blood, that's the branch that takes the rub;
It's the doughboys that still carry on.

Chorus

Then it's hi! hi! hee! The good old infantree!
Way out in front and going strong.
When we cross the Rhine we will leave the guns behind,
But those doughboys will still carry on.
Follow me!

AN A.E.F. PARODY

Earl F. Campbell, who contributed this parody, tells an amusing story about its origin.

When the 303rd Field Artillery occupied Aubière, France, they were promptly ordered to police the town and remove the much-prized manure piles that stood by the front doors of the houses. One hot afternoon as Campbell and several others were strolling down the street they heard music and singing and saw quite a crowd of Frenchmen gathered around some soldiers who were supposed to be carting away manure. Investigation revealed that one of the soldiers, a happy-go-lucky fellow who was quite a musician, had borrowed a steel-stringed guitar from some Frenchman and was strumming away and singing this parody while his coworkers shoveled in time to the music and the Frenchmen applauded vigorously.

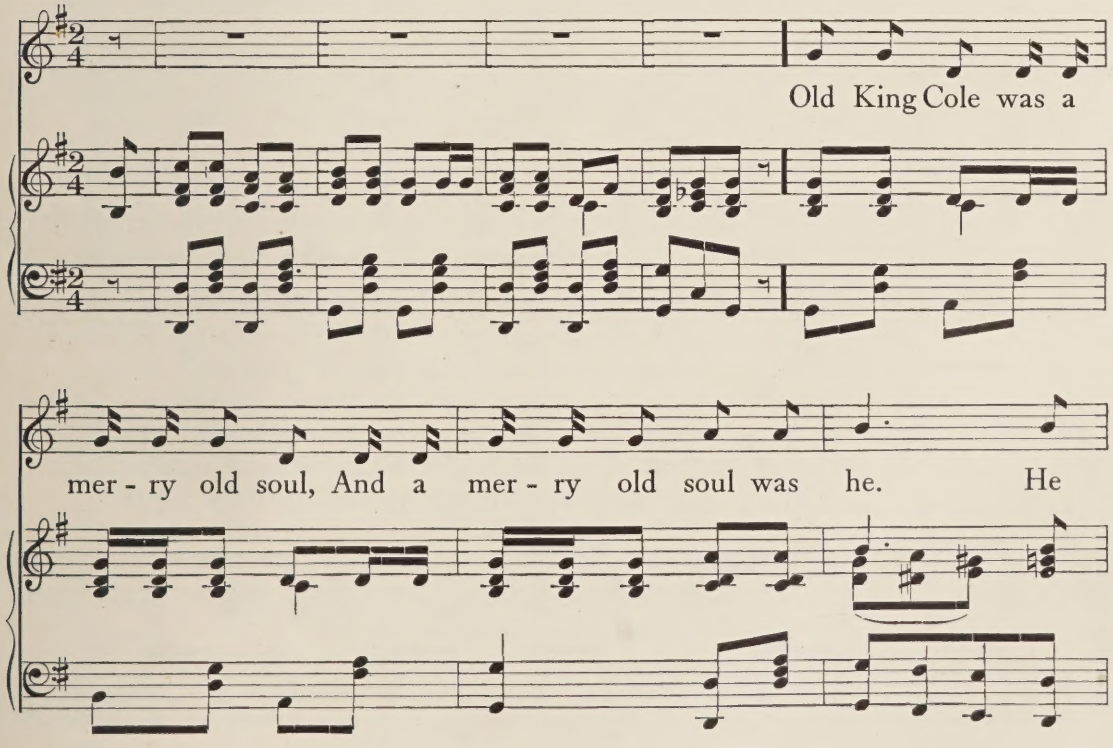
Then it's hi! hi! hee! the street cleanery!
Bring out your shovels and your brooms.
From morning till retreat we are on the street,
And the "white wings" go rolling along.

OLD KING COLE

This song can be properly rendered (I repeat, rendered) only when the singers, too, have their pipes and bowls and are, temporarily, at least, as merry as Old King Cole himself. Furthermore, "BEER, BEER, BEER," must be shouted in a highly clamorous and insistent tone.

Before the World War, Old King Cole was as unknown in military circles as many others who later became great commanders. The British Tommies, however, drafted him from his indolent life in the nursery rhymes and made him famous. The Royal Field Artillery seems to have claimed him most loudly, but he also did duty in other branches. It was not until several years after the war that his fame began to spread in our army. British artillery officers visiting our service schools have been credited with introducing him to their American cousins.

In the original British Army version, the chorus is longer than the one given here, for all ranks from privates to generals appear before the king. "Where in hell are my spurs?" said the adjutants. "Blankety, blankety, blank!" said the majors. "What's the word of command?" said the colonels. "What's the plan of campaign?" said the generals. When drawn out to such length, however, the song acts as a boomerang; for when one is merry enough to sing the song in the right way he is too merry to remember any of the chorus beyond the line pertaining to the captains.



OLD KING COLE

called for his pipe, And he called for his bowl, And he
:S: Chorus
called for his pri-vates three. "Beer, beer, beer," said the pri-vates.
"Mer - ry men are we. There's none so fair as
D. C.
can com - pare With the Roy - al Field Ar - til - ler - y."

OLD KING COLE

I Chorus
:S: D. S. to Chorus
II Chorus
"One, two, one, two, one," said the corp'rals; "Move to the right and
:S: D. S. to Chorus
left," said the ser-geants; "One, two, one, two, one," said the corp'rals.
III Chorus
3
"We do all the work," said the sub - al - terns, "Move to the right and
:S: D. S. to Chorus
left," said the ser - geants; "One, two, one, two, one," said the corp'rals.
V Chorus
"We want three weeks' leave," said the cap - tains; "We do all the
3
work," said the sub - al - terns, "Move to the right and
:S: D. S. to Chorus
left," said the sergeants; "One, two, one, two, one," said the corp'rals.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his corporals three.

Chorus

"ONE TWO, ONE TWO, ONE," said the corporals;
"BEER, BEER, BEER," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Royal Field Artilleree."

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his sergeants three.

Chorus

"MOVE TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT," said the sergeants;
"ONE TWO, ONE TWO, ONE," said the corporals;
"BEER, BEER, BEER," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Royal Field Artilleree."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his subalterns three.

Chorus

"WE DO ALL THE WORK," said the subalterns;
"MOVE TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT," said the sergeants;
"ONE TWO, ONE TWO, ONE," said the corporals;
"BEER, BEER, BEER," said the privates.
"Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Royal Field Artilleree."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his captains three.

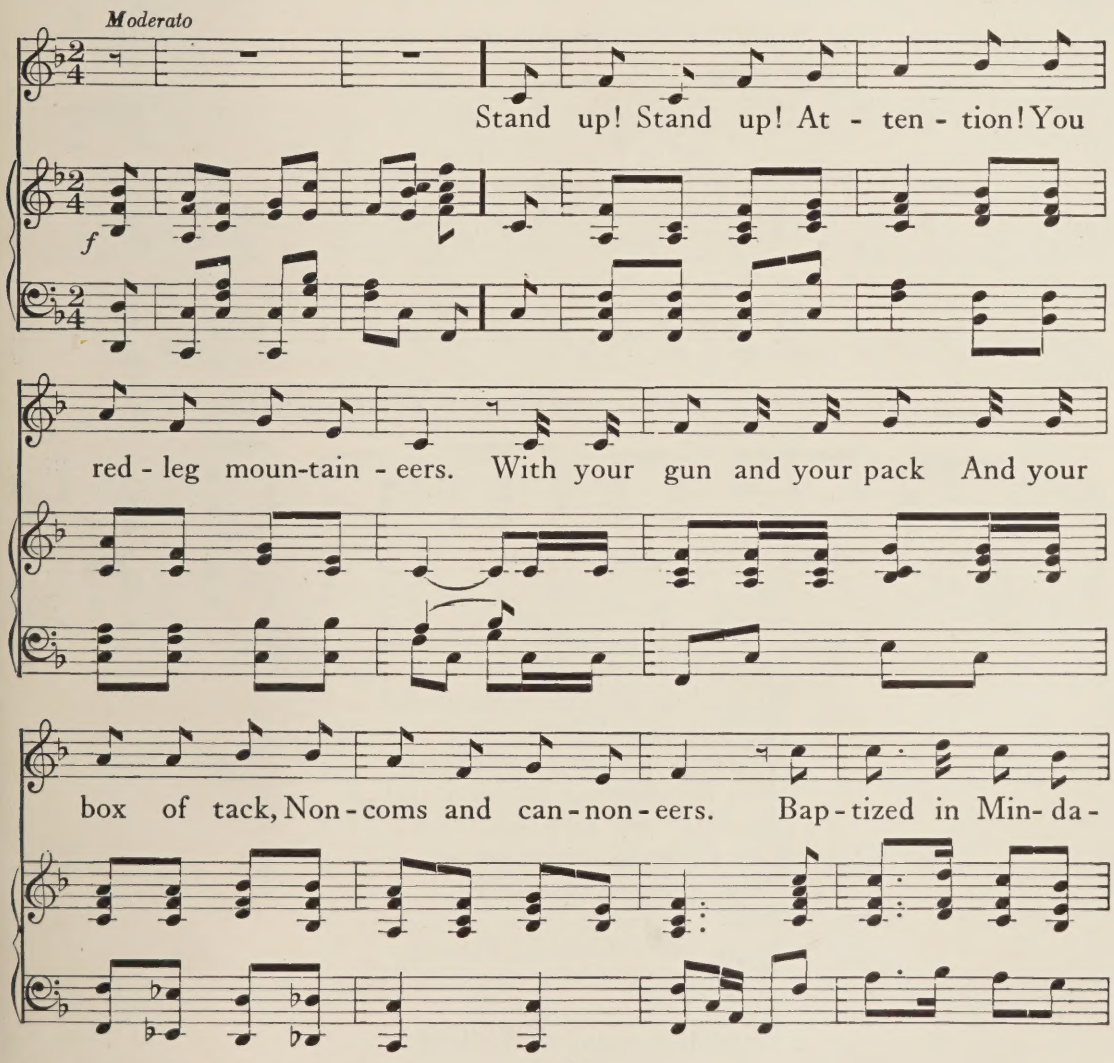
Chorus

"WE WANT THREE WEEKS' LEAVE," said the captains;
"WE DO ALL THE WORK," said the subalterns;
"MOVE TO THE RIGHT AND THE LEFT," said the sergeants;
"ONE TWO, ONE TWO, ONE," said the corporals;
"BEER, BEER, BEER," said the privates.
"Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Royal Field Artilleree."

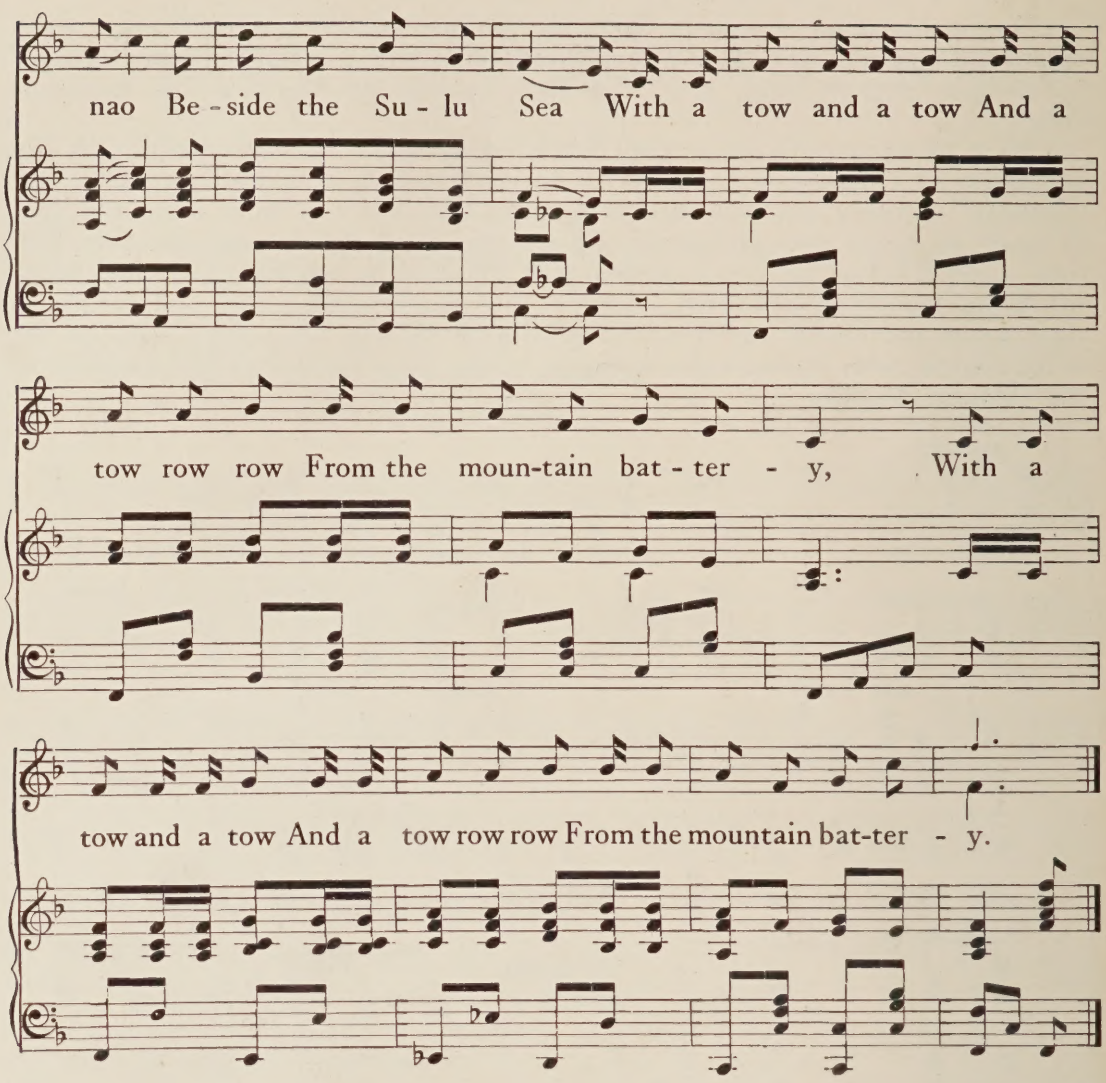
THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY

During his active service in the army, Colonel Gerald E. Griffin wrote many excellent songs and parodies. "The Mountain Battery," "Keep Them Rolling," "O'Reilly's Gone to Hell," and "The Red Guidon" are the best that have survived.

Most of Colonel Griffin's songs were written while he was serving in the Cuban Army of Pacification (1906-9). A force consisting of infantry, cavalry, and "Jackass" artillery was stationed at Camp Columbia, ten miles from Havana. In order to amuse themselves, the officers organized the famous "Double Bottom" Club. Part of the entertainment was afforded by stories, jokes, and songs which the members contributed. Some of the members possessed real talent, so their songs and stories survived and spread throughout the army. Many of the older officers today treasure the memories of the good times they had together at the "Double Bottom."


Moderato
Stand up! Stand up! At - ten - tion! You
f
red - leg moun-tain - eers. With your gun and your pack And your
box of tack, Non - coms and can - non - eers. Bap - tized in Min- da -

THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY

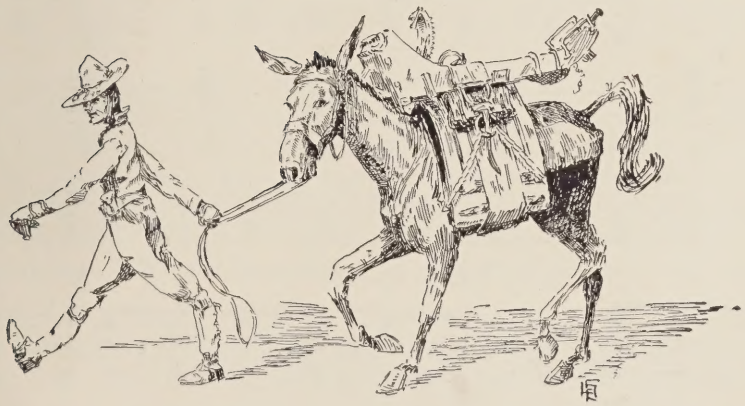

nao Be - side the Su - lu Sea With a tow and a tow And a
tow row row From the moun-tain bat - ter - y, With a
tow and a tow And a tow row row From the mountain bat-ter - y.

For when we are commanded
To open up the ball
We slap our guns together
And beside them stand or fall.
To right and left before us
Our shrapnel bursts we see
With a tow and a tow
And a tow row row
From the mountain battery.
With a tow and a tow
And a tow row row
From the mountain battery.

THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY

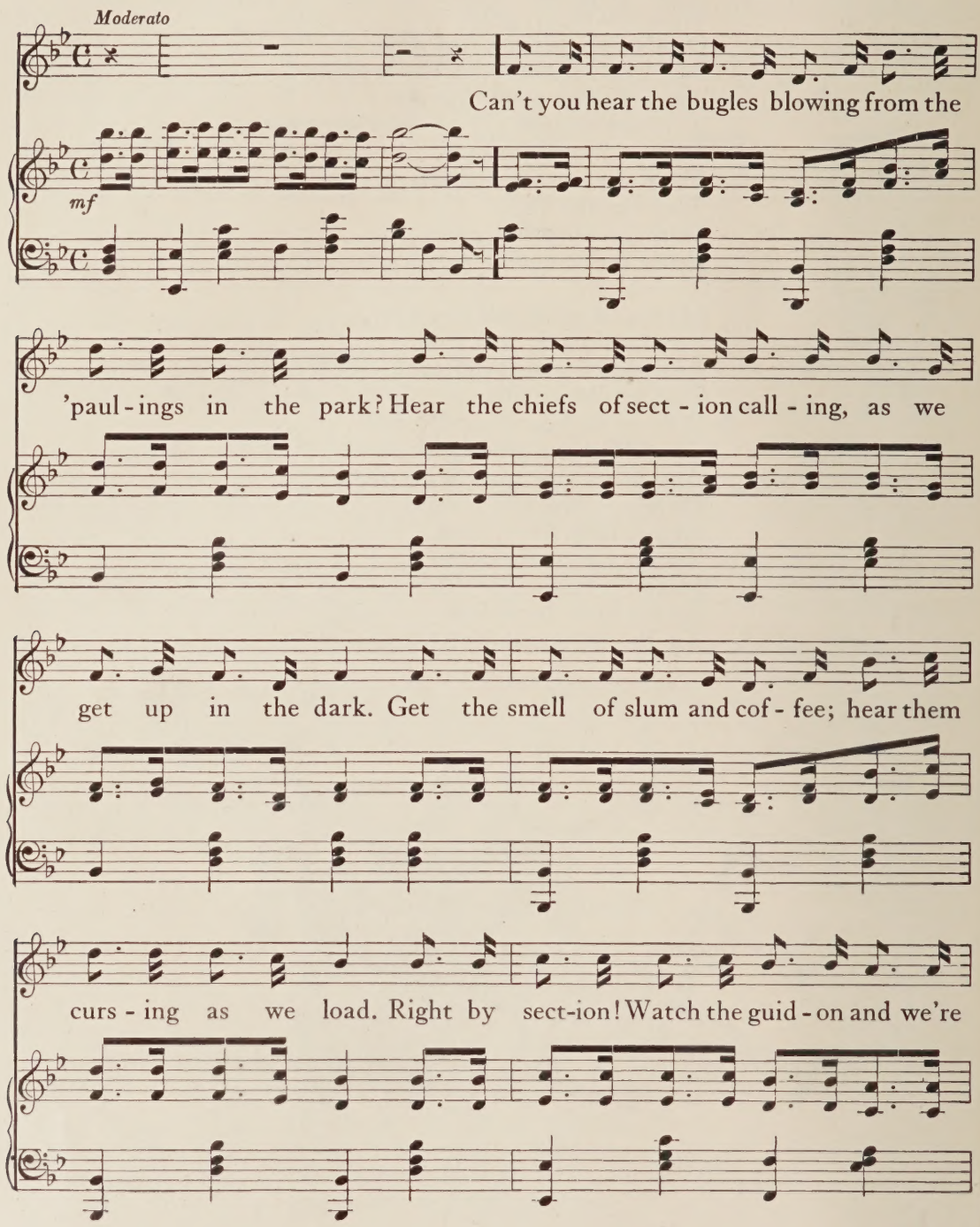
I'd rather be a soldier
With a mule and mountain gun
Than knight of old
With spurs of gold
Or Roman, Greek, or Hun.
For when there's trouble brewing
They always send for me
To start the fun
With a mountain gun
From the mountain battery.
To start the fun
With a mountain gun
From the mountain battery.

Here's to pack and aparejo,
To cradle, gun, and trail,
And that damned old fool,
The artillery mule,
Who ne'er was known to fail.
Then fill your glasses, fellows,
And drink this toast with me—
Here's a how and a how
And a how, how, how
To the mountain battery.
Here's a how and a how
And a how, how, how
To the mountain battery.

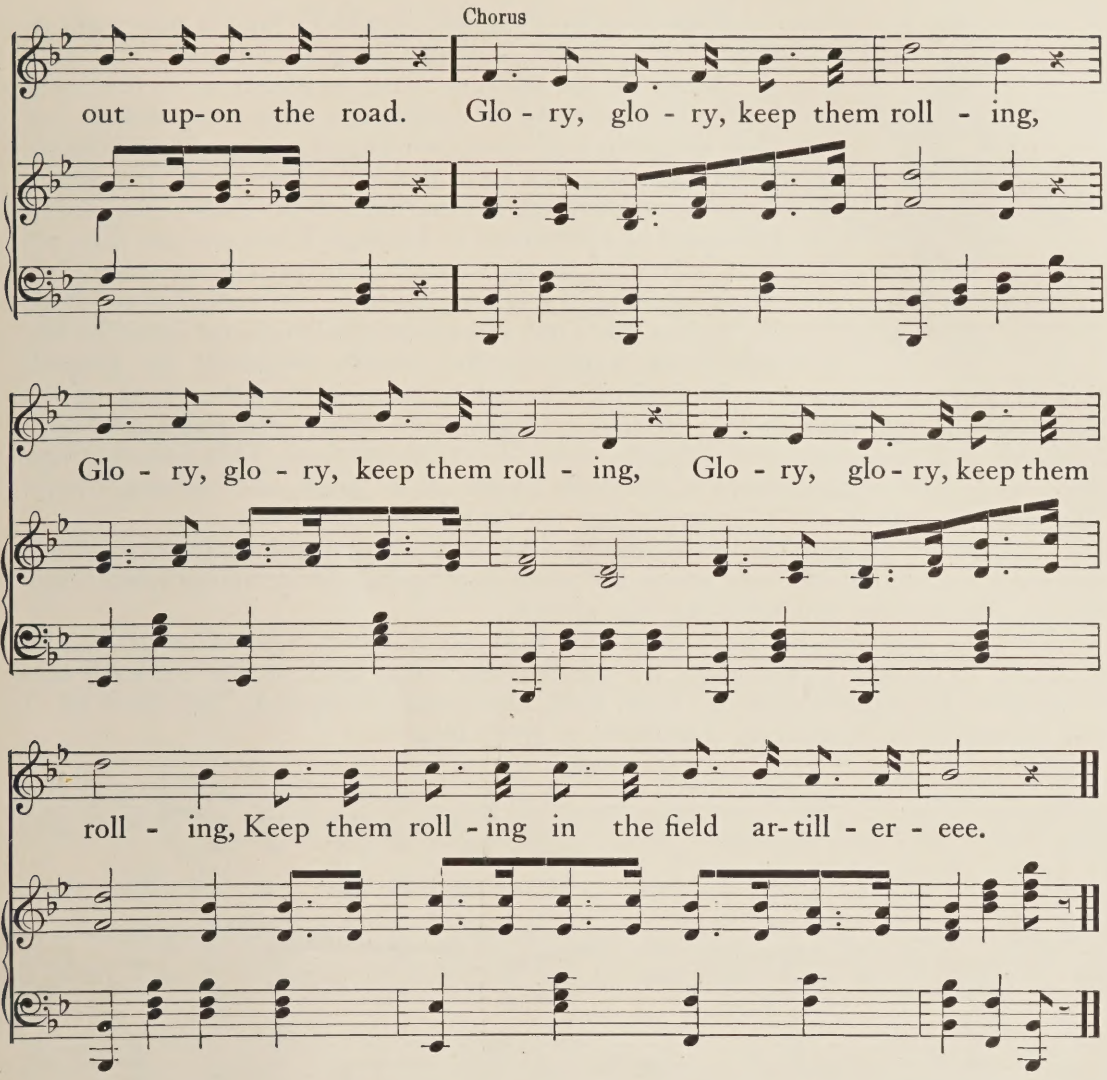


KEEP THEM ROLLING

Written by Colonel Gerald E. Griffin and sung to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." (See "The Mountain Battery.")


Moderato
mf
Can't you hear the bugles blowing from the
'paul - ings in the park? Hear the chiefs of sect - ion call - ing, as we
get up in the dark. Get the smell of slum and cof - fee; hear them
curs - ing as we load. Right by sect-ion! Watch the guid - on and we're

KEEP THEM ROLLING


Chorus
out up-on the road. Glo - ry, glo - ry, keep them roll - ing,
Glo - ry, glo - ry, keep them roll - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, keep them
roll - ing, Keep them roll - ing in the field ar-till - er - eee.

When there's sweat upon the leather and there's foam upon the hide,
And the "lead" and "swing" together pull the wheelers into stride,
There's a clanking from the limbers, there's a kick from pole to pole,
There's a rumble from the caissons as along the road we roll.

Chorus

When the smoke of battle thickens and there's blood upon the trail,
Keep the shrapnel moving forward, bursting through the front like hail.
Do your duty like a soldier; let the beggars know that we
Are sending what's expected from the field artillery.

Chorus

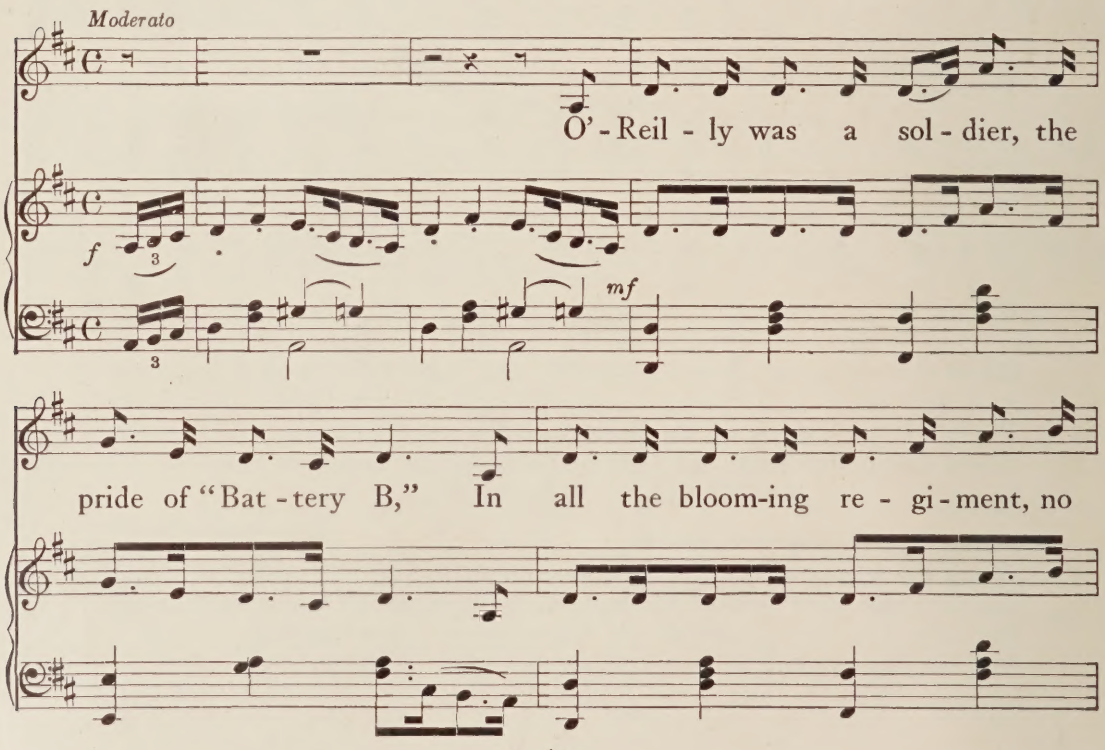
O'REILLY'S GONE TO HELL

This song by Colonel Gerald E. Griffin was sung to the tune of "When Reuben Comes to Town."

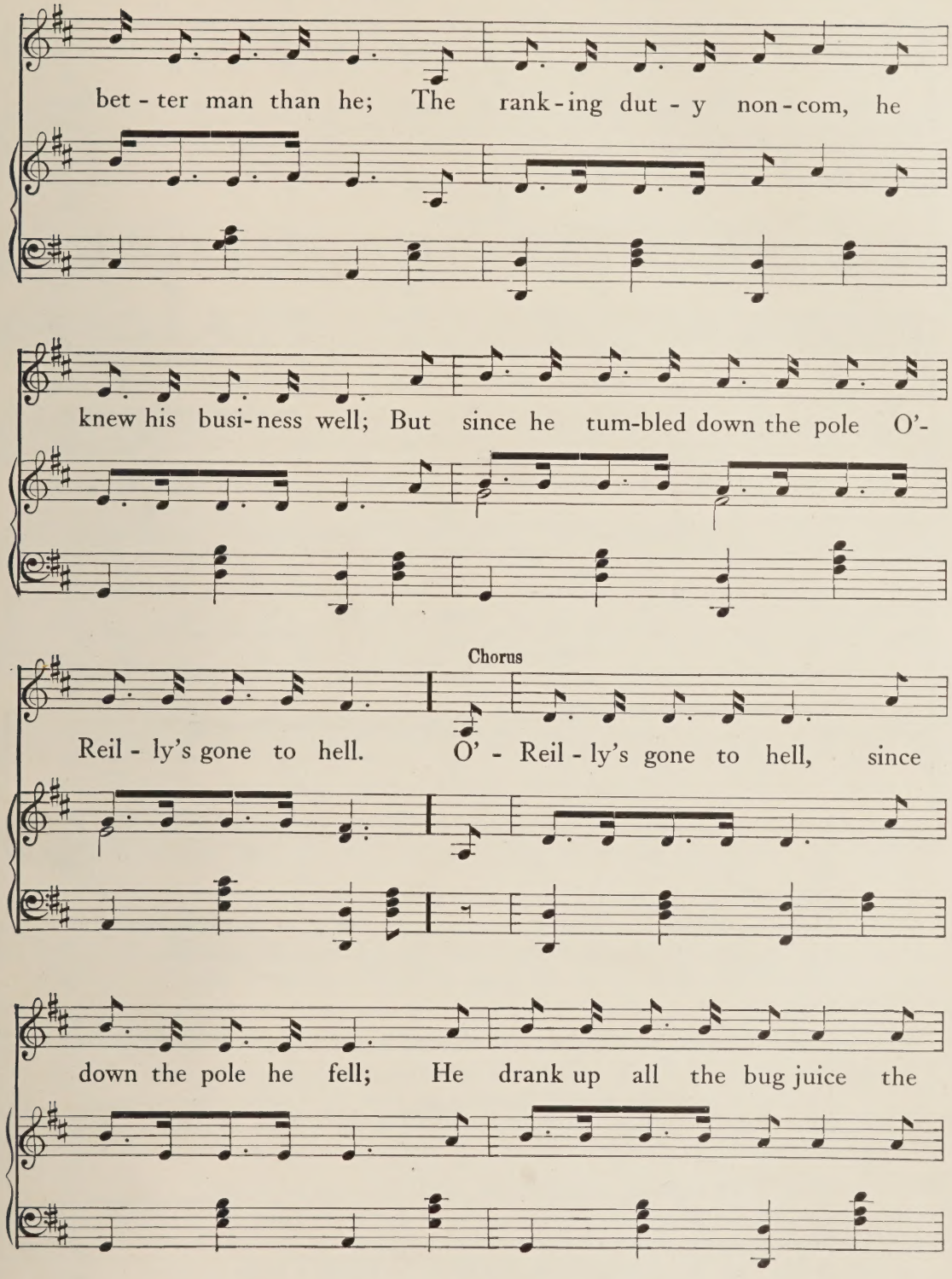
Many of the old-time Irish sergeants were the finest soldiers in the army for twenty-five days every month, but they simply had to have their pay-day spree. In the Philippines several years ago, another Casey asked his young battery commander for permission to go to Manila to take part in a Veterans of Foreign Wars parade. The officer was dubious of Casey's ability to keep sober, but after receiving the sergeant's solemn promise of sobriety, he let him go. That afternoon the lieutenant stood on the side lines watching the parade. Suddenly he gasped, choked, and then swore roundly under his breath. There, in the front rank of the first platoon, supported by two civilian veterans, was Casey, red-faced and popeyed, his toes dragging, and alcohol oozing from every pore. The next morning the young officer rushed down to barracks prepared to draw and quarter Casey. The old man was there, a bit rocky, but on the job, nevertheless.

"Sergeant!" began the irate officer, "what do you mean by breaking your word to me? What do you mean by your disgraceful performance yesterday? Didn't you tell me you were 'up the pole'?"

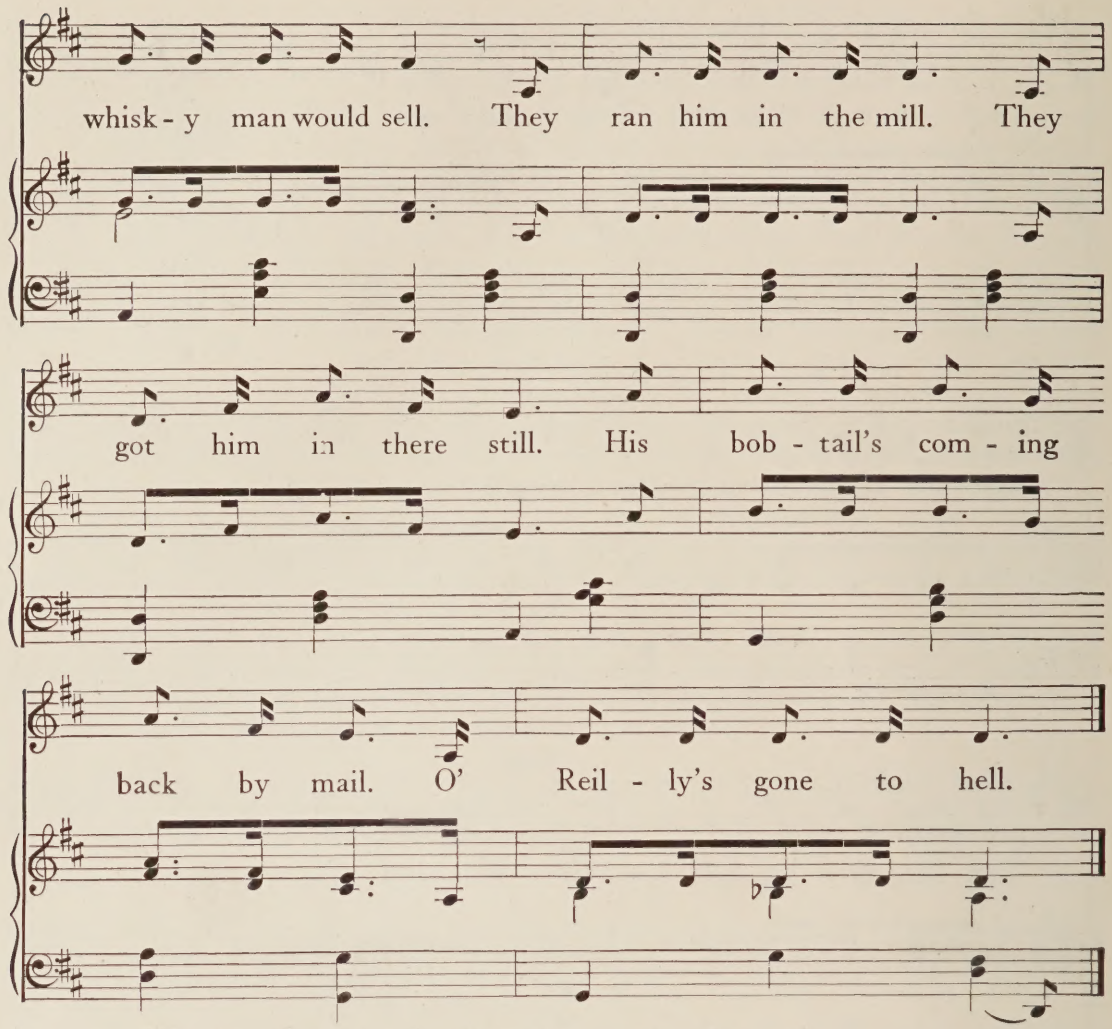
The old man put his heels together with great effort, saluted wearily, and prepared to make his usual monthly explanation. Then suddenly his old Irish eyes lit up with a devilish twinkle. "Yess, sorr, lootinint," he replied, "but shure an' 't was a bamboo pole, sorr, an' I stopped at ivery joint!"



O'REILLY'S GONE TO HELL


bet - ter man than he; The rank - ing dut - y non - com, he
knew his busi - ness well; But since he tum-bled down the pole O'-
Chorus
Reil - ly's gone to hell. O' - Reil - ly's gone to hell, since
down the pole he fell; He drank up all the bug juice the

O'REILLY'S GONE TO HELL


whisk - y man would sell. They ran him in the mill. They
got him in there still. His bob - tail's com - ing
back by mail. O' Reil - ly's gone to hell.

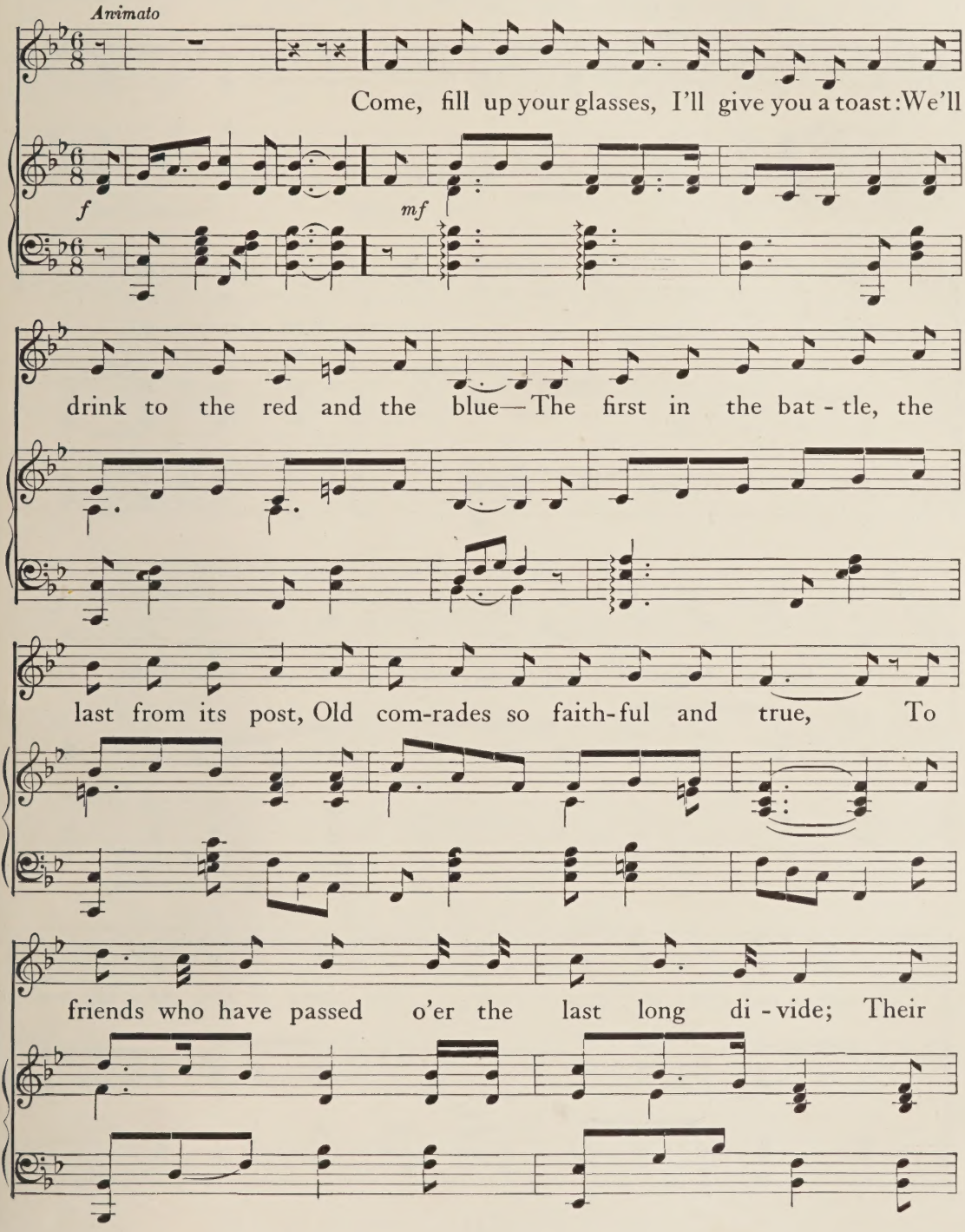
O'Reilly hit the bottle after six years up the pole;
He blew himself at Casey's place and then went in the hole;
He drank with all the rookies and shoved his face as well.
The whole outfit is on the bum. O'Reilly's gone to hell.
Chorus

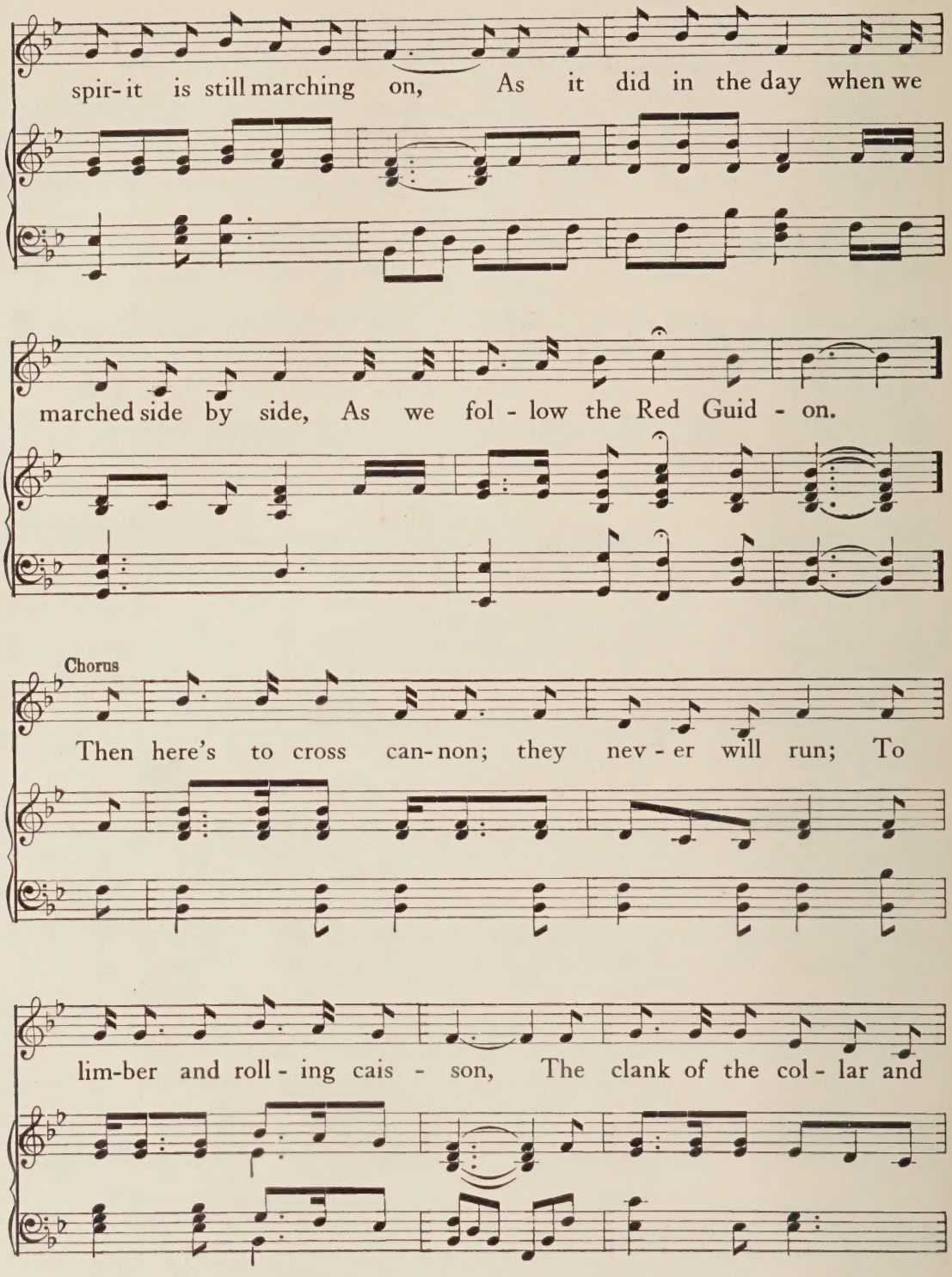
O'Reilly swiped a blanket and shoved it up, I hear;
He shoved it for a dollar and invested that in beer.
He licked a coffee cooler because he said he'd tell.
He's ten days absent without leave. O'Reilly's gone to hell.
Chorus

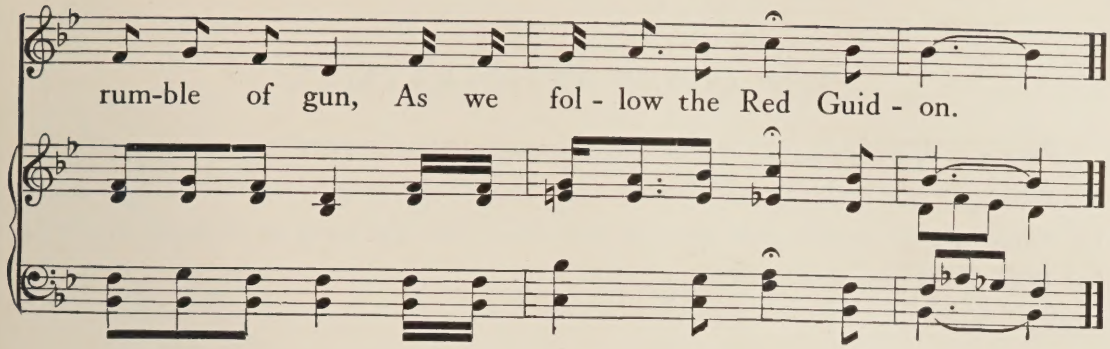
They'll try him by court martial; he'll never get a chance
To tell them how his mother died or some such song and dance.
He'll soon be down in Battery "Q" a-sleeping in a cell,
A big red "P" stamped on his back. O'Reilly's gone to hell!
Chorus

THE RED GUIDON

The words and music of this popular field artillery song were written by Colonel Gerald E. Griffin. (See "The Mountain Battery.")


Animato
Come, fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast: We'll
f
mf
drink to the red and the blue— The first in the bat - tle, the
last from its post, Old com-rades so faith-ful and true, To
friends who have passed o'er the last long di - vide; Their


spir-it is still marching on, As it did in the day when we
marched side by side, As we fol - low the Red Guid - on.
Chorus
Then here's to cross can-non; they nev - er will run; To
lim-ber and roll - ing cais - son, The clank of the col - lar and



We've soldiered together, brave hearts ever true;
We've marched, we've fought,. and we've bled
For the dear old flag with its red, white, and blue
That floats in the breeze overhead.
We've joked and we've laughed round the camp-fire's red glare
From Cuba to distant Luzon;
As we told old stories that drive away care
'Neath the folds of the Red Guidon.

Chorus

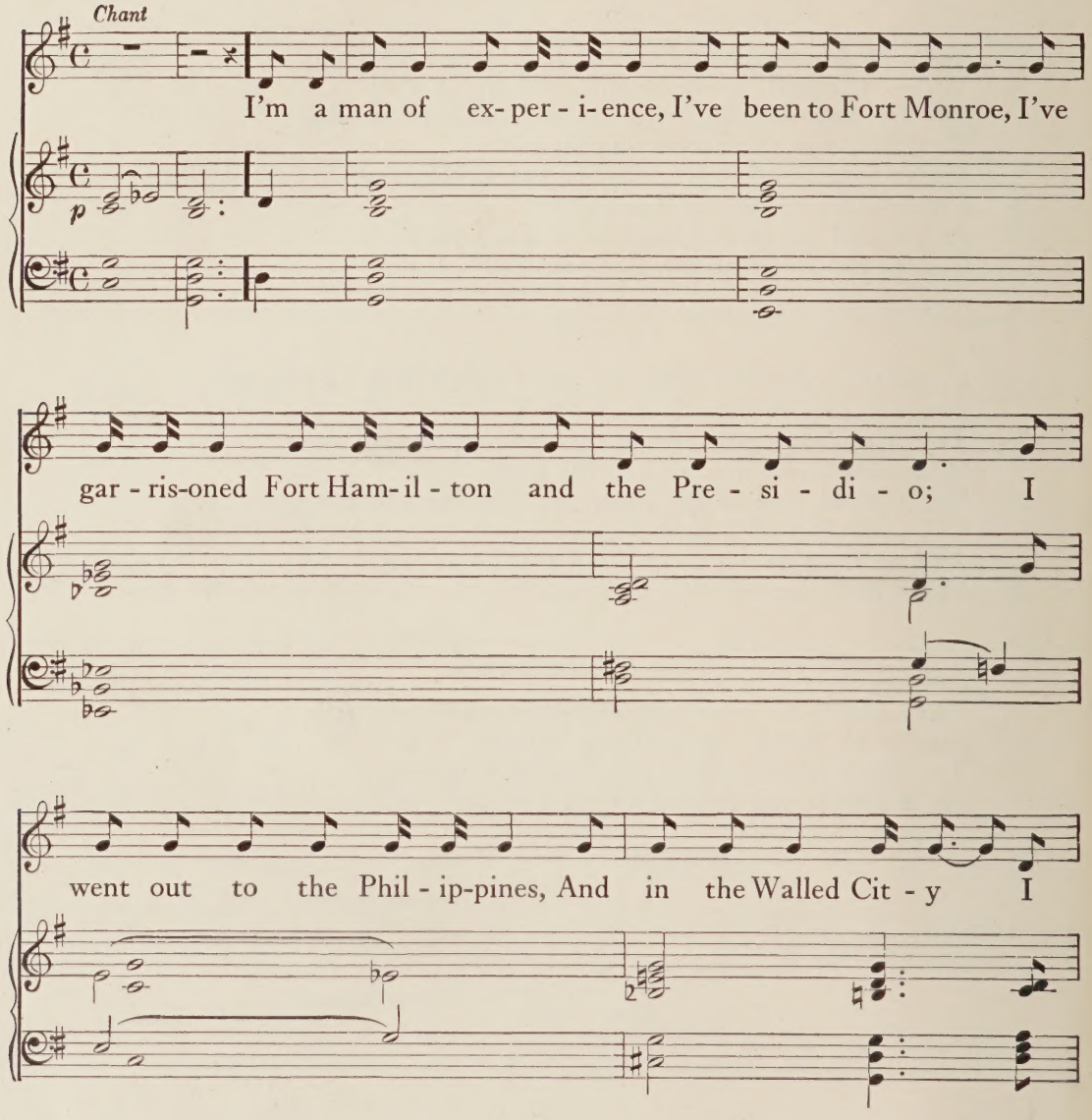
Come toss off your tankards, we'll drink long and deep,
Brave hearts ever gallant and true,
To friends who now rest in their long, peaceful sleep,
Who once wore the red and the blue.
We'll prove true in the future as they have in the past,
Old comrades of gun and caisson.
And we'll go to our God like a soldier at last,
Fighting under the Red Guidon.

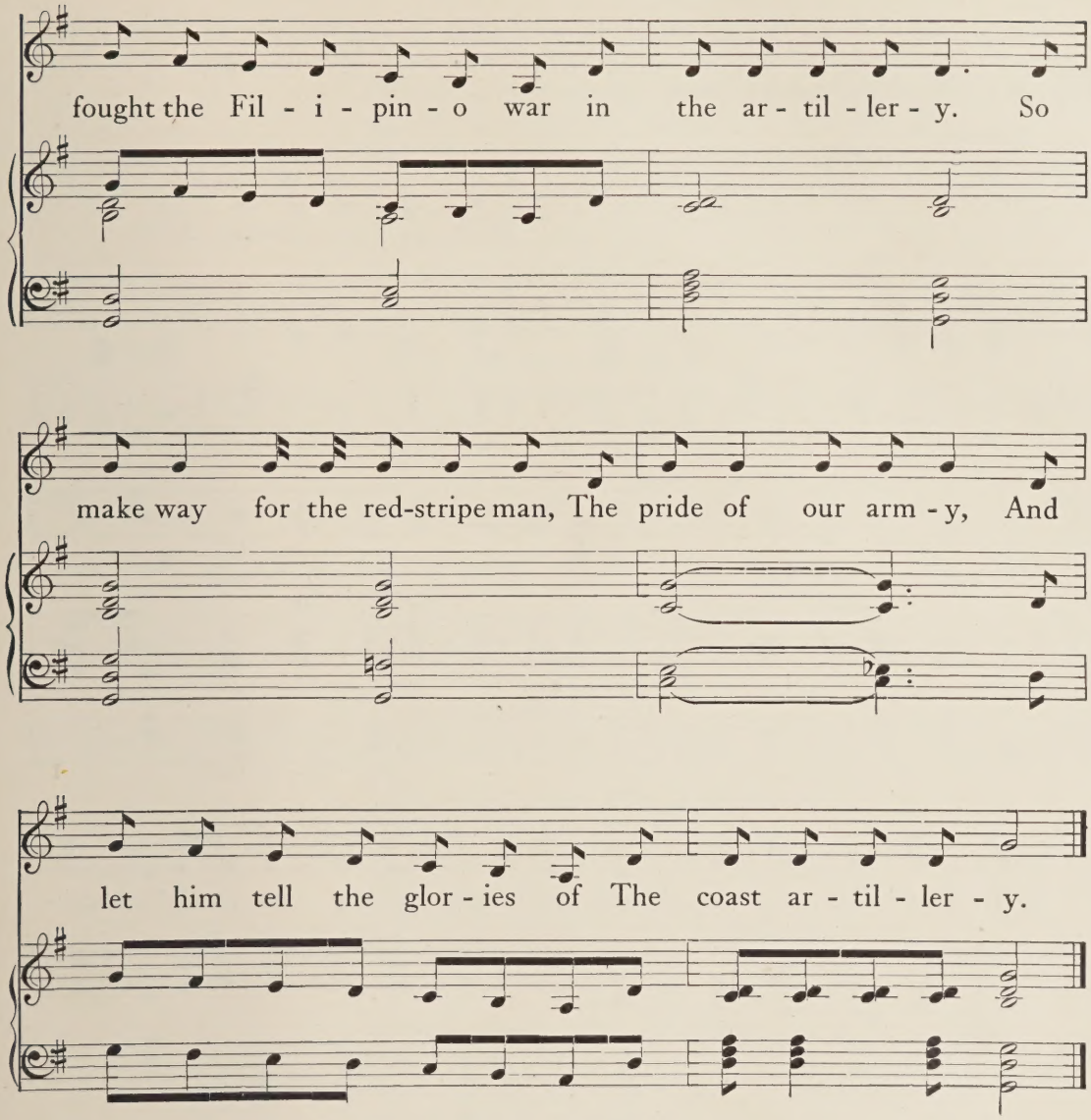
Final Chorus

Then here's to cross cannon, they never will run;
Here's to limber and rolling caisson,
The clank of the collar and rumble of gun—
HURRAH! for the RED GUIDON.

THE COAST ARTILLERYMAN

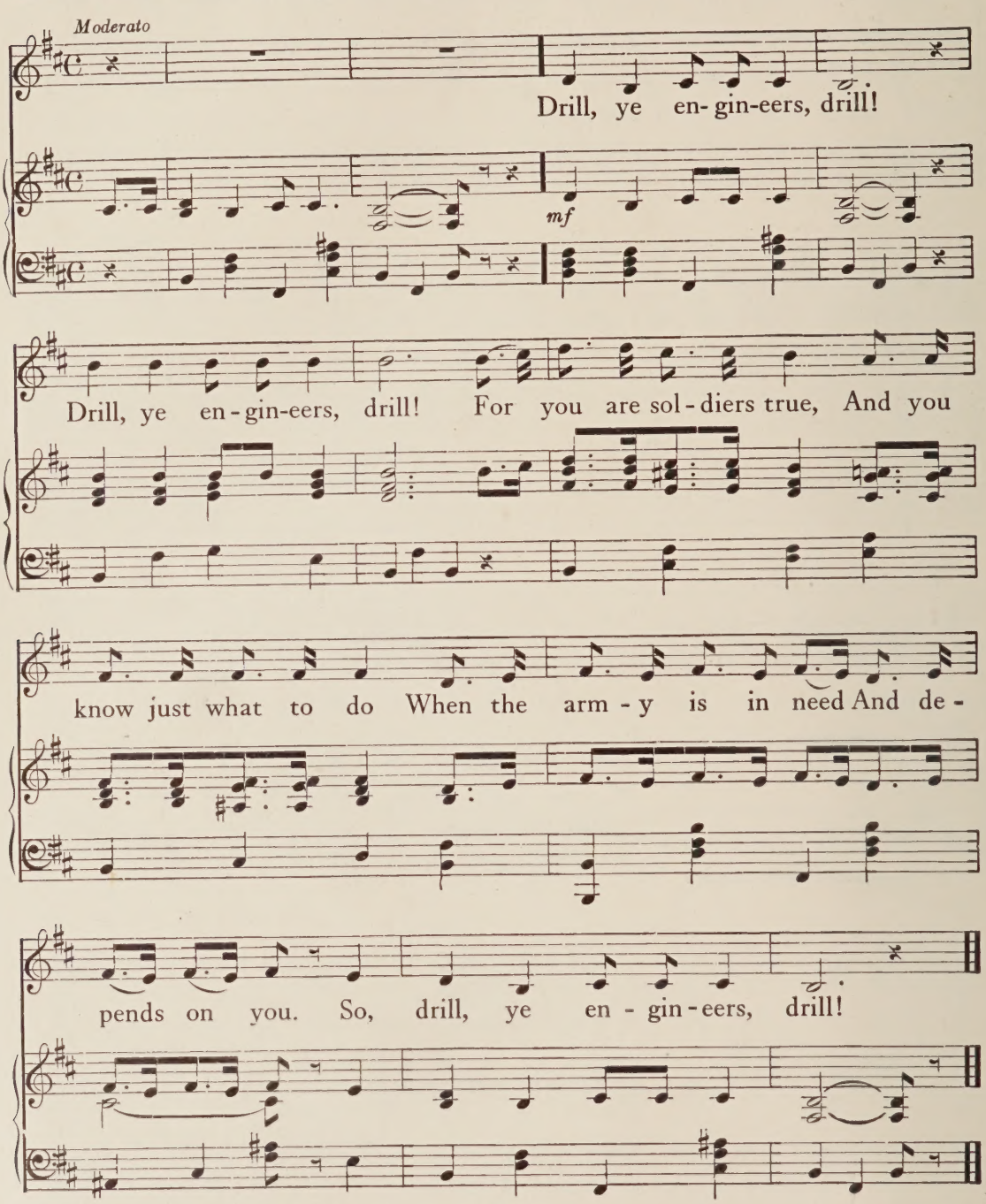
In some old versions of "The Cavalry Song" the lines of this song appear as a special stanza and chorus. I have also heard old coast artillery officers chant the words to the tune I give here. If you don't like the song as a chant, try it to the tune of "The Cavalry Song."


Chant
I'm a man of ex- per - i- ence, I've been to Fort Monroe, I've
gar - ris-oned Fort Ham- il - ton and the Pre - si - di - o; I
went out to the Phil - ip-pines, And in the Walled Cit - y I


fought the Fil - i - pin - o war in the ar - til - ler - y. So
make way for the red-stripe man, The pride of our arm - y, And
let him tell the glor - ies of The coast ar - til - ler - y.

DRILL, YE ENGINEERS, DRILL

Lieutenant Colonel W. A. Mitchell, professor of engineering at West Point, supplied the words of this old song which was sung by the engineers at Fort Leavenworth about twenty years ago.


Moderato
Drill, ye en-gin-eers, drill!
mf
Drill, ye en-gin-eers, drill! For you are sol-diers true, And you
know just what to do When the arm-y is in need And de-
pends on you. So, drill, ye en-gin-eers, drill!

DRILL, YE ENGINEERS, DRILL

(*Tune: "Drill, ye tarriers, drill"*)

Work, ye engineers, work!
Work, ye engineers, work!
For you work all the day
Till it's time to hit the hay,
And everyone agrees that you
Always earn your pay.
So, work, ye engineers, work!

Fight, ye engineers, fight!
Fight, ye engineers, fight!
The doughboy needed aid
And this is what he said:
"Send me up the engineers,
For they're not afraid."
So, fight, ye engineers, fight!

The artill'ry's in the fight,
The enemy's on our right,
But sapper guards they know
Will dig a trench or so,
And drive them all away,
A badly routed foe
Whose only hope is flight.

They build roads with a smile,
And bridges by the mile,
Make maps for all the staff,
A railway and a half;
And then they build their forts
Which always stand the gaff.
They're working all the while.

In the piping times of peace
Their labors never cease.
They deepen harbors, then
Build canals without end;
And when the rivers flood
They pull them back again.
The world is on their lease.

And when at last they die
Their souls ascend on high;
St. Peter's at the gate,
And he can hardly wait
For his mansions bright
Must be built that date.
So that's their by and by.

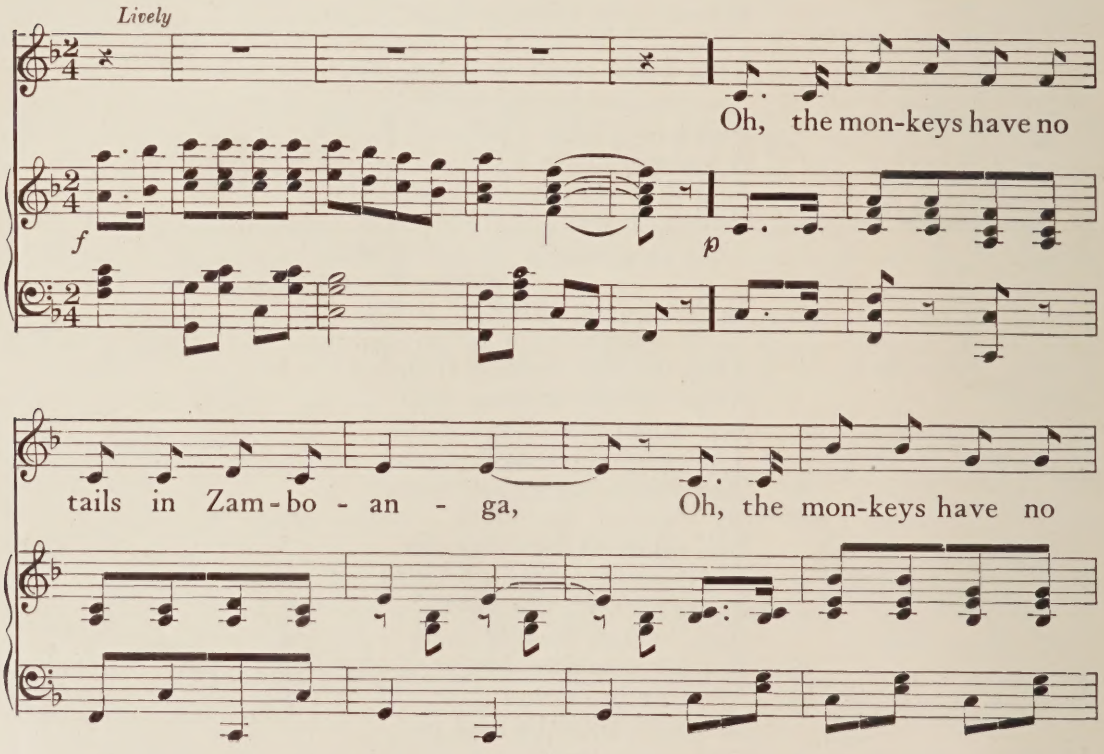
THE MONKEYS HAVE NO TAILS IN ZAMBOANGA

Everyone who has served in the Philippines knows these silly lines, which are widely sung by the army in the islands. The American soldier of the early days didn't find Zamboanga as attractive as army visitors do today, so he expressed his feelings in a parody on an old Spanish song. After relating the misfortunes of the monkeys, the song dealt specifically with the city:

Zamboanga, Mindanao,
From the transport you look damn well,
But before I'd serve again in Zamboanga,
I'd rather serve a hitch in hell.

These lines, which were adapted to the music of the chorus of the old Spanish song, are now seldom heard. The monkeys, however, have been joined by numerous other unfortunates as stanzas have been added *ad libitum* to the song.

The old Spanish tune to which this song is sung is an especial favorite with the 57th (native) Infantry, whose band plays it frequently.



tails in Zam-bo-an-ga, Oh, the mon-keys have no
tails—They were chewed off by the hales— So the
mon-keys have no tails in Zam-bo-an-ga.

Oh, the carabao has no hair in Mindanao,
Oh, the carabao has no hair in Mindanao,
Oh, the carabao has no hair—
Holy smoke! But he is bare!
So the carabao has no hair in Mindanao.

Oh, we won't go back to Subic any more,
Oh, we won't go back to Subic any more,
Oh, we won't go back to Subic—
The mosquitoes there are too big—
So we won't go back to Subic any more.

IN THE GOOD OLD TARGET TIME

This song originated at Camp Stotsenburg, P.I., several years ago during a particularly trying target season, but anyone who has returned from the range with the back of his neck cherry-red, his elbows raw, and his shoulder out of commission will agree that it is applicable to any target season anywhere. The tune, "Oh, It's Nice to Get Up in the Mornin'," was popularized by Harry Lauder a number of years ago.

Oh! it's nice to get up in the darkness
Before the sun doth shine,
At two or three or four o'clock
In the good old target time!
And when the rain is raining
And it pours down on your head,
Oh, it's nice to get up in the mirk and dark,
But it's nicer to lie in your bed!

Oh! the adjutants don't shoot a shot,
But the others of us do,
And target season we get up
And start to shoot at two;
Before they get their breakfasts
Our day is nearly done.
But we keep right on a-shooting hard
Till we view the setting sun.

Oh! it's nice to get up like we must
And shoot from dark to dark,
And feel the blistering sun beat down
Till ye cannot see yer mark,
And your shirt is soaking through
And your neck's a cherry red;
Oh, it's nice to be out with the major,
But it's nicer to lie in your bed!

Oh! I like to lie down up the range
Wi' muh rifle in muh hand,
A hole dug for my elbows
And an oat sack full of sand;
The cogon grass is waving,
The target's out of sight;
But I have to get one hundred per cent
Or they'll make me shoot at night.

IN THE GOOD OLD TARGET TIME

Oh! at 200 yards you're standing up,
At 300 on your knees,
At 500 rapid fire
There's hardly time to squeeze;
But at the old 600
Ye've a sand bag for your gun,
And you're lying down and shooting true,
So it's very much more like fun.

Oh! I like to shoot at 800 yards,
And five and three and two,
And I'd never holler disregards
If the targets looked like you;
I'd frame you in my peep sight
And I'd keep you by my side.
Oh! They wouldn't dare wave the red flag then,
But they'd always mark up a five.

IT WAS NOT LIKE THIS IN THE OLD ARMEE

Although Second Lieutenant Joseph F. Ware (now Major, U.S. Army, Retired) wrote this song about twenty years ago, it has a familiar ring today. "The army's going to Hell," says the old-timer. "There aren't any soldiers any more. Now, in the old army—" etc., etc. The truth probably is that the army's been "going to Hell" ever since the first old-timer earned a "hash-stripe." The tune is from "It Was Not Like This in the Olden Days" in the operetta "The Yankee Consul."

Now isn't it strange
How the army doth change?
You hear the old files say:
"The army of old
Was a haven of rest,
But now we must work night and day.
The general staff tells us
For war be prepared,
So we hike when it's hot and it's cold.
And when we're returning,
A tired-out lot,
We sigh for the army of old."

Chorus

It was not like this in the old armee,
In the days beyond recall,
In the rare old, fair old army days
No one ever worked AT ALL.
Everyone did just as they wanted to—

IT WAS NOT LIKE THIS IN THE OLD ARMEE

At least we hear them say—
And we sigh in vain
To serve again
In the old armee.

When you're up for promotion
To field officer
I'd advise you to learn how to ride;
For the sixteen miles' gallop
And walking and trot
You will certainly need a tough hide.
And if you can't make it
Then you'll have to go
And retire on three-quarters pay,
And when you are thinking
Of days long gone by
To yourself then quite often you'll say:

Chorus

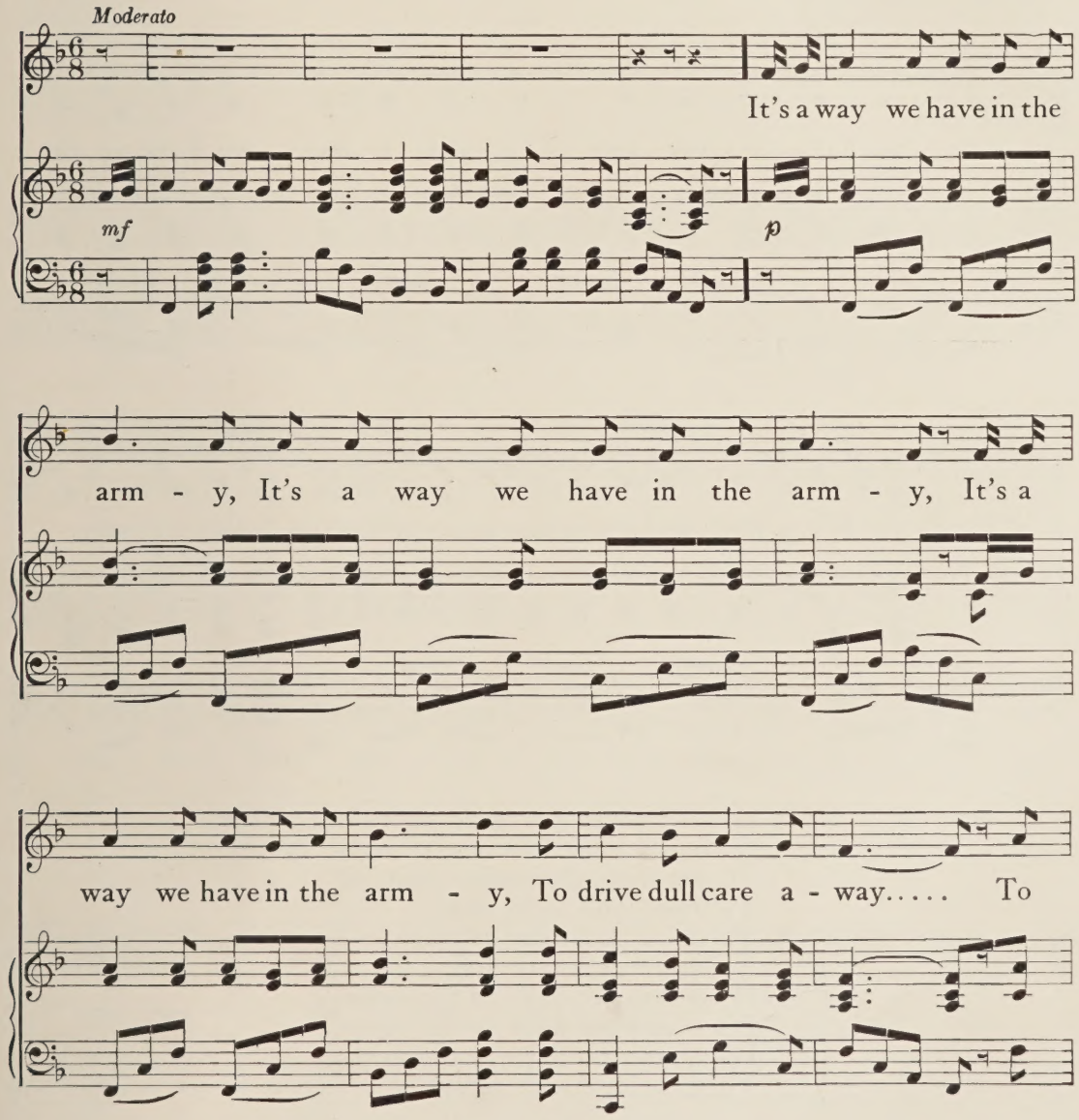
STAND, ARMY, TO THE BAR

This parody on the navy song, "Anchors Aweigh," is frequently heard around the Army and Navy Club in Manila. Sometimes the navy files sing it, too, after substituting "Navy" for "Army."

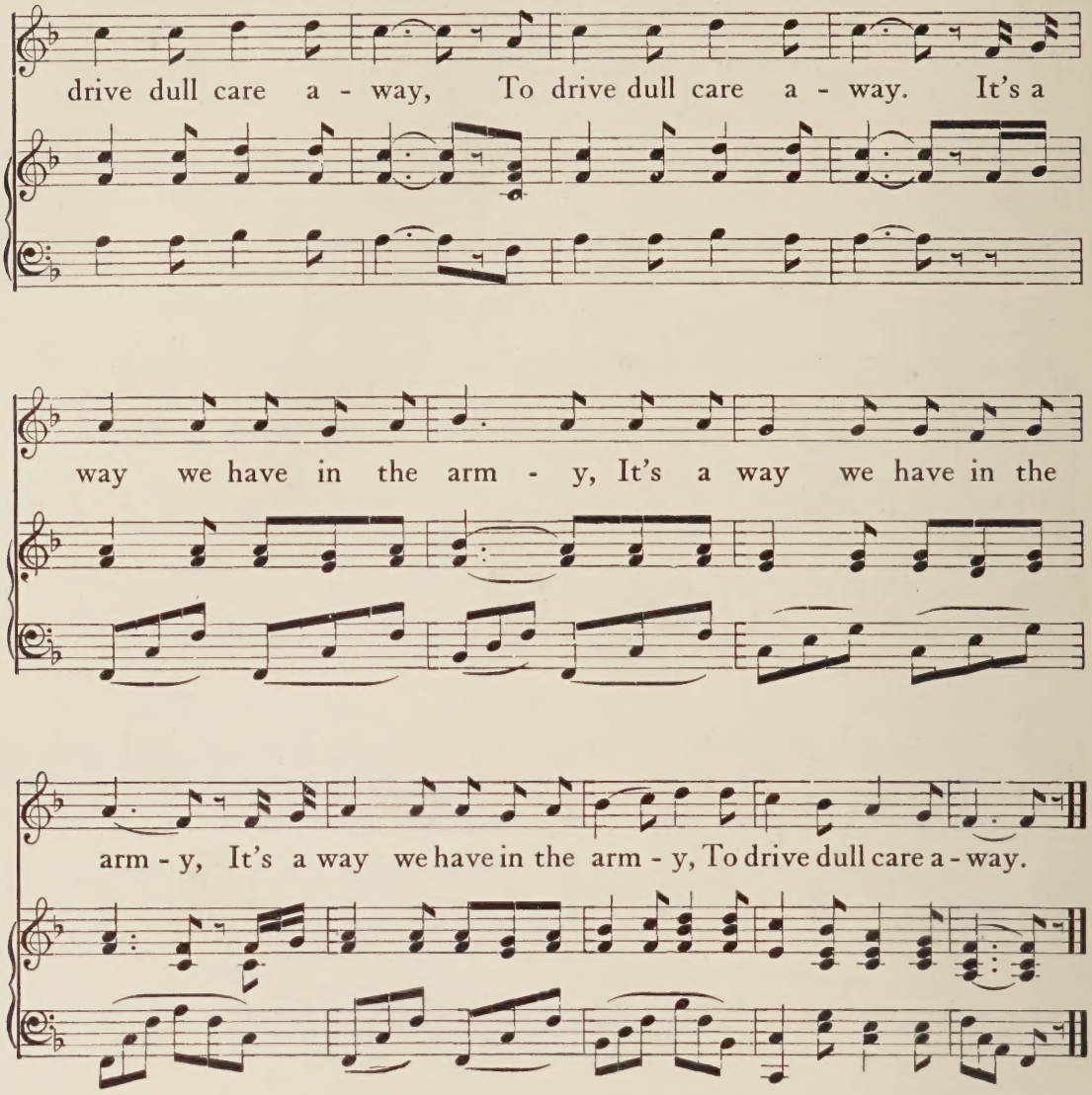
Stand, Army, to the bar,
Let those cocktails fly;
We'll never pay our chits, so
Navy, you must buy-y-y-y.
Down Gordon Gin, Army,
Down with Rock and Rye,
Stand, Army, to the bar and
Drink the Navy, drink the Navy dry!

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY

This adaptation is from the song-book of the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. No inference is to be drawn from the fact that it follows "Stand, Army, to the Bar."



IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY


drive dull care a - way, To drive dull care a - way. It's a
way we have in the arm - y, It's a way we have in the
arm - y, It's a way we have in the arm - y, To drive dull care a - way.

For we think it is quite right, sir,
On our regular Wednesday night, sir,
To get most gloriously tight, sir,
To drive dull care away.
To drive dull care away.
To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the army,
To drive dull care away.

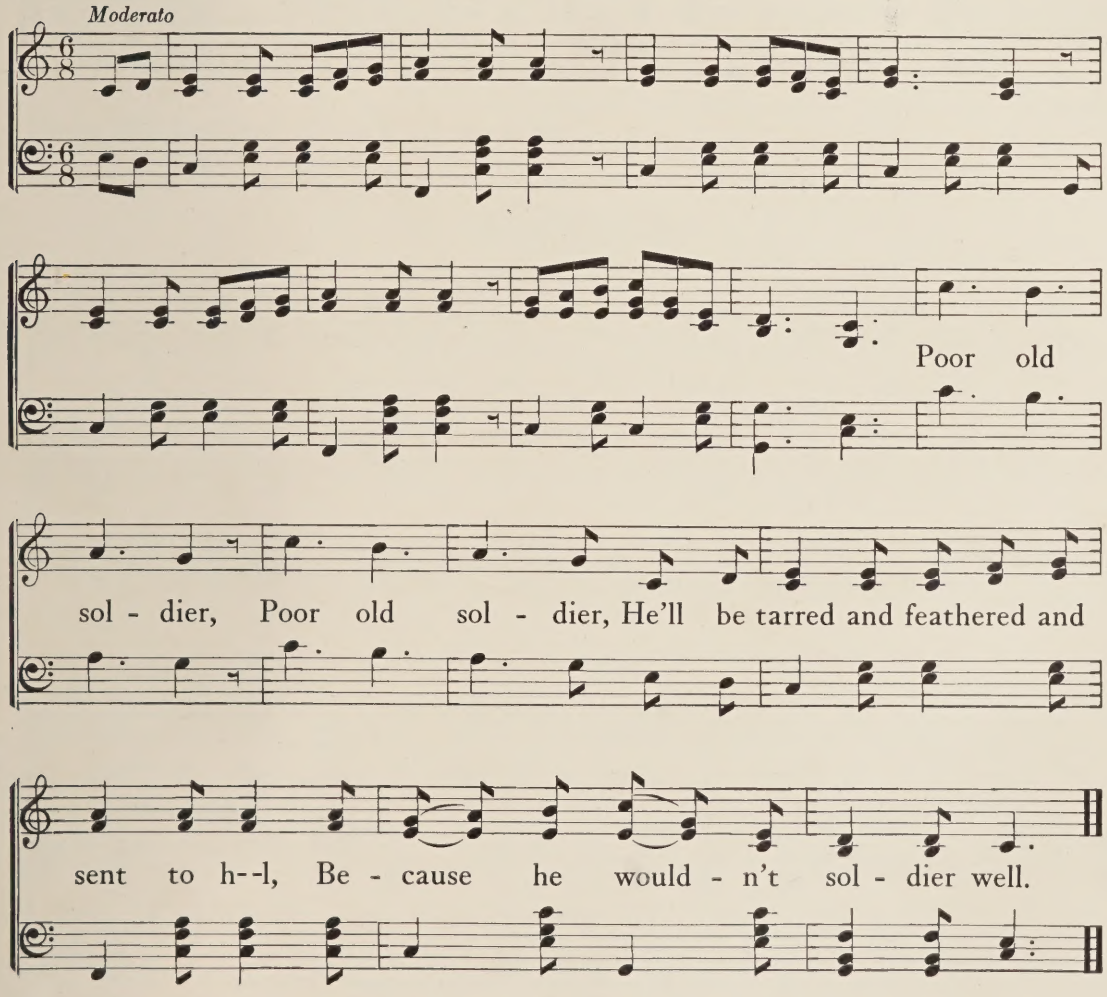
ROGUE'S MARCHES

In the early days of our army some very unusual forms of punishment were current. Among these was shaving an incorrigible's head and drumming him out of camp. General Custer's widow, in her book "Following the Guidon," gives the following account of a soldier who was drummed out of Fort Leavenworth:

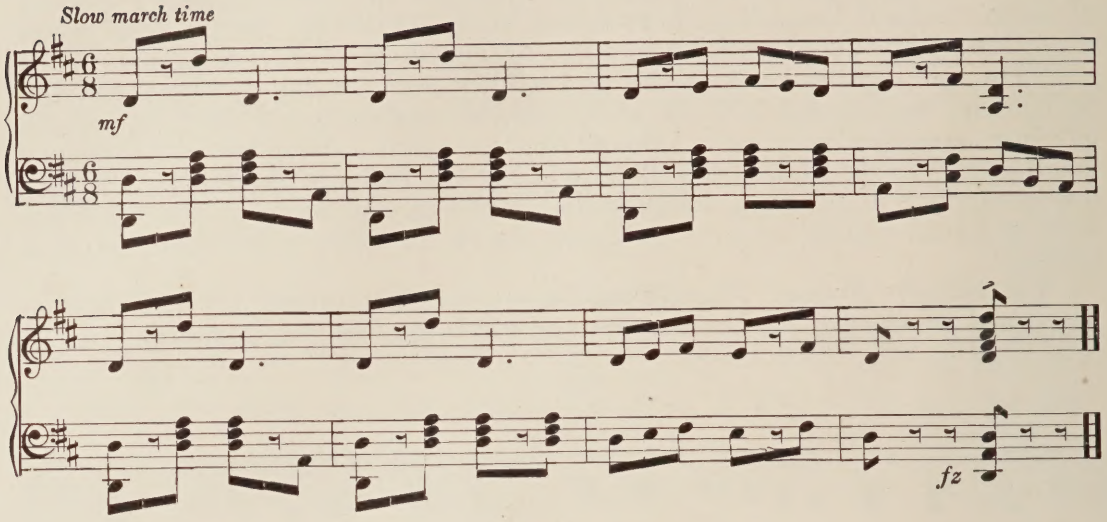
"The soldier's head was as blue and bald as close shaving could make it, and he marched bareheaded in front of a corps of drummers and fifers before the garrison assembled for parade. I should like to say that he hung his head in shame, but the truth is the audacious fellow, when at the limits of the garrison, leaped into a carriage at the hack stand, pulled on a wig, and waved a hat, which his waiting friend handed him, as he drove out of his military life into that of a civilian."

The second "Rogues' March" has superseded the former, but it is seldom heard and never used for the purpose for which the first was intended.

No. 1



No. 2

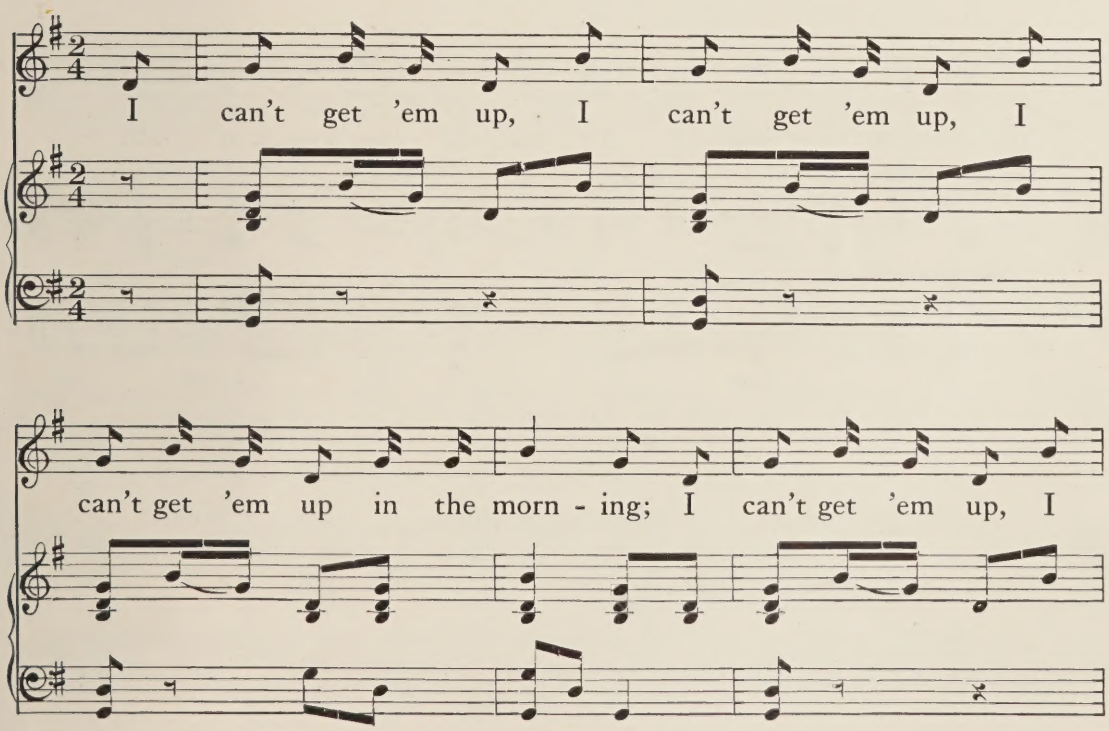


THE BUGLE-CALLS

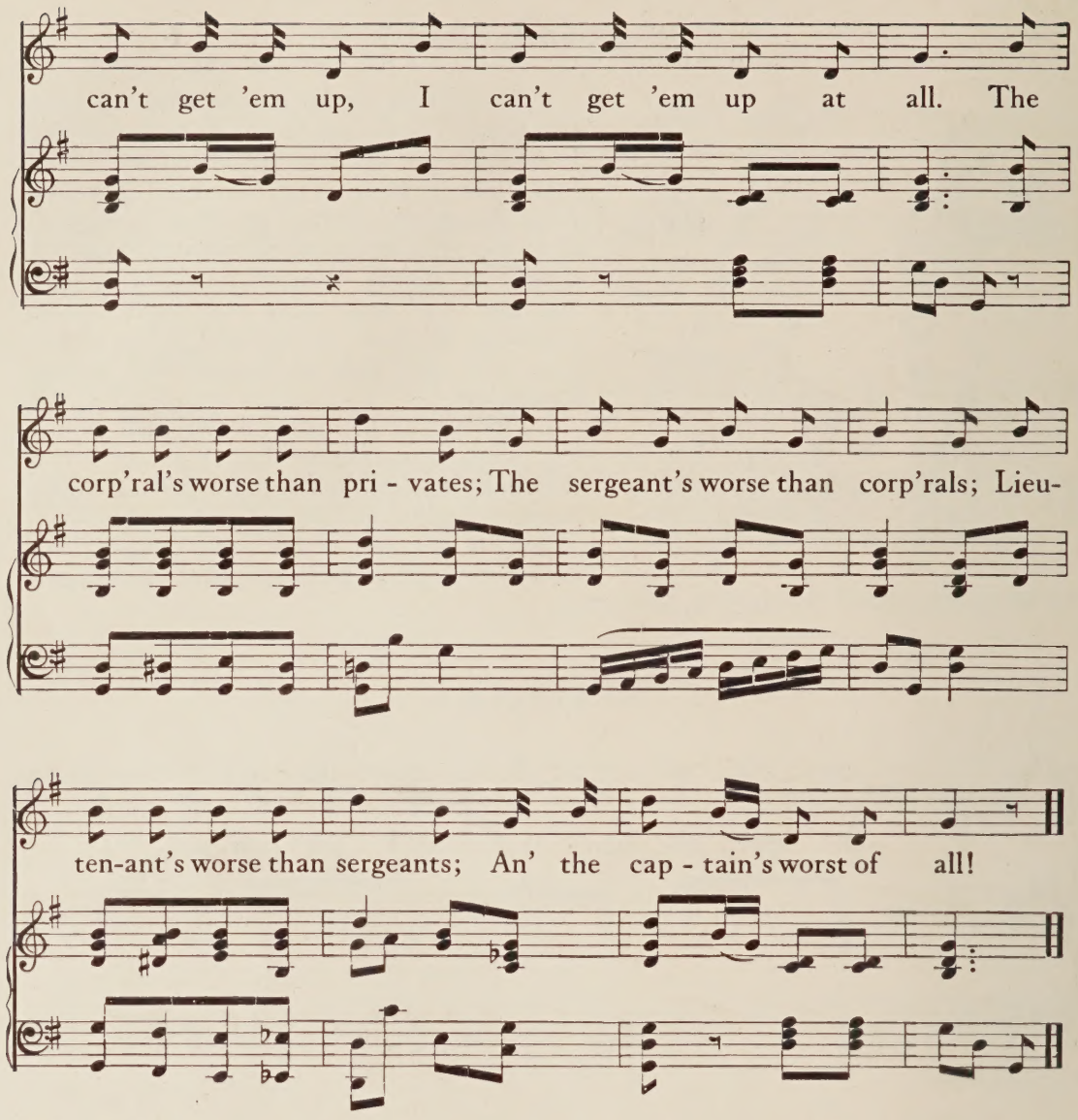
The history of our bugle-calls is very interesting. Many of them were borrowed from foreign armies. Reveille was taken from the French. The Germans gave us First Sergeants' Call. Tattoo, or "Tap-to" as it was originally called, was used during the Thirty Years' War as the signal to turn the tap "to" and cease the night's beer-drinking. Retreat, we are told, is one of the few calls that can be traced back to the Crusaders.

The words to most of the calls which are given here (except Taps) are now traditional. It is probable that some of these bugle-call songs originated during the Civil War, for many of them were known then, and it was during that war that calls began to be standardized throughout the army.

REVEILLE



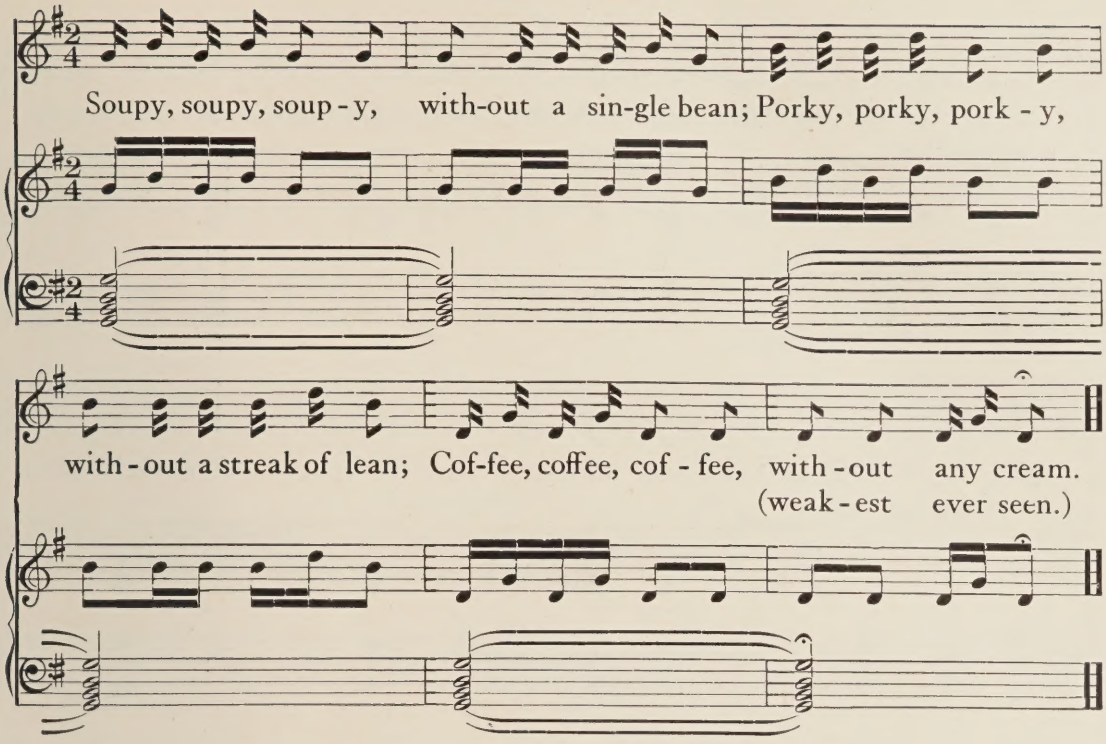
REVEILLE


can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up at all. The
corp'ral's worse than pri - vates; The sergeant's worse than corp'rals; Lieu-
ten-ant's worse than sergeants; An' the cap - tain's worst of all!

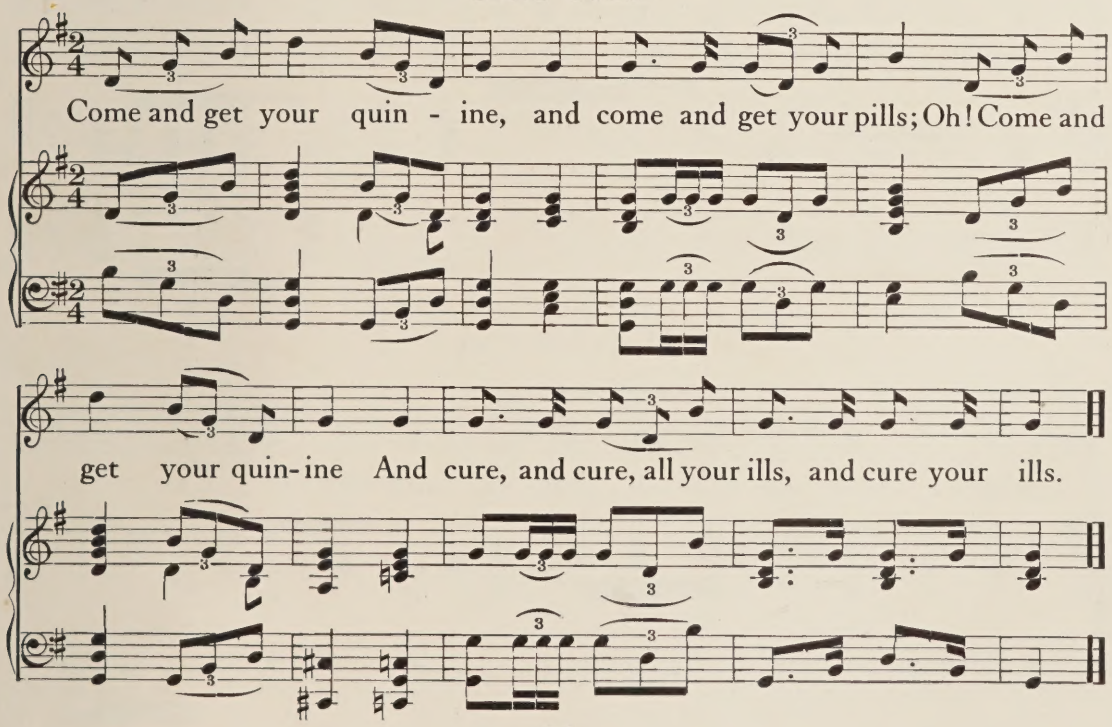
Chorus

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, etc.

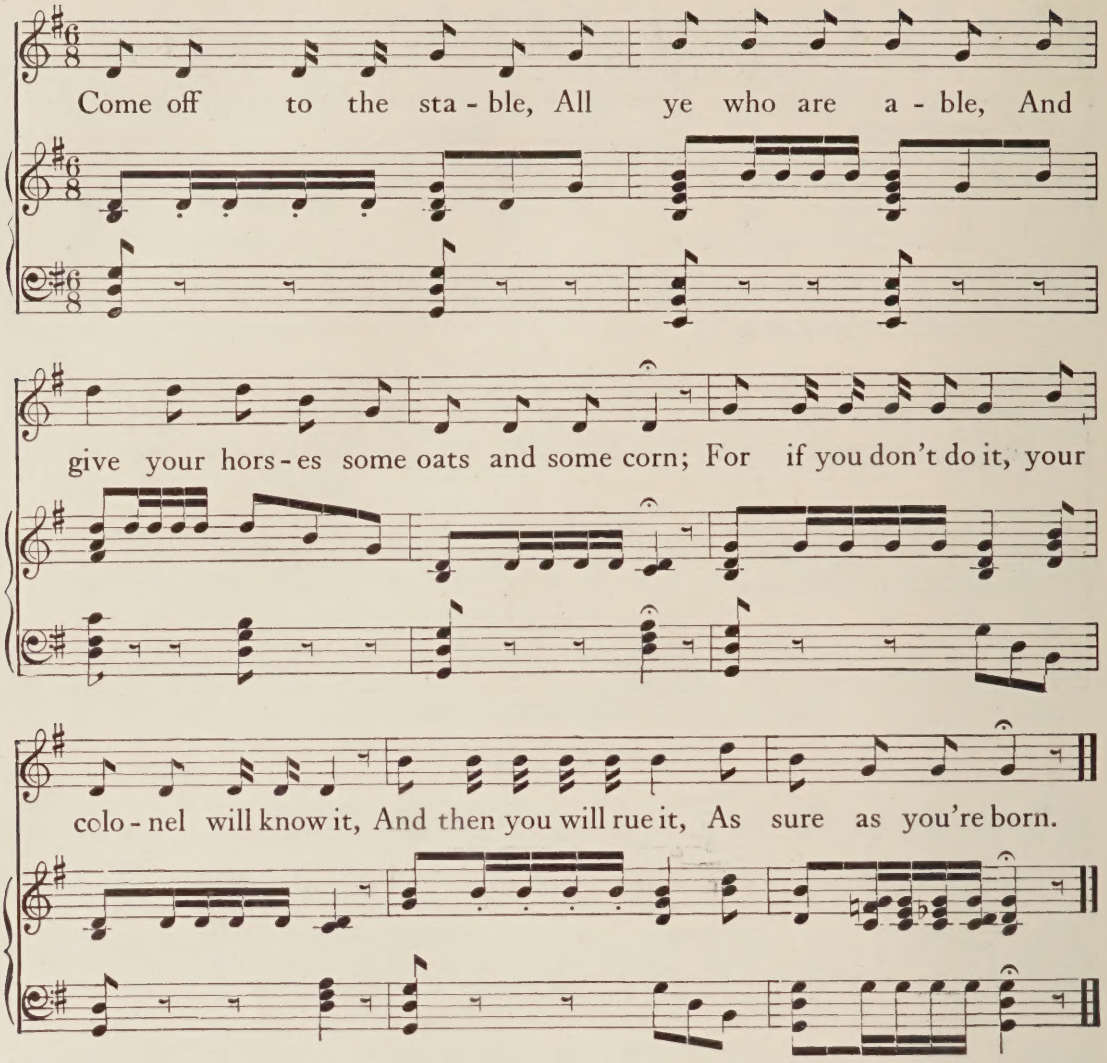
MESS CALL


Soupy, soupy, soup - y, with-out a sin-gle bean; Porky, porky, pork - y,
with - out a streak of lean; Cof-fee, coffee, cof - fee, with - out any cream.
(weak - est ever seen.)

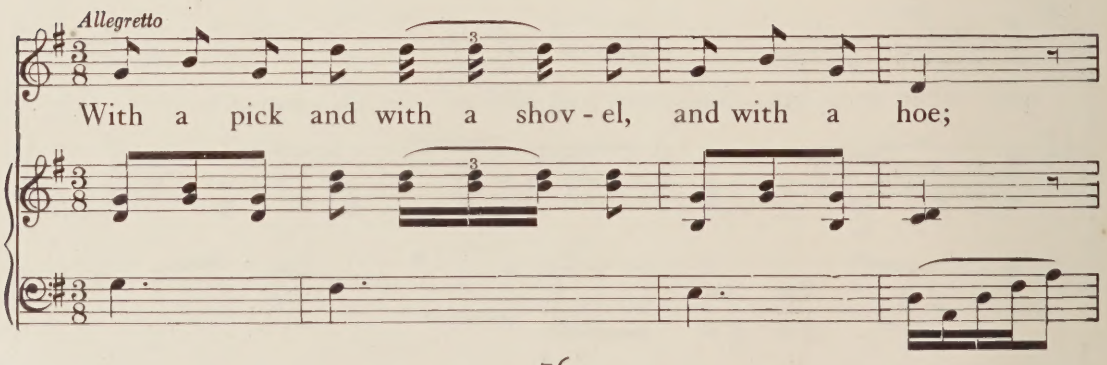
SICK CALL


Come and get your quin - ine, and come and get your pills; Oh! Come and
get your quin-ine And cure, and cure, all your ills, and cure your ills.

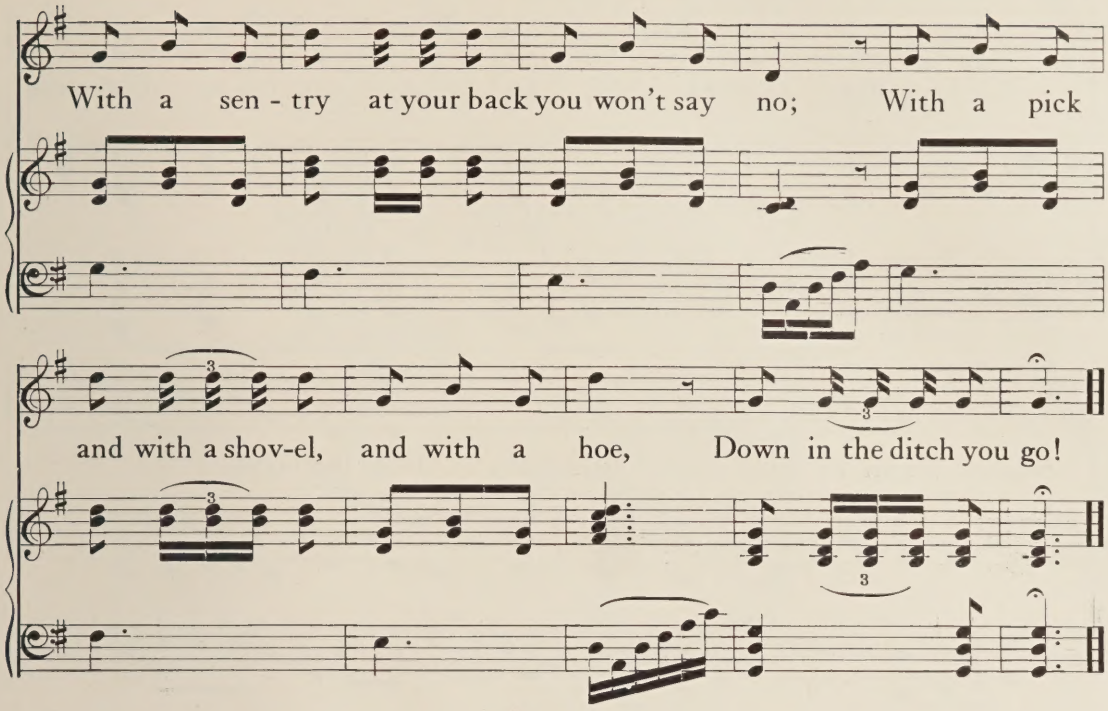
STABLE CALL


Come off to the sta - ble, All ye who are a - ble, And
give your hors - es some oats and some corn; For if you don't do it, your
colo - nel will know it, And then you will rue it, As sure as you're born.

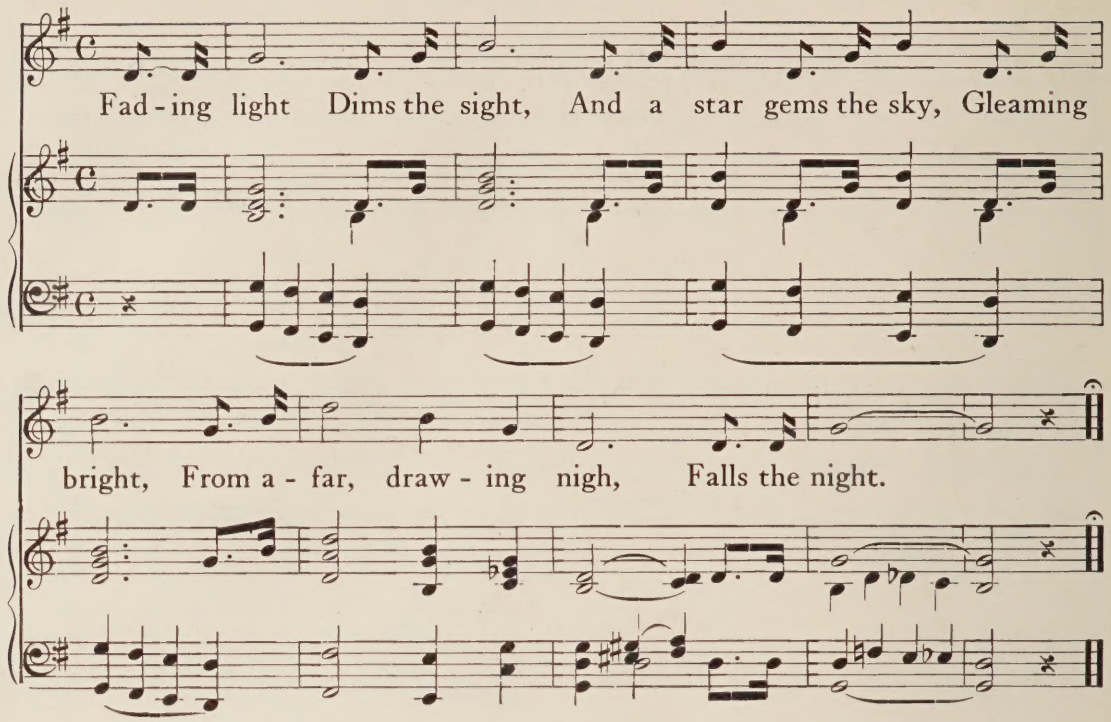
FATIGUE CALL



FATIGUE CALL



TAPS



TAPS

Dear one, rest!
In the west
Sable night
Lulls the day on her breast.
Sweet, good night!
Now away
To thy rest.

Love, sweet dreams!
Lo, the beams
Of the light
Fairy moon kiss the streams.
Love, good night!
Ah, so soon!
Peaceful dreams!

II. *Hinky-Dinky, Parley-Voo?*

"If the spirit of every war is reflected in its songs," a friend recently said to me, "then one must conclude that the World War was merely the Great Adventure for the young men of 1917. There is little seriousness in the soldier songs of '17 and '18. The songs of the Civil War breathed the crusade spirit that animated the men of the North. But in the World War songs of popular writers, and in the songs and parodies of the soldiers themselves, there is almost always a light, adventurous strain. Many of the Civil War songs survive sixty years after Appomattox because of the spirit and ideals that they express. Today 'Hinky Dinky, Parley-Voo?' is the outstanding survivor of the World War songs. Fifty years from now will there be any song, either by popular song writers or by soldiers of the war, that will live on as does the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' or even 'John Brown's Body Lies a-Moldering in the Grave?' "

My friend overlooked just one thing: war songs are not written for posterity. If they survive their own period—and very few do—well and good; but they have served their purpose if they have bolstered the troops' morale and kept their spirits high. As someone has said, "A singing army is a cheerful army, and a cheerful army is invincible." To keep our troops cheerful was the sole purpose of our war songs; and that this purpose was well accomplished is attested by the record of our soldiers at home and on the front.

The value of soldier singing was early realized in the World War. Major-General Leonard Wood said, "It is just as essential that a soldier know how to

sing as that he should carry rifles and know how to shoot them." The War Department, too, recognized this fact. No other war has witnessed such an organized effort to promote singing in the army. Song books were prepared by the Commission on Training Camp Activities, thousands of pieces of band music were purchased, and hundreds of song leaders were scattered throughout the camps. Never before has the inspiring sight of ten thousand soldiers singing in unison been witnessed in our army.

And yet these thousands of young Americans, about to participate in the greatest war in all history, did not sing songs of bitterness and hate. Even in what, by a far stretch of the imagination, might have been called their "Hymns of Hate," there was a lighter, almost joking, vein. In their direst threats against the kaiser there was an element of humor. They threatened him with a "kimono made of wood," they promised to make him "wiser," and they averred that if they had a submarine they'd "biff him on the bean," but the blood lust was absolutely lacking.

As a matter of fact, many old American songs that had nothing to do with the war were frequently sung in camp. "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," and "Silver Threads Among the Gold" were favorites. Then, too, several Civil War songs, such as "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," were sung.

Of the many war songs that were composed by popular song writers, the following were best liked: "Over There," "Keep the Home-Fires Burning," "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile," "Long Boy," "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," "Frenchy," "Till We Meet Again," and "Good-by, Broadway, Hello France."

Other favorites that were not strictly war songs were: "Darktown Strutters' Ball," "Girl in the Heart of Maryland," "Li'l Liza Jane," "My Little Girl," "Smiles," "Indiana," "I Want to Go Back to Michigan," "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," "Sunshine of Your Smile," "Missouri Waltz," "A Long, Long Trail," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "K-K-K-aty," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," and "For Me and My Gal."

Lack of space and the difficulty of securing permission from copyright owners made it impossible to include many of these songs in this section. However, these songs are preserved in print and can be obtained, whereas the genuine soldier songs and parodies of the war would soon be lost were they not collected in a book of this kind.

The greater part of these songs which were popular with the soldiers are sentimental and nonsensical, rather than serious. Perhaps this fact, coupled with a knowledge of numerous soldier parodies, led my friend to conclude that the war was "merely the Great Adventure." The soldier undoubtedly preferred the lighter songs. He even parodied those that were a bit too serious or sad. Thus, when "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was included in army song books, it soon became "The Tail of the Lonesome Swine," and even "Over There" was frequently sung as "Underwear, Underwear." War and preparation for war were serious enough without making them more so by singing serious songs.

But it was in the songs and parodies that soldiers themselves wrote that this lighter vein was most evident. If the proof afforded by the songs included in this

section needed strengthening, one would only have to turn to Emil Breitenfeld's famous Plattsburg marching song, "The Last Long Mile."

Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back,
Nor the Springfield on your shoulder,
Nor the five-inch crust of khaki-colored dust
That makes you feel your limbs are growing older;
And it's not the hike on the hard turnpike
That wipes away your smile,
Nor the socks of sisters that raise the blooming blisters—
It's the last long mile.

Still further evidence that soldiers preferred the lighter, care-free ditties is found in the songs that they borrowed from the British and French. "Après La Guerre Fini" certainly shows a care-free disregard of responsibility, if nothing else. And as for "Madelon"—what lines were better suited for a convivial evening in a café or rest billet than these?

When Madelon comes tripping to our table,
We boldly pluck her skirt as she goes by;
And each of us invents a pretty fable
To win her favor on the sly.
Our Madelon is not a surly beauty,
So when we chuck her chin to lead her on
She merely smiles and feels she's done her duty—
Madelon—Madelon—Madelon!"

Perhaps, after all, it is a blessing that these soldier songs of '17 and '18 were light, nonsensical, and even bawdy. As long as soldiers sing these kinds of songs they do not become cynical and bitter, as did the French, Germans, and English. The Americans came out of the war with the ability quickly to regain their normal perspective. No feeling of hate rankles in their breasts today. This fact alone is worth more than all the war songs that have ever endured.

HINKY DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

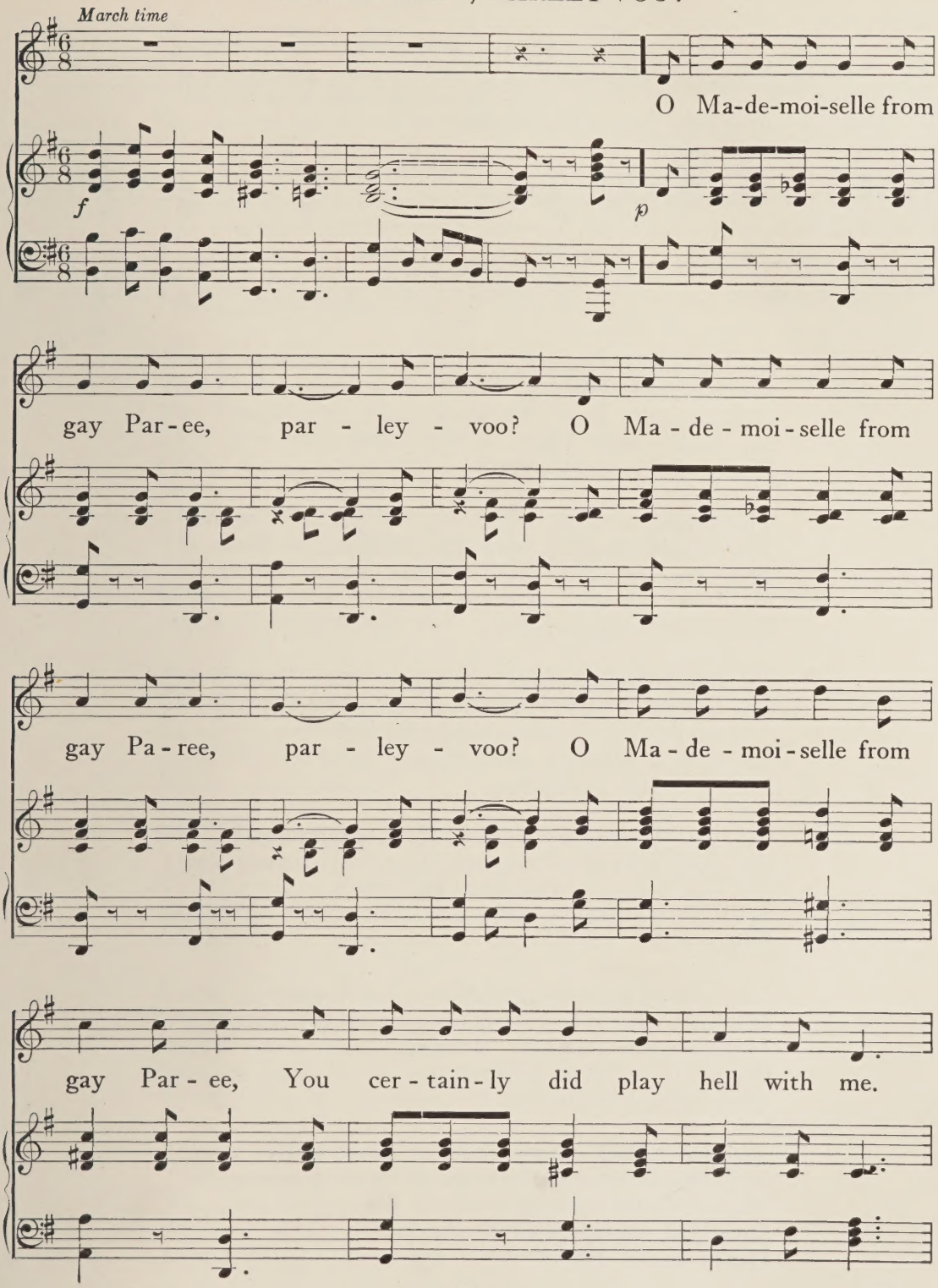
In the beginning she was a ma'm'-selle from Armentières, "a daughter fair with lilywhite skin and golden hair"; and there, in 1915 some British soldier met her, loved her, and sang her praises. Long before the war ended she hailed from many a town in France, and the ballad that Tommy had made for her had been adopted and greatly lengthened by his American cousins. It had become a vehicle for comment not only on the beauty and generosity of ma'm'selle herself, but also on everything else from the rarity of French customs to the activities of the Y.M.C.A. and the courage of commanding generals.

It was trolled on many care-free evenings in cafés or rest billets; and many a lad swung along to its rollicking rhythm or joined in the ribald chorus as he marched to a hero's grave.

The tune and verse structure of "Hinky Dinky" are based on a song that had been known in the British Army for many years. Major Thomas P. Gordon (deceased), Philippine Scouts, who as a young man had served in the British Army under Kitchener in the Sudan, once told me that in those days the British soldiers used to sing a song of similar tune and verse structure. He quoted this stanza, which is almost identical with one from "Hinky Dinky":

Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair,
Skiboo, skiboo,
Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair,
Skiboo, skiboo,
Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair
With lily-white arms and golden hair?
Skiboo, skiboo, skiboodley-boo, skidam, dam, dam.

Furthermore, in a little booklet called "Tommy's Tunes," published by a British lieutenant during the war, this same stanza is included with the statement that it is from an "heirloom of the British Army which contains over forty stanzas" and is the forerunner of the Ma'm'selle from Armentières.


March time
O Ma-de-moi-selle from
gay Par-ee, par - ley - voo? O Ma - de - moi - selle from
gay Pa-ree, par - ley - voo? O Ma - de - moi - selle from
gay Par - ee, You cer - tain - ly did play hell with me.

HINKY DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

Mademoiselle from Armentières, parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Armentières, parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
She hadn't been kissed in many years,
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

The sergeant-major from Armentières, parley-voo?
The sergeant-major from Armentières, parley-voo?
The sergeant-major from Armentières,
He broke the spell of many years.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair? Parley-voo?
Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair? Parley-voo?
Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair
To wash a soldier's underwear?
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair, parley-voo?
Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair, parley-voo?
Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair
With lily-white skin and golden hair.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire, parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire, parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire,
She never heard of underwear.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

Mademoiselle from the town of Brest, parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from the town of Brest, parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from the town of Brest,
She's just the same as all the rest.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

HINKY DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

Mademoiselle from Orléans, parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Orléans, parley-voo?
Mademoiselle from Orléans,
She gypped me out of my Liberty bonds.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

The French they have some customs rare, parley-voo?
The French they have some customs rare, parley-voo?
The French they have some customs rare,
They sit and drink in the public square.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

The French they are a funny race, parley-voo?
The French they are a funny race, parley-voo?
The French they are a funny race,
They fight with their feet and save their face,
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

The medical corps they held the lines, parley-voo?
The medical corps they held the lines, parley-voo?
The medical corps they held the lines
With C.C. pills and iodine.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

The First Division went over the top, parley-voo?
The First Division went over the top, parley-voo?
The First Division went over the top
To make the kaiser take a flop.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

The American soldier on the Rhine, parley-voo?
The American soldier on the Rhine, parley-voo?
The American soldier on the Rhine
Kissed the women and drank the wine.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

Little fraulein from Andernach, parley-voo?
Promenade *pour chocolat,* parley-voo?
And if you have no *chocolat*
The soap will do as well as not.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

The general got the Croix-de-guerre, parley-voo?
The general got the Croix-de-guerre, parley-voo?
The general got the Croix-de-Guerre,
The son of a gun was never there.
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?

POST-WAR STANZAS
OF
HINKY DINKY, PARLEY-VOO?

The Pretoria passed a ship today,
For the ship was going the other way.

They say home-brew is puny stuff,
But mine would make a lambkin rough.

When shoes cost twenty bucks a pair,
My dog-gone feet are going bare.

With her I flirted, I confess,
But she got revenge when she said yes.

The bonus didn't last me long,
So that is why I write this song.

My Yankee sweetheart looks askance,
At all the mail I get from France.

The doughboy he had *beaucoup* jack,
Till mademoiselle got on his track.

But there's a way if there's a will
We'll run a little private still.

The doughboy he went over the top,
Because he had no place to stop.

From gay Paree he heard guns roar,
And all he learned was "*je t-adore.*"

The day we sailed away from Brest,
I said, "Good-by" and thought the rest.

The Yellow Peril was worse than flu.
But now it's Reds that make me blue.

"C'mon, sign up for three years, Bo."
He'll be around in a month or so.

Twelve long, rainy months or more,
I spent hunting for that war.

'Twas a hell of a war, as we recall,
But still, 'twas better than none at all.

The bonus may come to us some day,
But taxes will take it right away.

Hoover rates a Croix-de-Guerre;
He left the goldfish over there.

I didn't care what became of me;
That's why I joined the infantry.

We won the war but didn't get much;
Now Bill's in Holland, God help the Dutch.

Oh, I ain't got no power of will,
And all I want's a moonshine still.

I've left my wife. She spent my kale,
On bargain grub at an army sale.

Where are the girls who used to swarm
About me in my uniform?

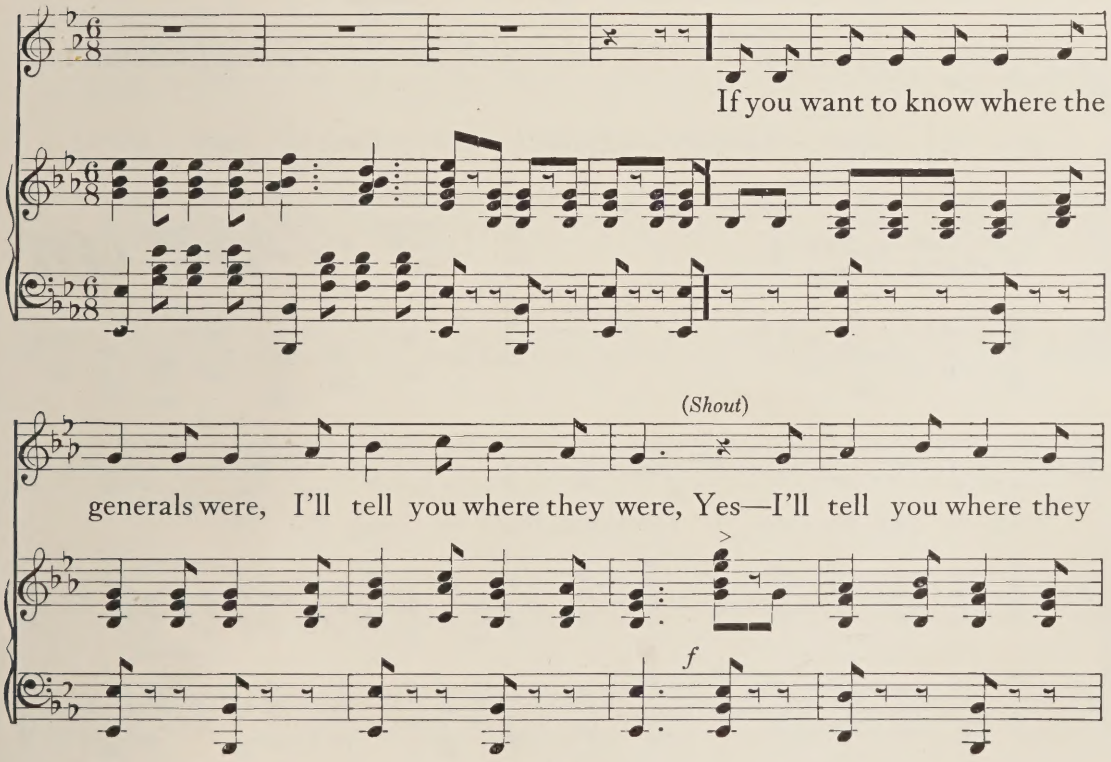
I'm going bugs with the cost of clothes;
I'd like to be Adam and dress *même chose.*

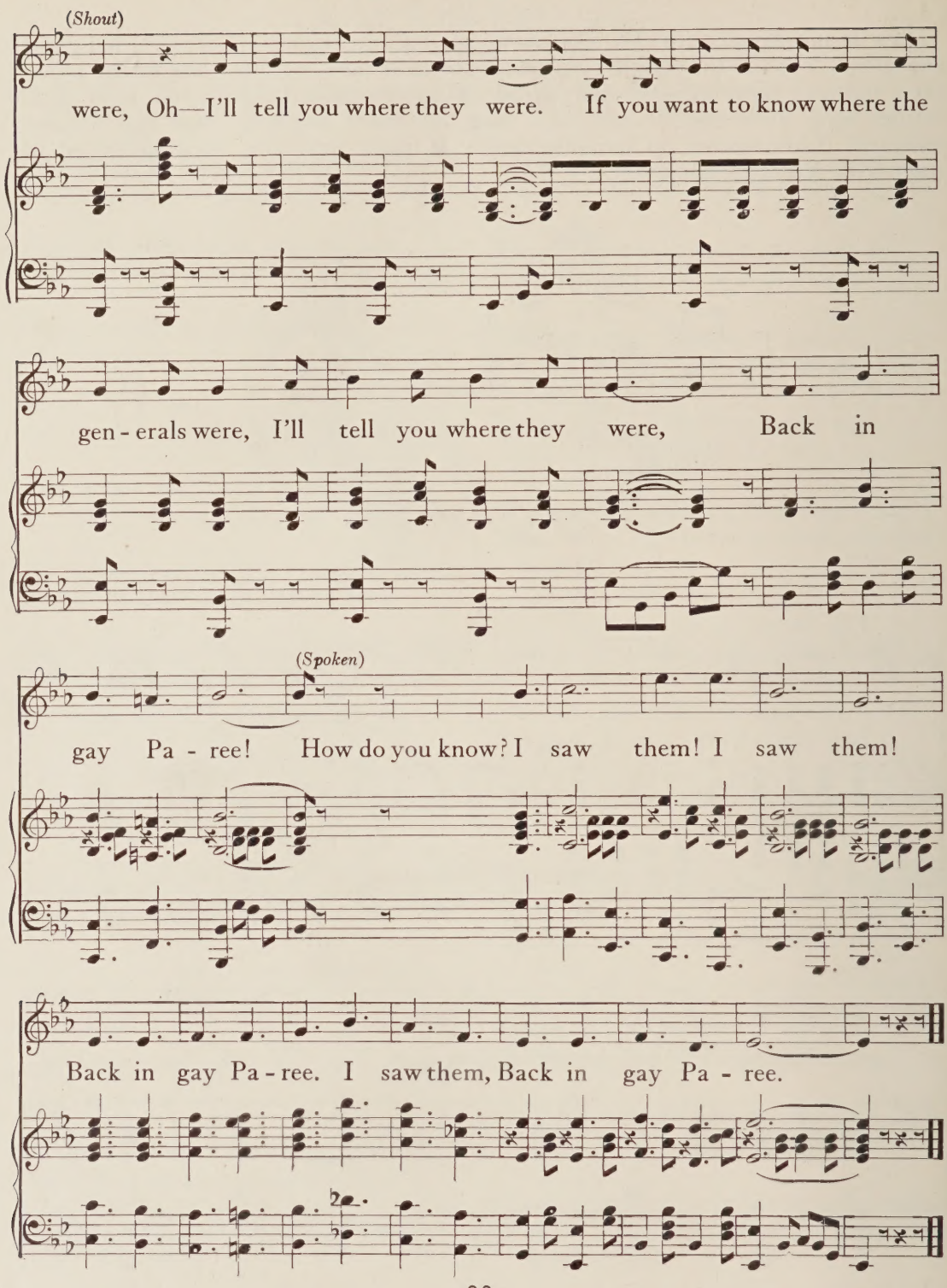
The M.P. asked me for my pass,
A thing I did not have, alas!

To find a buddy in a crowd,
Sing "Hinky Dinky" right out loud.

The old red cow left one good pelt,
But they threw the bull for the Sam Browne belt.

In its unrefined state this was pretty hard on the higher-ups. It afforded great emotional relief to the "bucks" however, for in it they could say the things *about* their military superiors that they could not say *to* them. Usually, too, their accusations were more specific and their language more emphatic than this version indicates. They spared no intimate detail of their superiors' misconduct or of their own unhappy condition.




(Shout)
were, Oh—I'll tell you where they were. If you want to know where the
gen - erals were, I'll tell you where they were, Back in
(Spoken)
gay Pa - ree! How do you know? I saw them! I saw them!
Back in gay Pa - ree. I saw them, Back in gay Pa - ree.

I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THEY WERE

If you want to know where the colonels were,
I'll tell you where they were,
Yes—I'll tell you where they were,
Oh—I'll tell you where they were.
If you want to know where the colonels were,
I'll tell you where they were—
Way behind the lines!
Spoken: How do you know?
I saw them! I saw them!
Way behind the lines I saw them,
Way behind the lines.

If you want to know where the majors were,
Etc., etc.
Playing with the mademoiselles,
Etc., etc.

If you want to know where the captains were,
Etc., etc.
Down in the deep dugout.
Etc., etc.

If you want to know where the sergeants were,
Etc., etc.
Drinking up the privates' rum,
Etc., etc.

If you want to know where the privates were,
Etc., etc.
Up to their necks in mud!
Etc., etc.

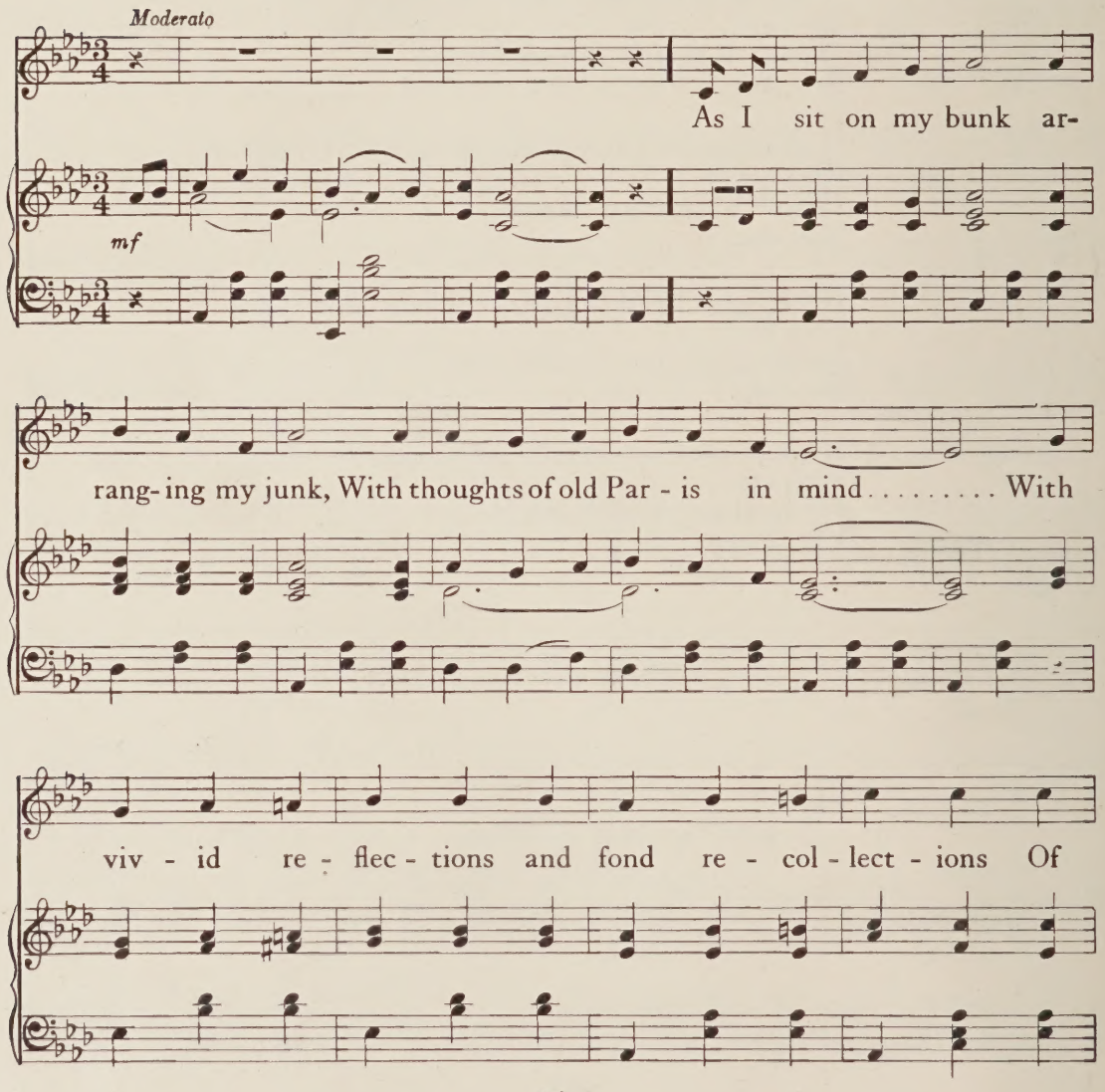
THE BATTLE OF PARIS

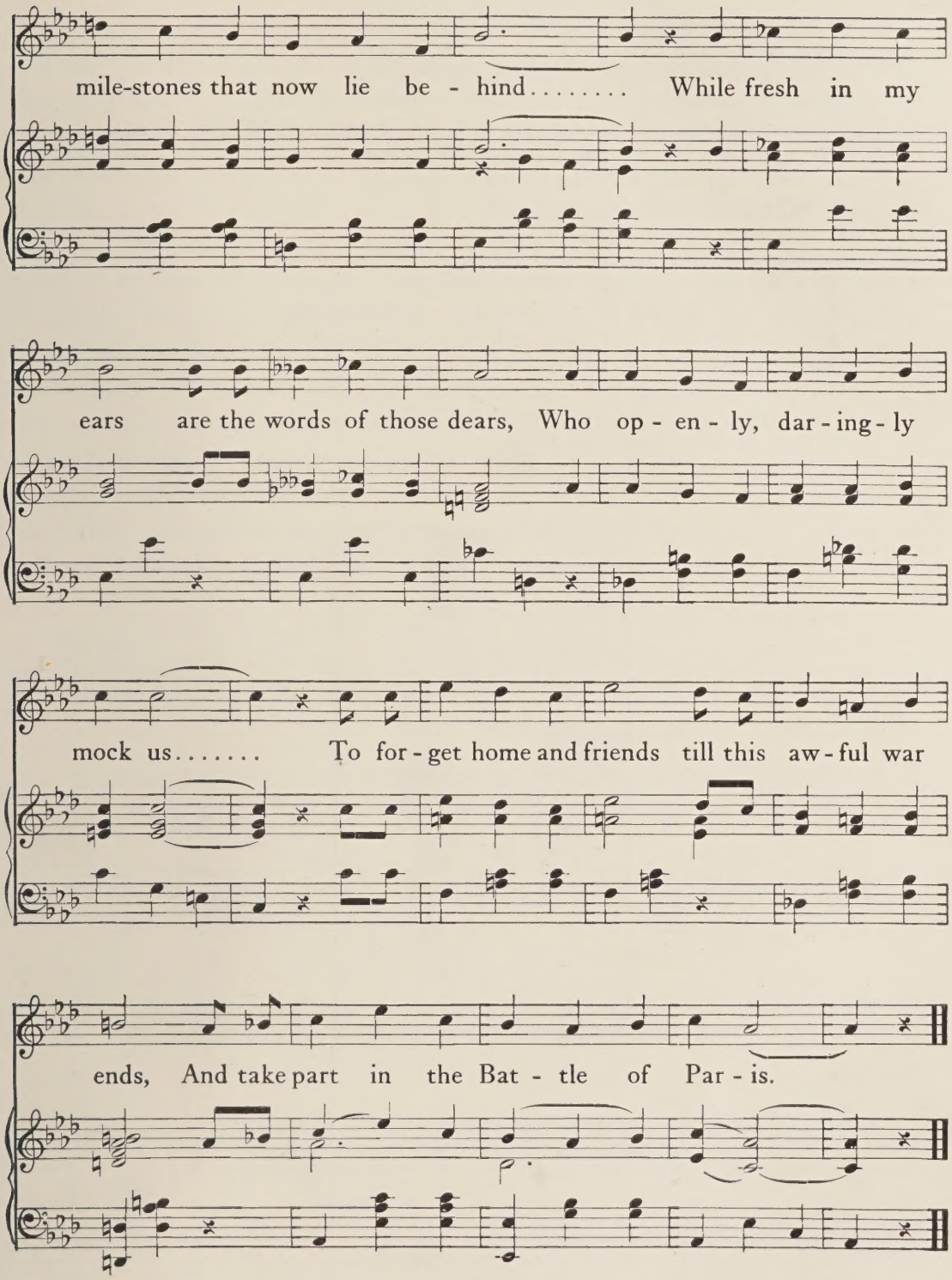
"He who hesitates is lost," says an old proverb, and many a veteran of the Battle of Paris could probably confirm the statement.

"You buy me a dreenk, keedo?"

With wine, women—and M.P.'s—what chance did a poor *soldat* have to be neutral? Still—

There's many and many a married man
Who wishes he was in France again,
Hinky dinky, parley-voo?


Moderato
mf
As I sit on my bunk ar-
rang-ing my junk, With thoughts of old Par - is in mind . . . . . With
viv - id re - flec - tions and fond re - col - lect - ions Of


mile-stones that now lie be - hind..... While fresh in my
ears are the words of those dears, Who op - en - ly, dar - ing - ly
mock us..... To for - get home and friends till this aw - ful war
ends, And take part in the Bat - tle of Par - is.

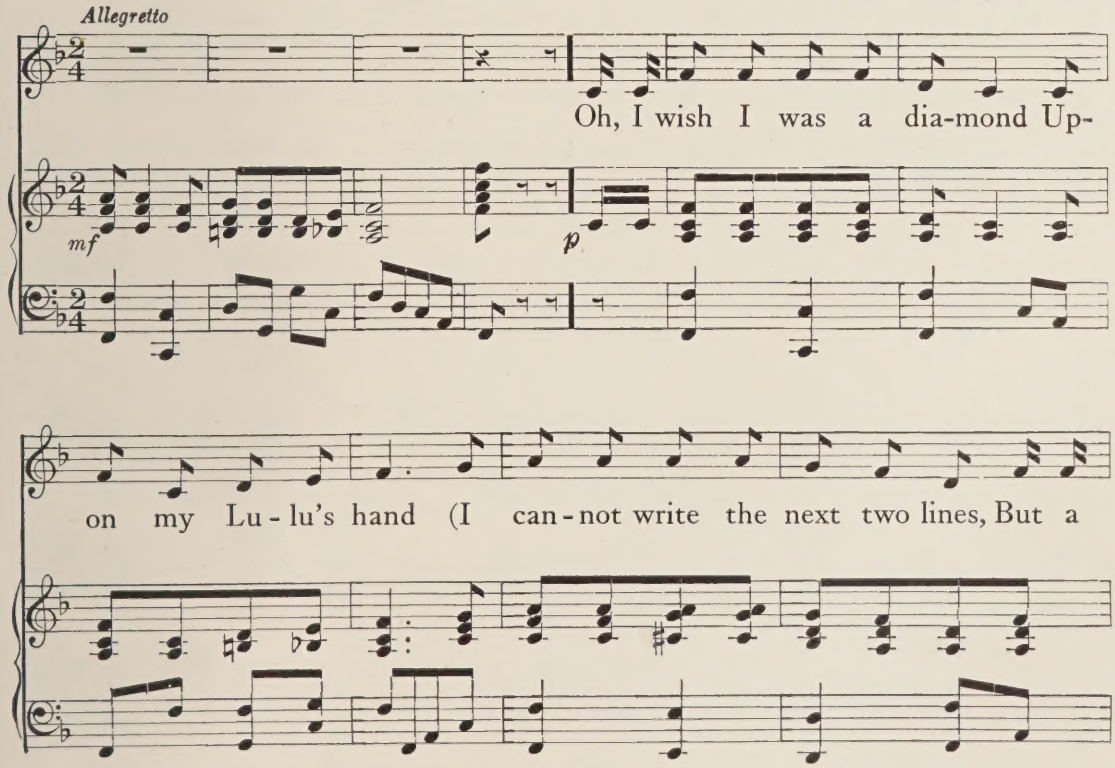
They are strikingly neat from their heads to their feet
And have eyes like the stars in the skies,
And fresh ruby lips like rose-petal tips—
How beautiful you may surmise.
Now these camouflaged birds sap the strength from the words
We are told by the chaplains to scare us,
So with vigorous hop we go over the top
In that terrible Battle of Paris.

Now up on the line where the big Berthas whine
And the Seventy-Fives are a-smoking,
The hell in the air fills your heart with despair,
And the gas fills your lungs till your choking.
But, say, on the square, I'd rather be there,
On the Marne, or the Somme, or at Arras,
For with a *vin blanc* snootful it's hard to be neutral
In that famous Battle of Paris.

SHE IS A LULU

Lulu—or Looloo—was almost as famous as the philanthropic Ma'm'selle from Armentières. Indeed, her charms were sung by soldiers on both sides of the Atlantic, and even the wasp-waisted young gentlemen from Hell-on-Hudson were loud in her praises.

And yet she was a myth, an ideal, a creature of soldier fancy, whereas the ma'm'selle was at least a near-reality—a composite of ma'm'selles from many a corner of France. Men are generally loath to reveal the little intimate thoughts that cluster about the shrine of their ideal, but Lulu was a girl of such great physical charms and powerful sex appeal that her admirers could not restrain their praises. She had It; and, if we are to believe her many admirers, the intimacy entailed by being a diamond on her hand, a necklace on her breast, or even a humble article of boudoir equipment, would have brought untold joy. Unfortunately, the thoughts expressed in song by her numerous admirers are so intimate that I hesitate to give more than the opening lines. "Of the rest," says Laurence Stallings, "silence is golden, but a million men will understand."



SHE IS A LULU

mil - lion un - der-stand.) Oh, she is a lu-lu, Ev'-ry inch a
fz
lu - lu, Lu - lu, that lit - tle girl of mine.....

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE

This has always been a favorite with large groups of men. In the army the soldiers were just as vociferous about Little Eva, Mr. and Mrs. Bates, the Mountain Goat, and the old lady who took to the life-boat as they had been in civil life. Moreover, it is said that at Château Thierry the marines went forward singing the chorus, "Hail! Hail! the gang's all here!"

Spoken: Well, where are we going, boys?

Moderato
Oh, we're go - ing to the Ham - burg show, See the
mf
elephant and the wild kan-ga - roo; And we'll all stick together, In
all sorts of weath - er, For we're going to see the whole show

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE

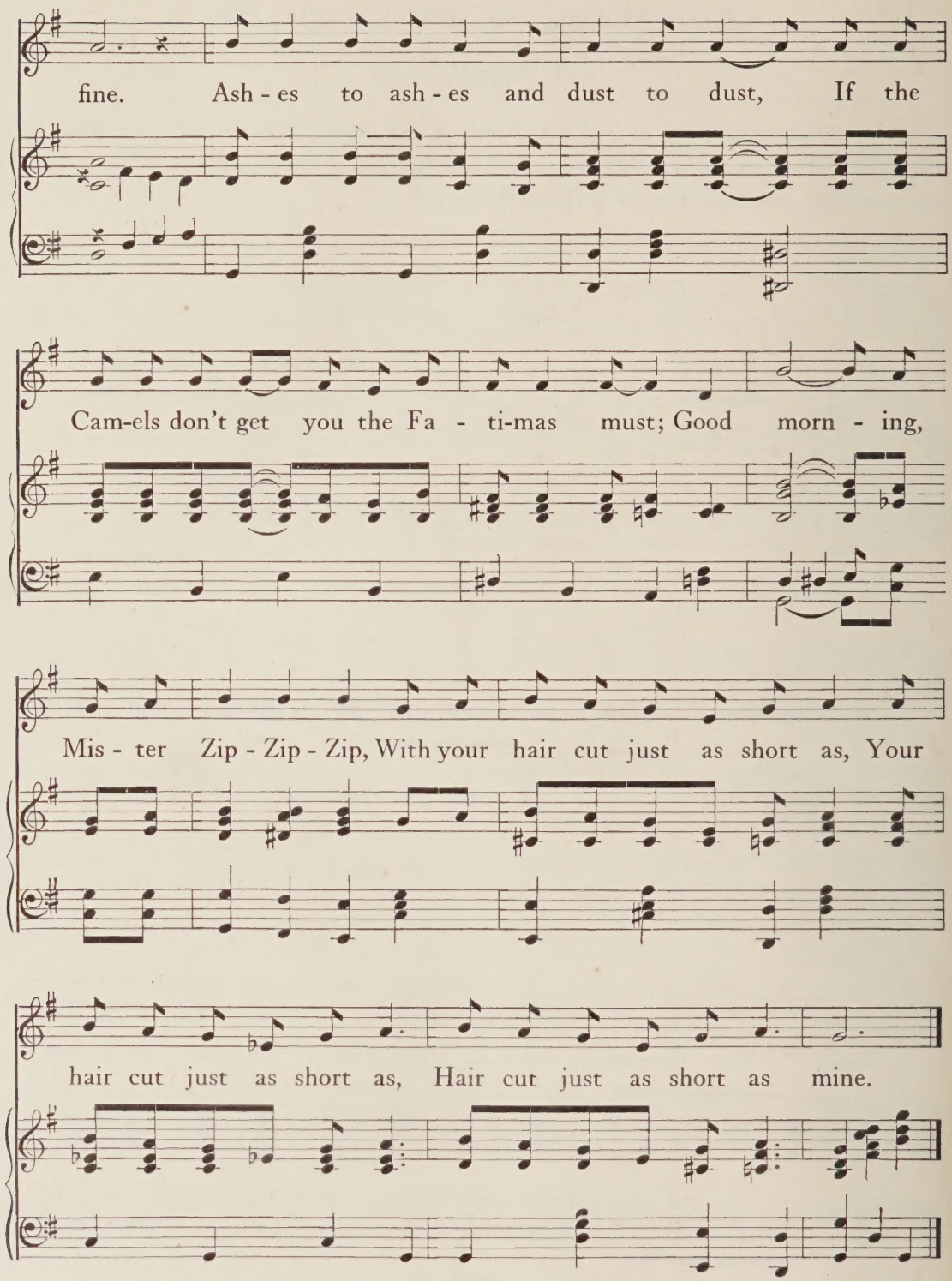
Chorus
through. Well, well, well— Hail! Hail! the gang's all here!
f
What the hell do we care? What the hell do we care?
Hail! Hail! the gang's all here! What the hell do we care now?

GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP

Fort Niagara Song

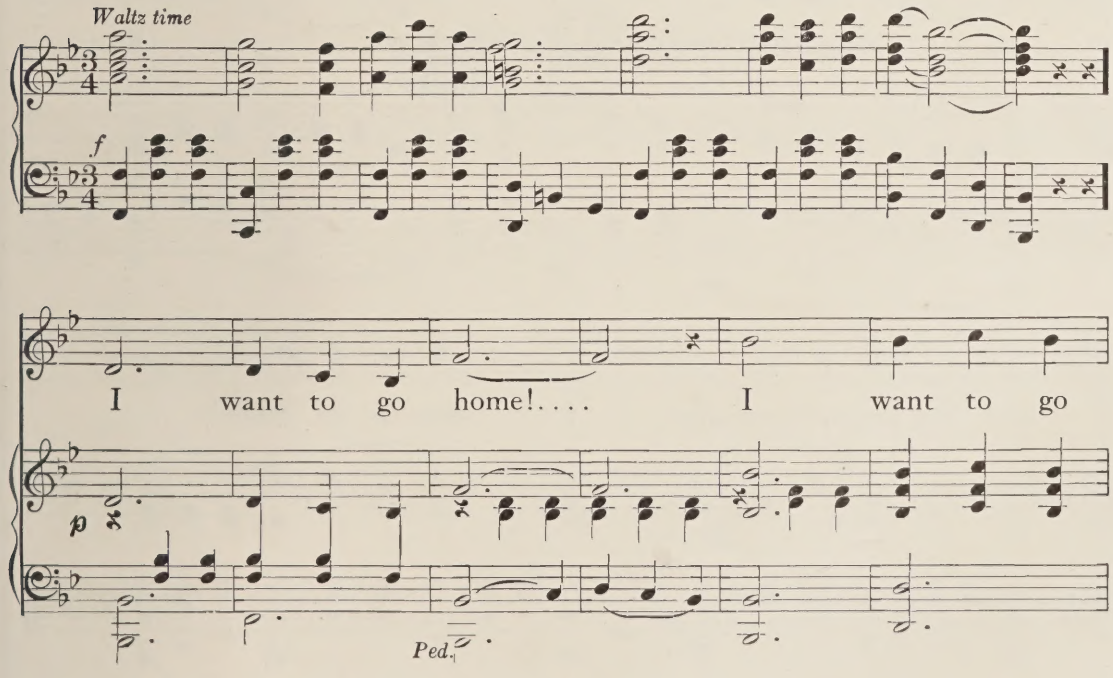
This song originated at a Fort Niagara training-camp during the war. It spread to other camps. At reveille all the candidates sang it together. The words and melody are attributed to Private Hogan.

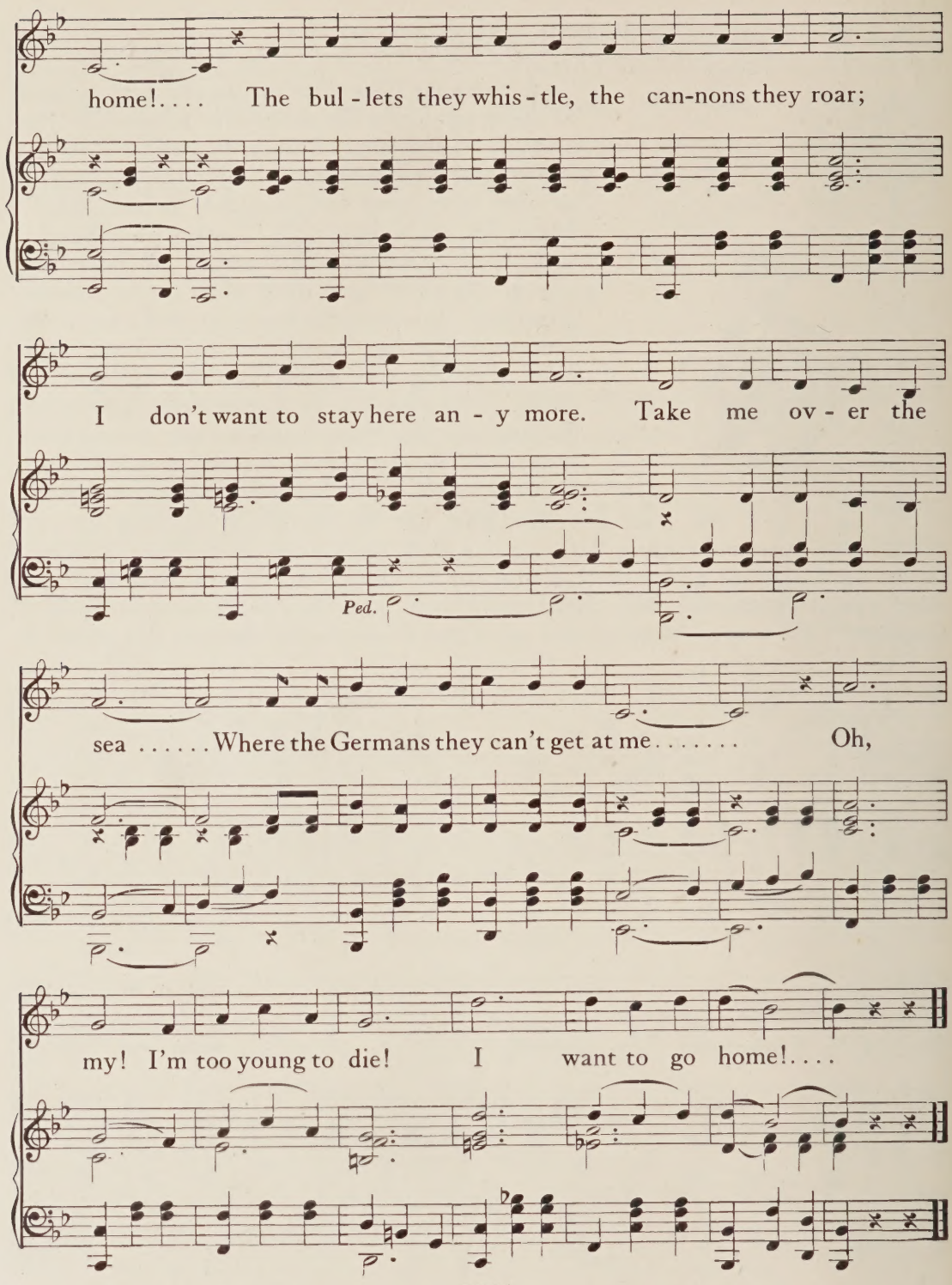
Allegretto
Good morn - ing, Mis - ter
Zip - Zip - Zip, With your hair cut just as short as mine. Good
morn - ing, Mis - ter Zip - Zip - Zip, You're sure - ly look - ing


fine. Ash - es to ash - es and dust to dust, If the
Cam-els don't get you the Fa - ti-mas must; Good morn - ing,
Mis - ter Zip - Zip - Zip, With your hair cut just as short as, Your
hair cut just as short as, Hair cut just as short as mine.

I WANT TO GO HOME

Lieutenant Gitz Rice wrote the first version of this song. Later the Americans adopted it. The aviators at Issoudon, France, popularized it and improvised several stanzas. Later the tune seems to have been used rather widely in the A.E.F. Major W. C. Knight, C.A.C., who, as a lieutenant-colonel commanded a "group" of heavy artillery, tells an amusing story about the first stanza given here. In one of his batteries there was a big lieutenant who had been a star football player at Yale when the war broke out. Shortly after arriving at the front one of the batteries came under fire for the first time. Some of the men, rather shaken and nervous, were inclined to seek shelter. Suddenly they heard singing, and upon looking around saw the big lieutenant walking up and down in the open and singing this song in a high, quavering voice. This "kidding" on the part of their officer came at just the psychological moment. His performance was so ridiculous under the circumstances that the men broke into peals of laughter. Taut nerves found needed relief and the morale of the men was restored.




home!.... The bul-lets they whis-tle, the can-nons they roar;
I don't want to stay here an-y more. Take me ov-er the
Ped.
sea .....Where the Germans they can't get at me..... Oh,
my! I'm too young to die! I want to go home!....

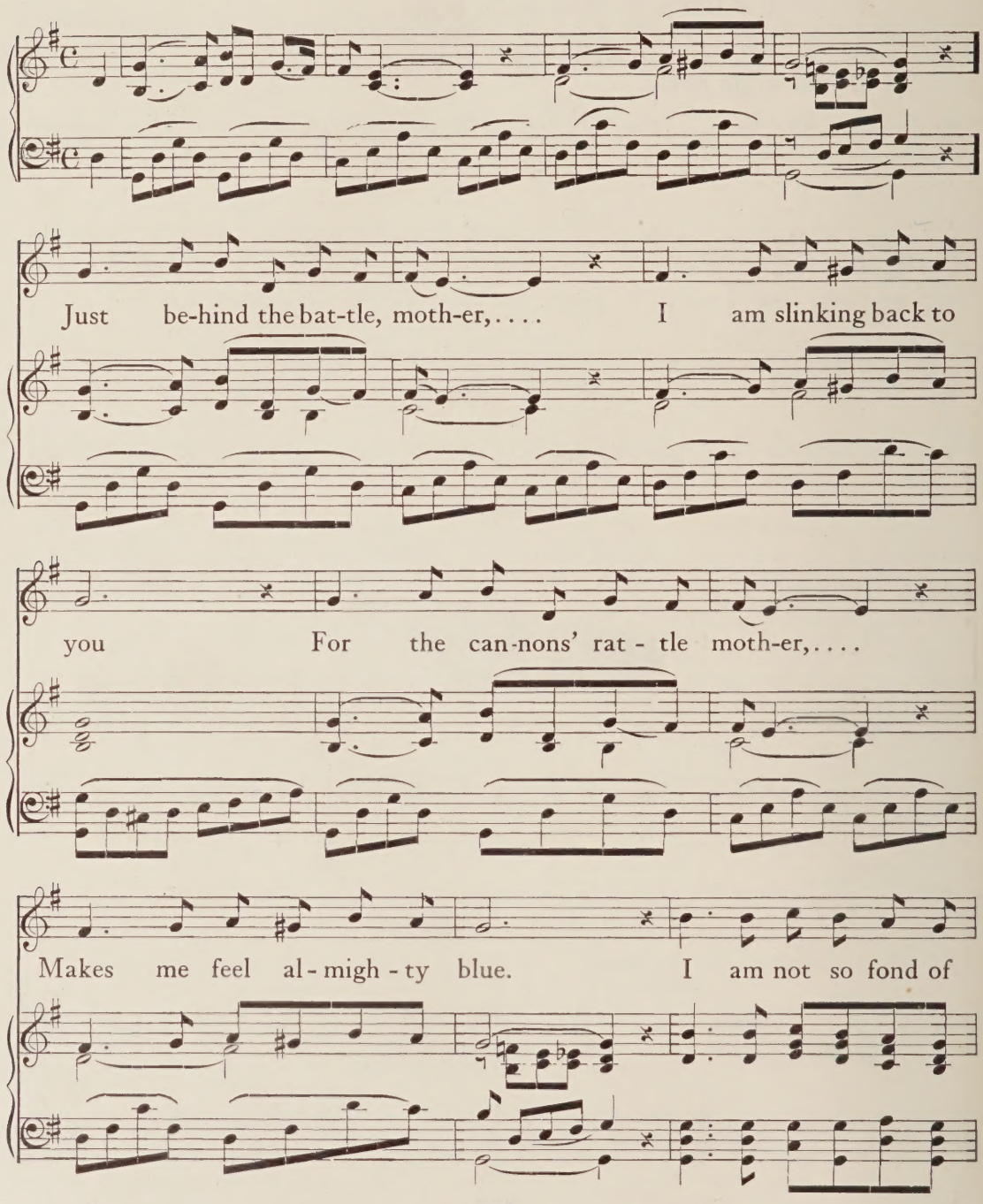
I WANT TO GO HOME

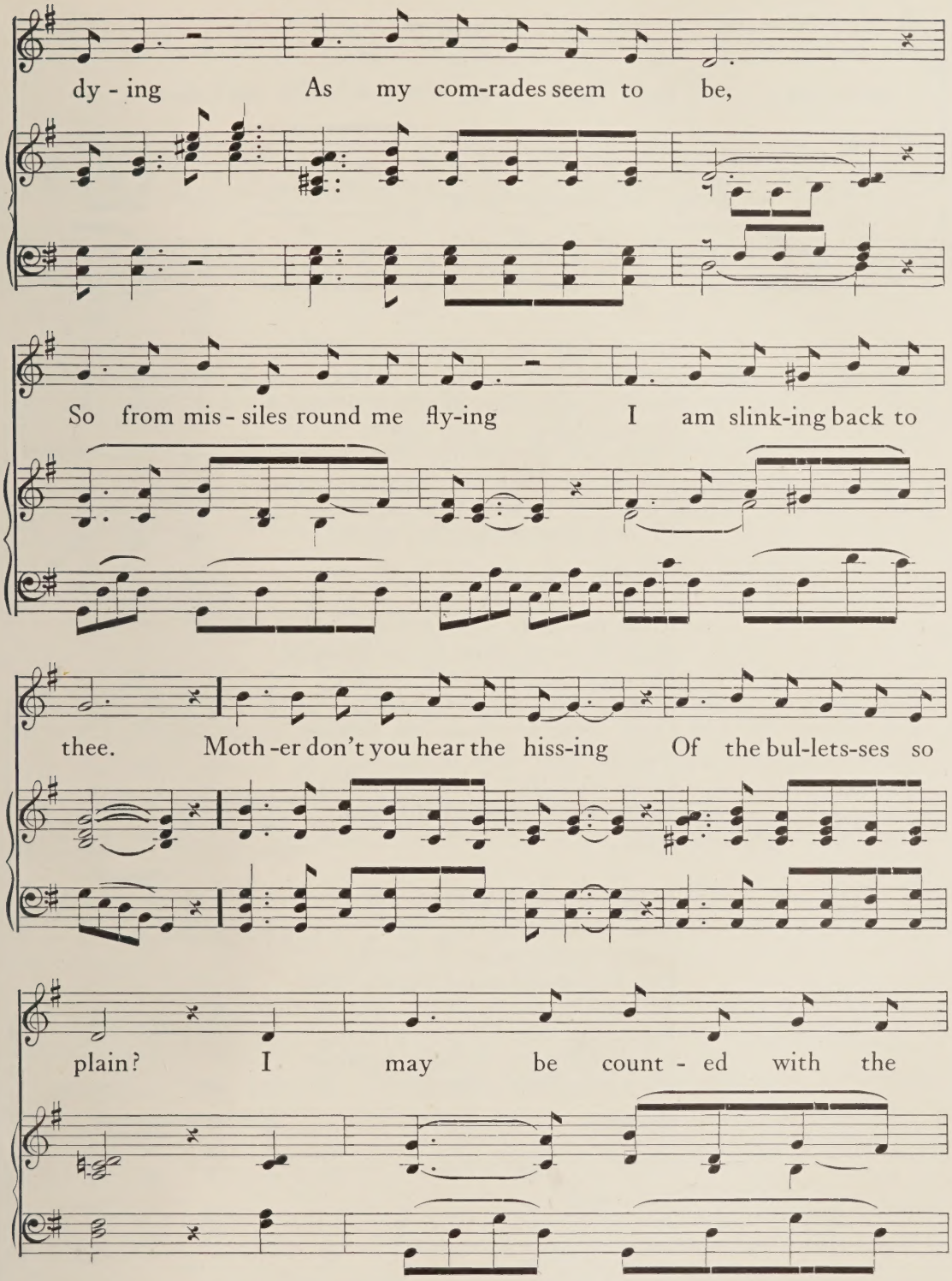
(*Air Service Stanza*)

I want to go home! I want to go home!
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead,
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.
Take me back to the ground; I don't want to fly upside down!
Oh, my! I'm too young to die!
I want to go home.

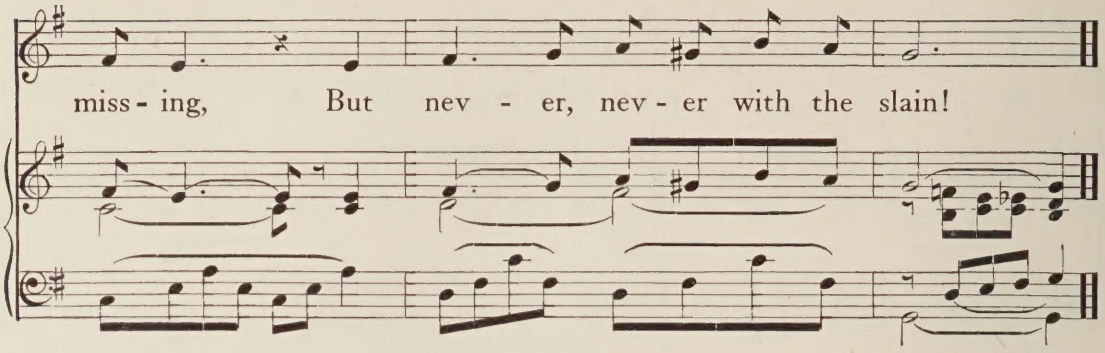
JUST BEHIND THE BATTLE, MOTHER

The pathetic notes of George F. Root's great Civil War song seem to tempt soldiers to make parodies of this kind. One that the Confederates made will be found in the Civil War section of this book.


Just be-hind the bat-tle, moth-er,.... I am slinking back to
you For the can-nons' rat - tle moth-er,....
Makes me feel al - migh - ty blue. I am not so fond of


dy - ing As my com-rades seem to be,
So from mis - siles round me fly-ing I am slink-ing back to
thee. Moth -er don't you hear the hiss-ing Of the bul-lets-ses so
plain? I may be count - ed with the

JUST BEHIND THE BATTLE, MOTHER



Gently falls the night, dear mother,
Gently slopes the battle plain,
But I'm still more gently, mother,
Sloping home to you again.
I care not for war or quarrels,
Or for laurels on my brow;
I'd prefer to see them laurels
In your kitchen garden grow.

Chorus

From the forts come sounds of thunder,
There's no comfort in the thought,
Do they see me now I wonder?
If they do I may be caught.
Once I nearly swoonded, mother,
And I hollered fit to crack.
I was sure that I was wounded
Below the hollow of the back.

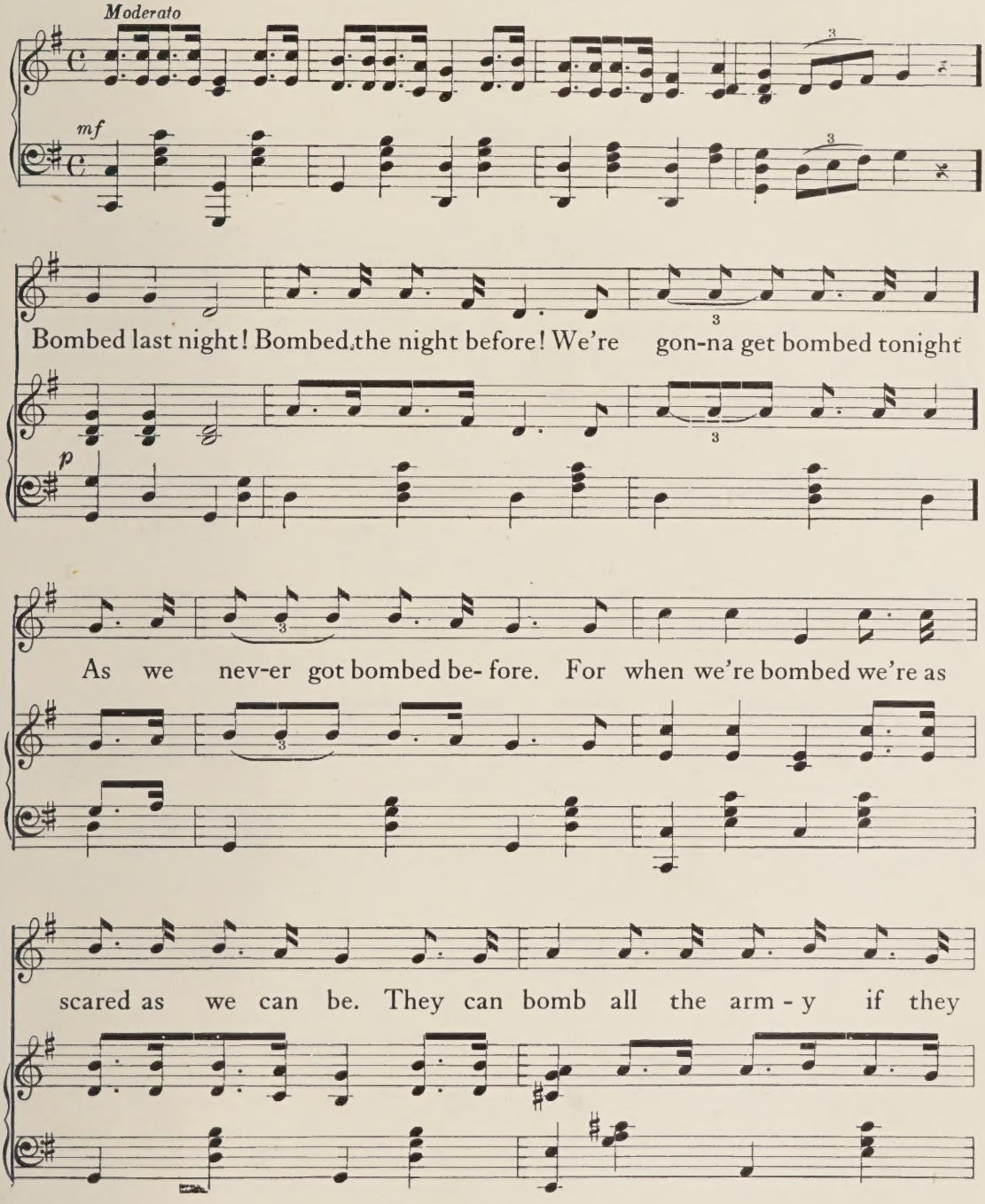
Chorus

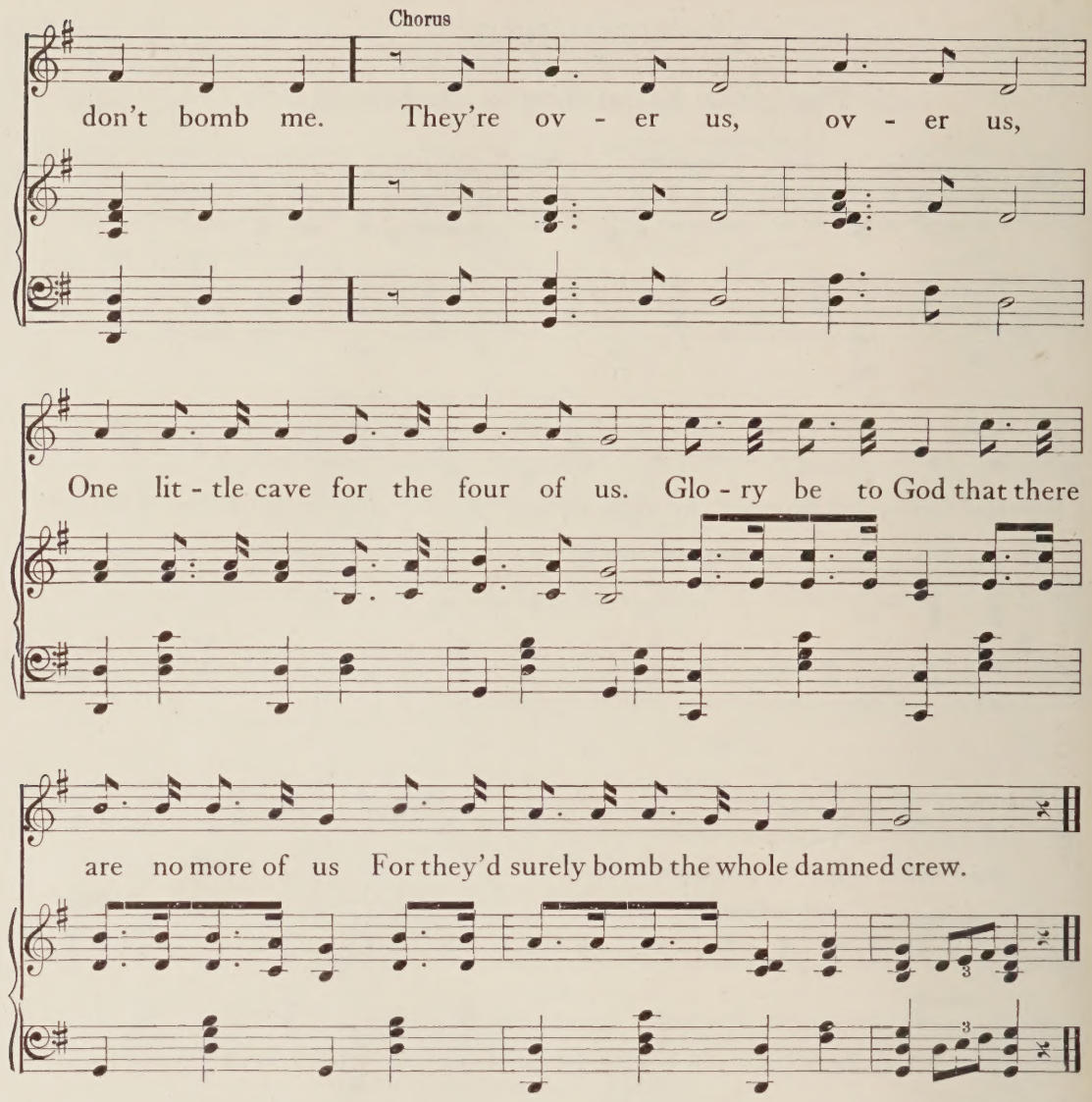
I regret that I resisted
Your entreaties long ago;
I was foolish when I 'listed,
But I'm much more flighty now.
When I'm safely back, dear mother,
From thy side I'll never roam,
I will fight my younger brother
In tranquillity at home.

Chorus

BOMBED

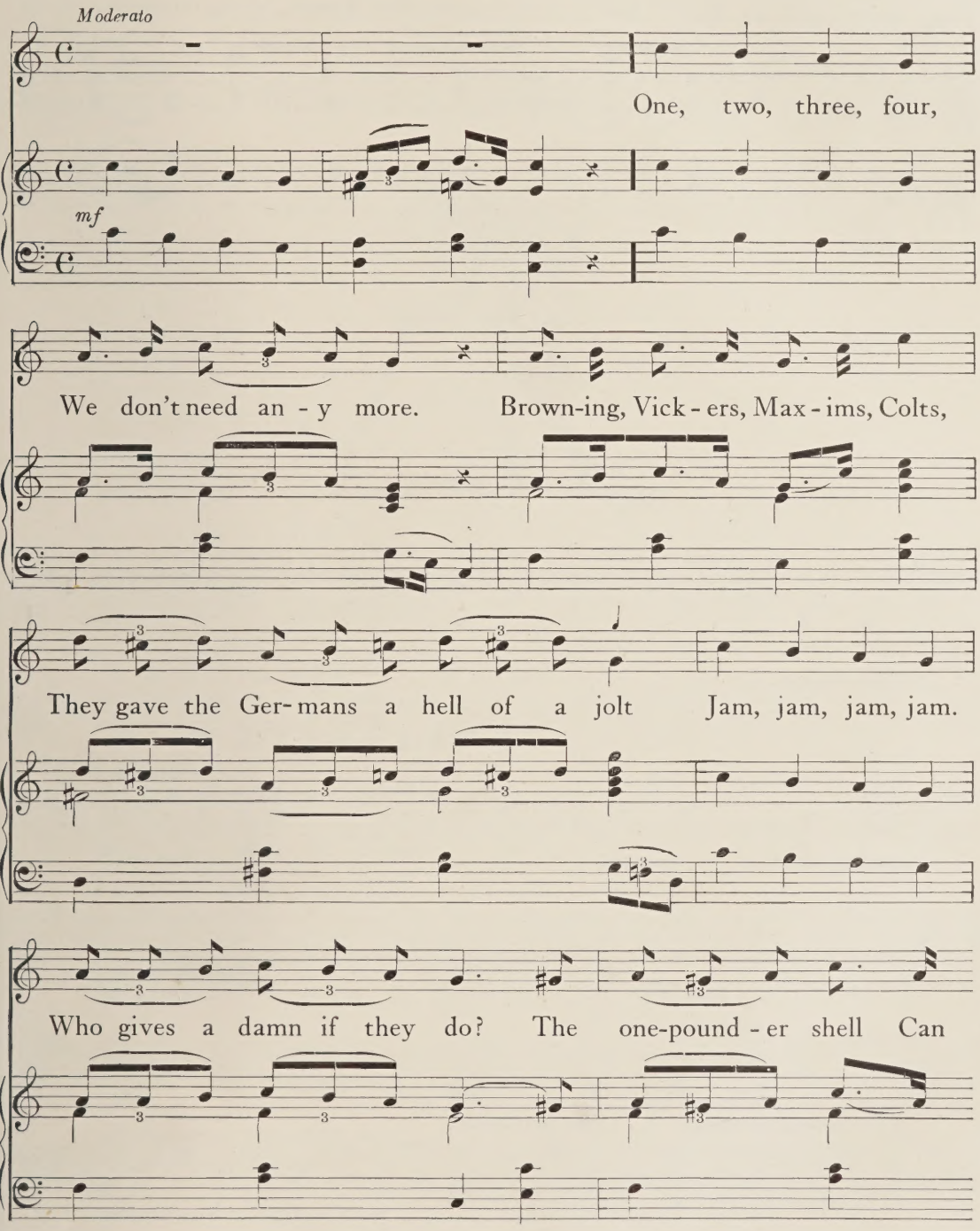
Tune: "One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us"

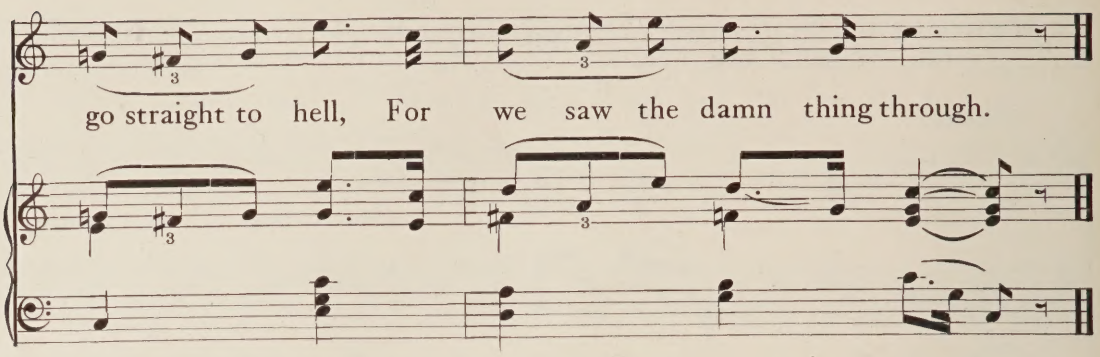

Moderato
mf
Bombed last night! Bombed the night before! We're gon-na get bombed tonight
p
As we nev-er got bombed be- fore. For when we're bombed we're as
scared as we can be. They can bomb all the arm - y if they


Chorus
don't bomb me. They're ov - er us, ov - er us,
One lit - tle cave for the four of us. Glo - ry be to God that there
are no more of us For they'd surely bomb the whole damned crew.

WE SAW THE DAMN THING THROUGH

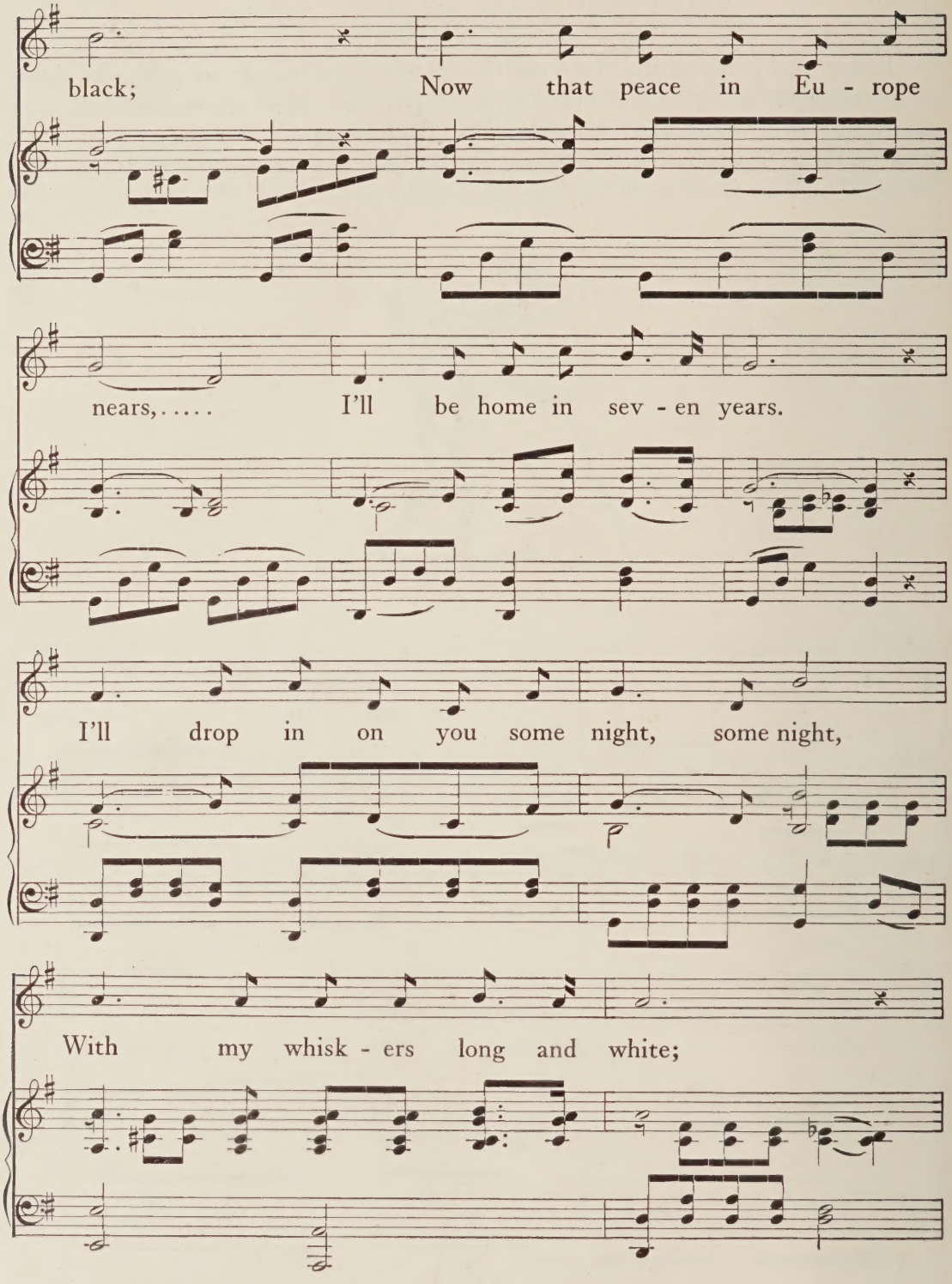
Written by Bill Boyles near Ledringhem after the Armistice. Contributed by C. L. Vercoe, Athens, Ohio.

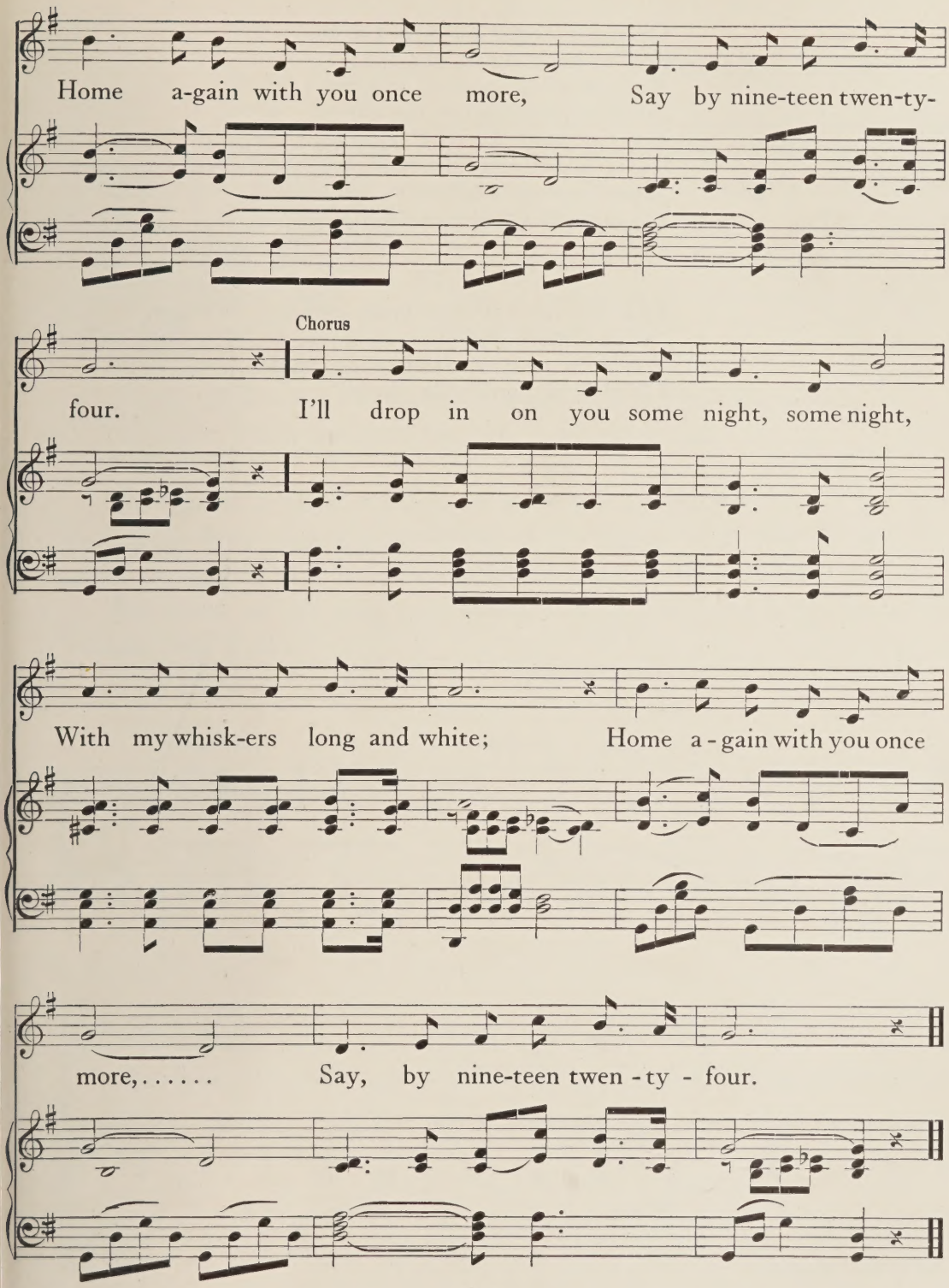

Moderato
One, two, three, four,
mf
We don't need an - y more. Brown-ing, Vick - ers, Max - ims, Colts,
They gave the Ger - mans a hell of a jolt Jam, jam, jam, jam.
Who gives a damn if they do? The one-pound - er shell Can


go straight to hell, For we saw the damn thing through.

DARLING, I AM COMING BACK

I first heard this in the Army of Occupation in Germany in 1919. It seems to have originated when the Third Army—later the Army of Occupation—was marching to Germany after the Armistice. Men who had dreamed of a quick return to their homes found themselves headed for an indefinite sojourn on the Rhine. The tune is "Silver Threads Among the Gold."


black; Now that peace in Eu - rope
nears,..... I'll be home in sev - en years.
I'll drop in on you some night, some night,
With my whisk - ers long and white;


Home a-gain with you once more, Say by nine-teen twen-ty-
Chorus
four. I'll drop in on you some night, some night,
With my whisk-ers long and white; Home a-gain with you once
more,..... Say, by nine-teen twen-ty - four.

DARLING, I AM COMING BACK

Once I thought by now I'd be,
Sailing back across the sea;
Back to where you sit and pine;
But I'm heading for the Rhine.
You can hear the M.P.'s curse,
"War is hell, but peace is worse;
When the next war comes, oh, well,
I'll rush in, I will—like hell!"

2nd Chorus

Just hear that Third Army curse,
"War is hell, but peace is worse;
When the next war comes, oh, well,
I'll rush in, I will—like hell!"

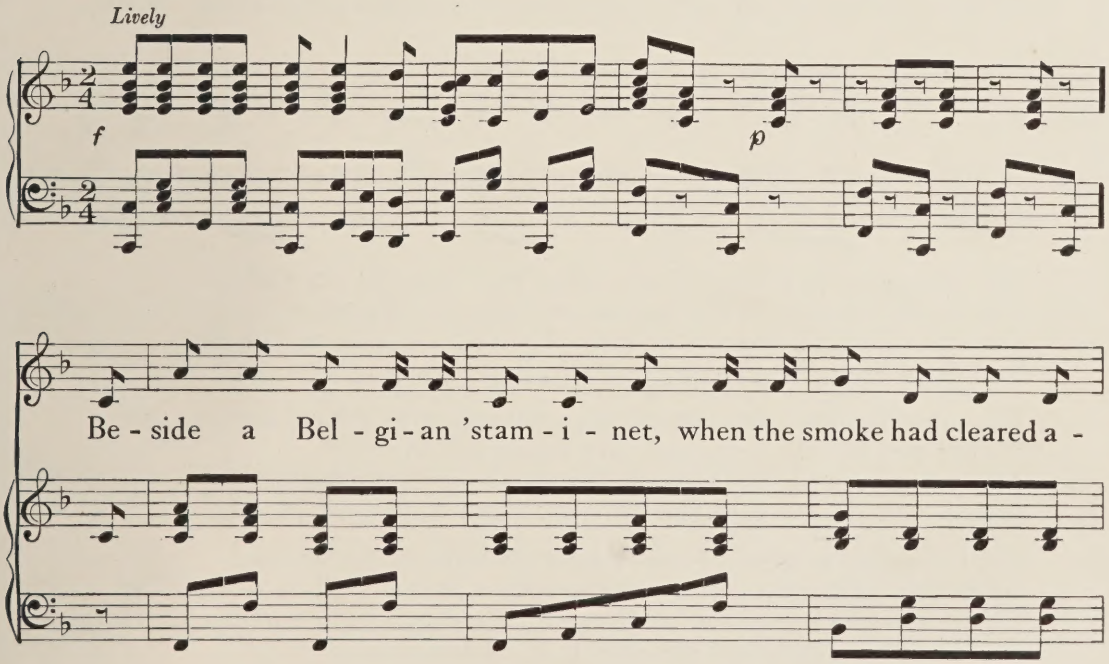
THE PASSING PILOT

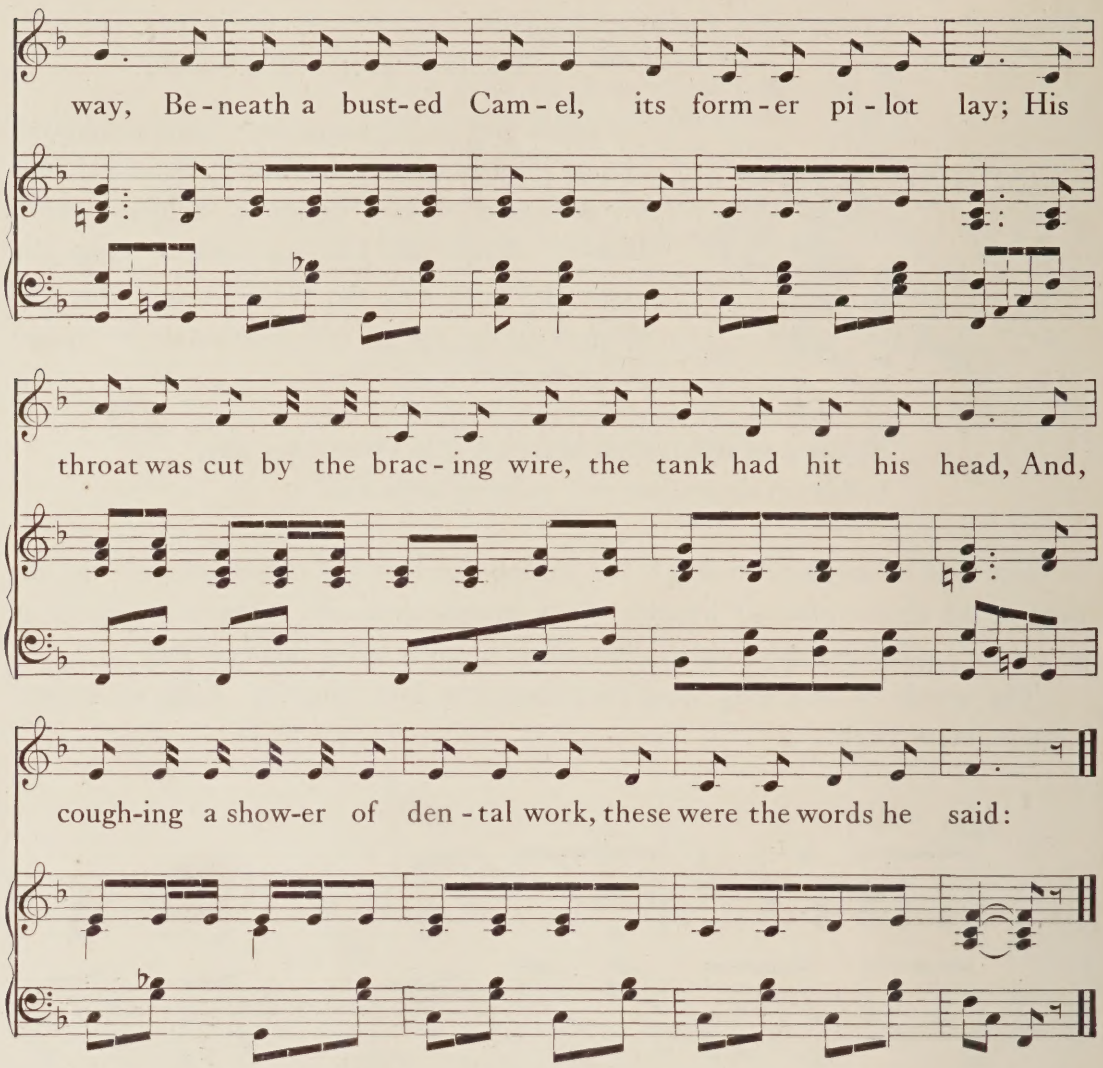
Some very clever songs and verses originated among the aviators of the A.E.F. Some versions of this one begin, "Beside a Belgian water-tank—" From this fact, as well as from the verse structure and the tune, we find that the song is based on an old western hobo ballad which begins:

"Beside a western water-tank one cold November day,
Inside an empty box car, a dying hobo lay."

The type of airplane in which the unfortunate aviator meets his end was the bane of all fliers' existence because of its tendencies to fall apart in the air or to go into a right-hand spin, especially under strain or when maneuvering.

The words of this song were contributed by Mr. John W. Kelly of Mount Vernon, New York.




way, Be-neath a bust-ed Cam-el, its form-er pi-lot lay; His
throat was cut by the brac-ing wire, the tank had hit his head, And,
cough-ing a show-er of den-tal work, these were the words he said:

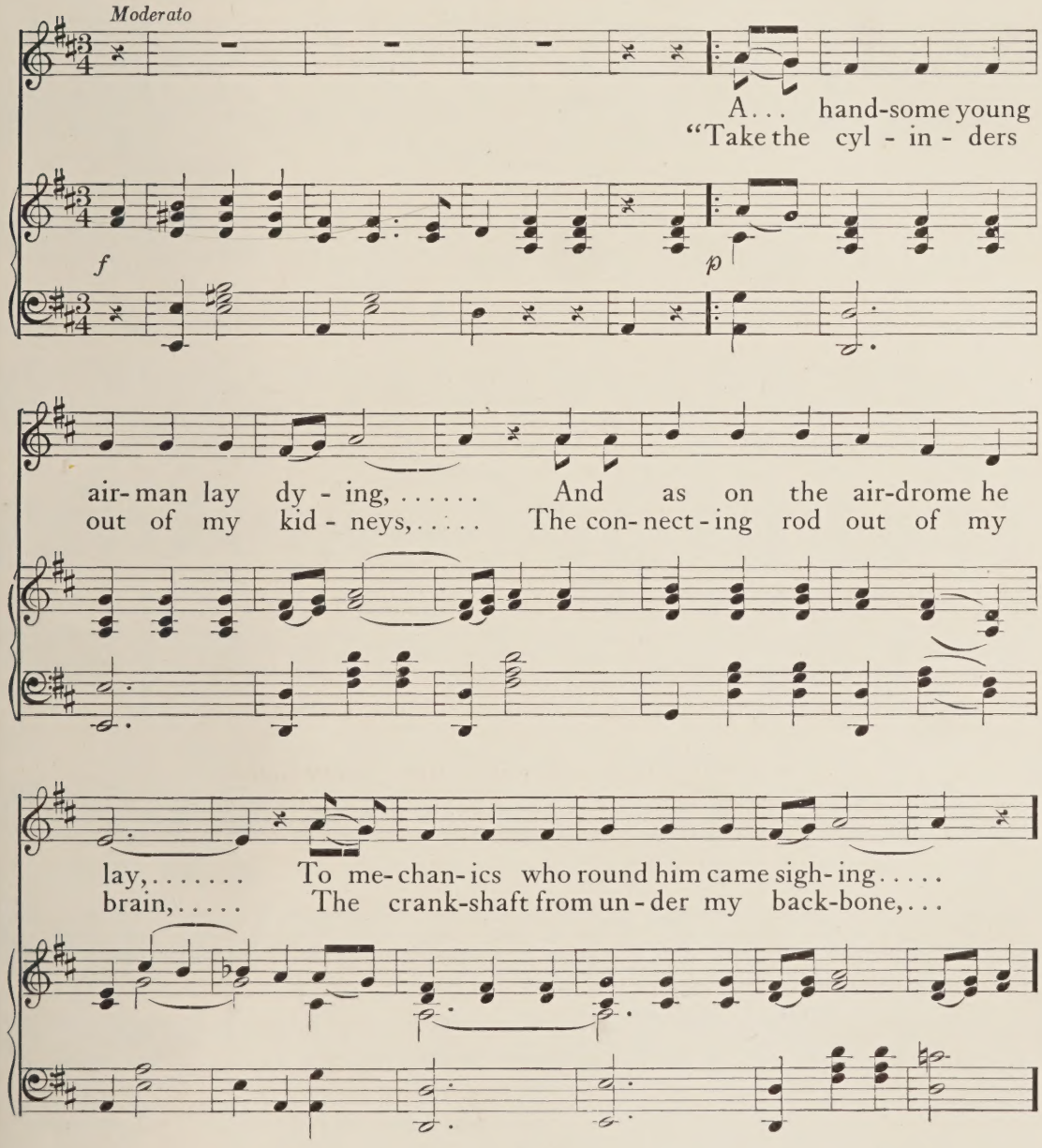
"Oh, I'm going to a better land—they jazz there every night;
The cocktails grow on the bushes, so every one stays tight;
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,
And little drops of whisky come trickling through the rocks."

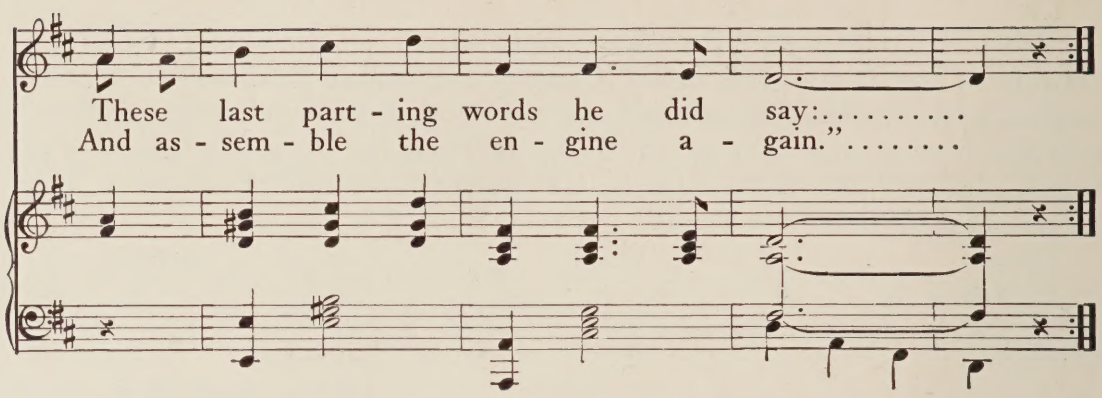
The pilot breathed these last few gasps before he passed away:
"I'll tell you how it happened. My flippers didn't stay.
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,
A bullet hit the gas-tank, and the gas came leaking through.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,
Where the eggnog grows on the eggplant, and the pilots grow a bun.
They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads, they've got no Flaming Fours,
And little frosted juleps are served at all the stores."

A HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

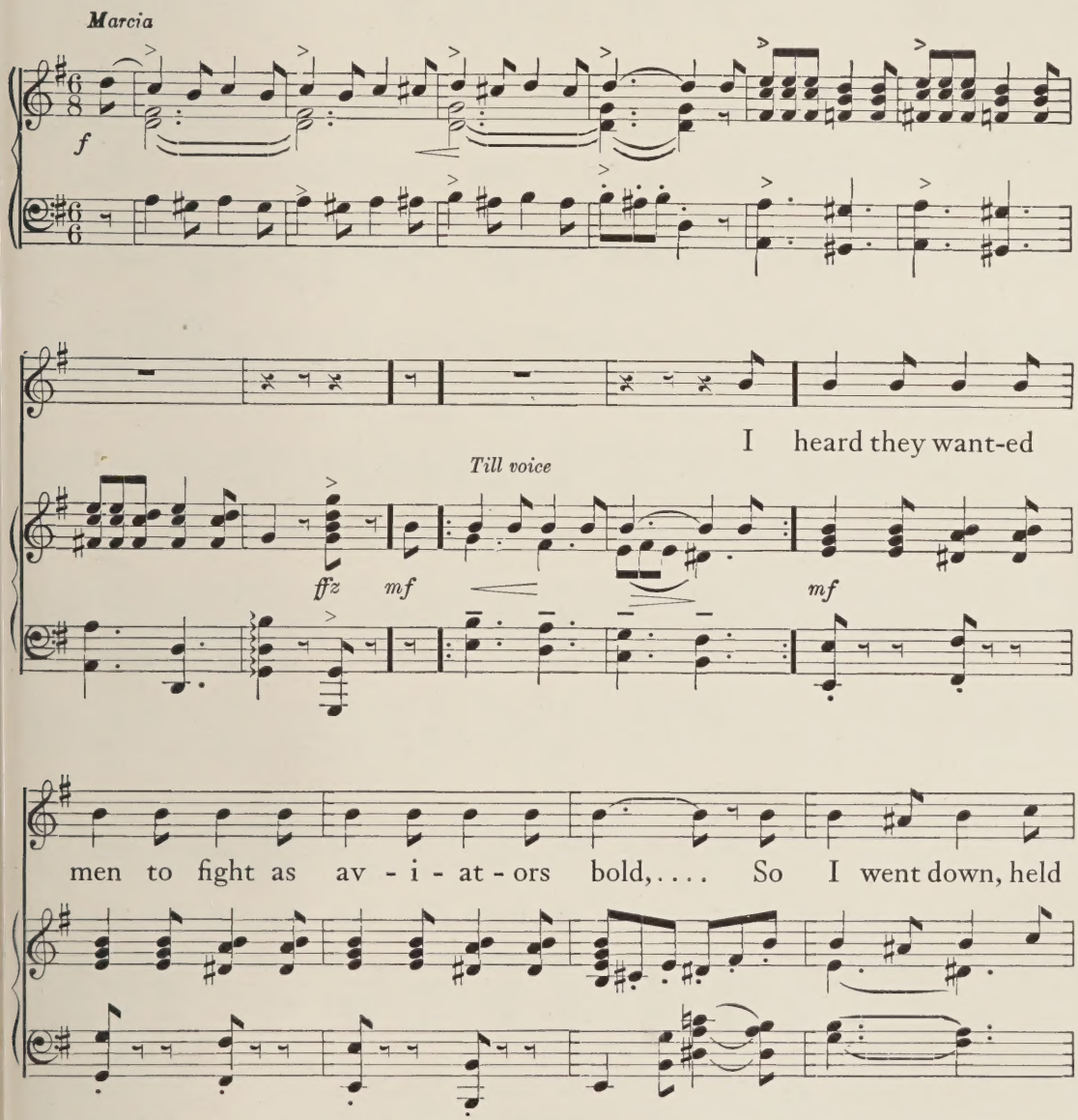
What a courageous, devil-may-care group of adventurous young knights the aviators of the World War were! Literally, they looked Death in the face and laughed. Here is a song that was popular with both British and American fliers. It is based on an older song called "Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket." The British called it "The Dying Aviator." The text is from a little booklet of British songs called "Tommy's Tunes."


Moderato
A... hand-some young
"Take the cyl - in - ders
f
p
air-man lay dy - ing, ... And as on the air-drome he
out of my kid - neys, ... The con-nect-ing rod out of my
lay, ... To me-chan-ics who round him came sigh-ing .....
brain, ... The crank-shaft from un-der my back-bone, ...

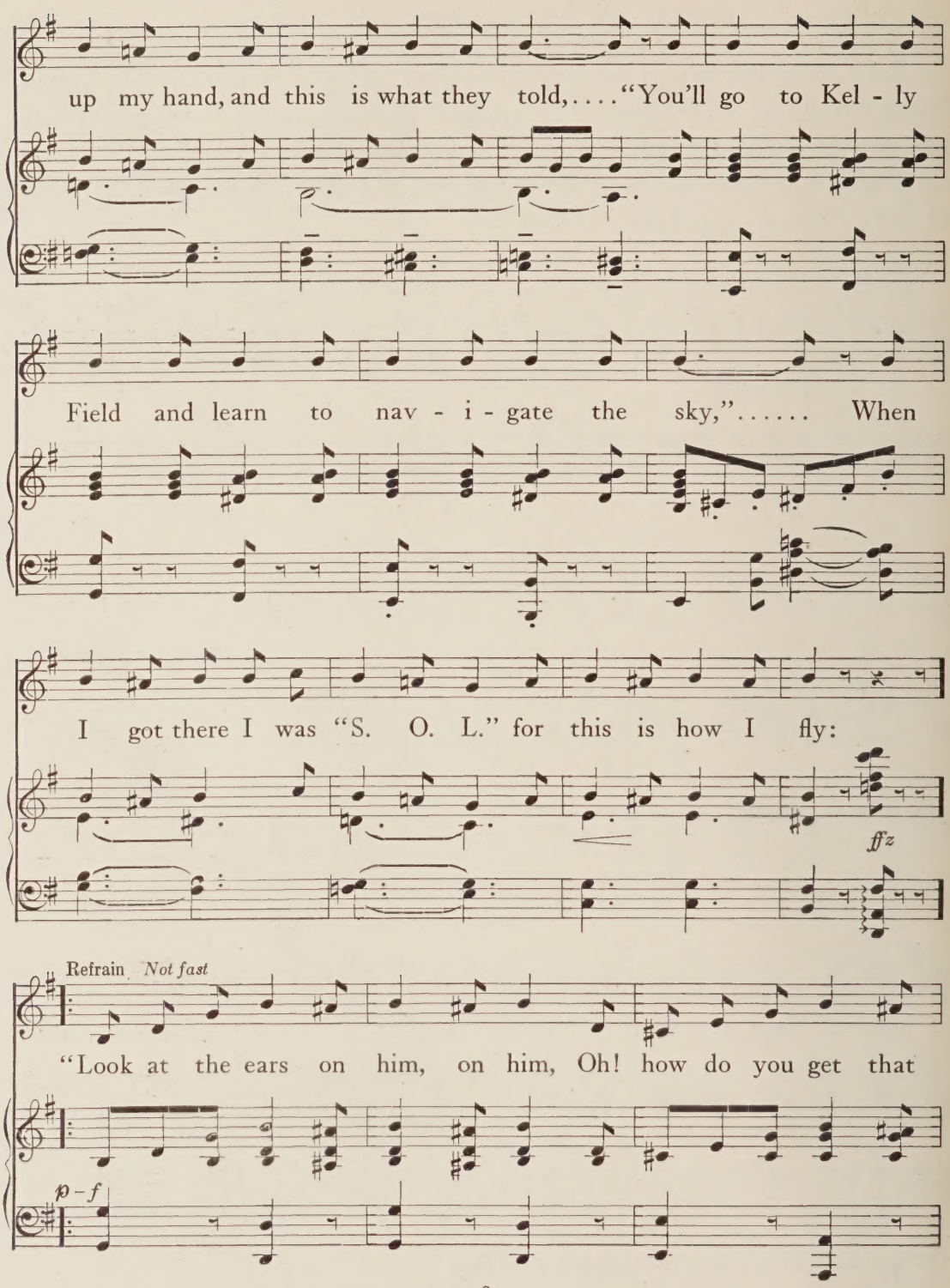

These last part - ing words he did say:.....
And as - sem - ble the en - gine a - gain.".....

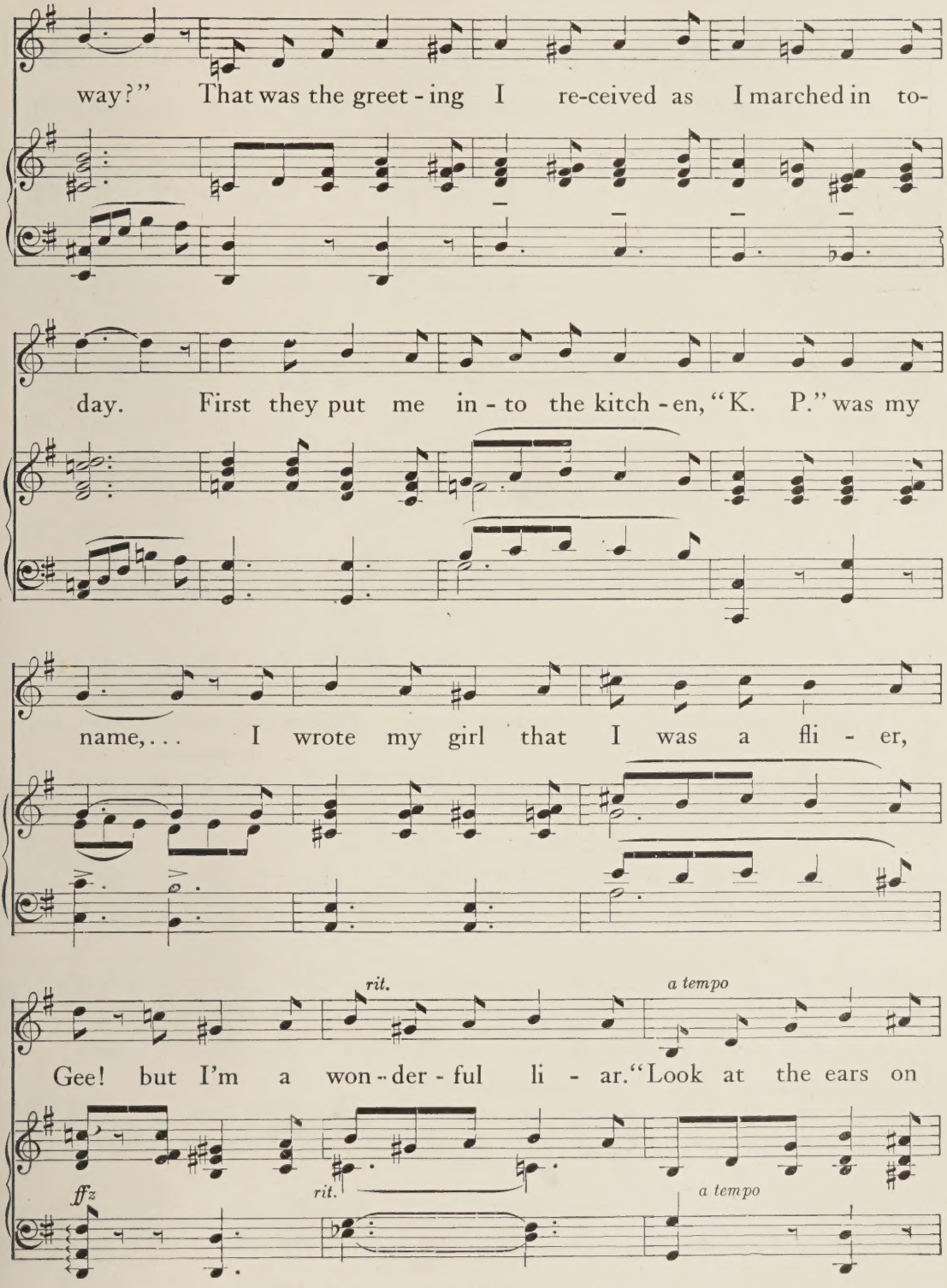
LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM *

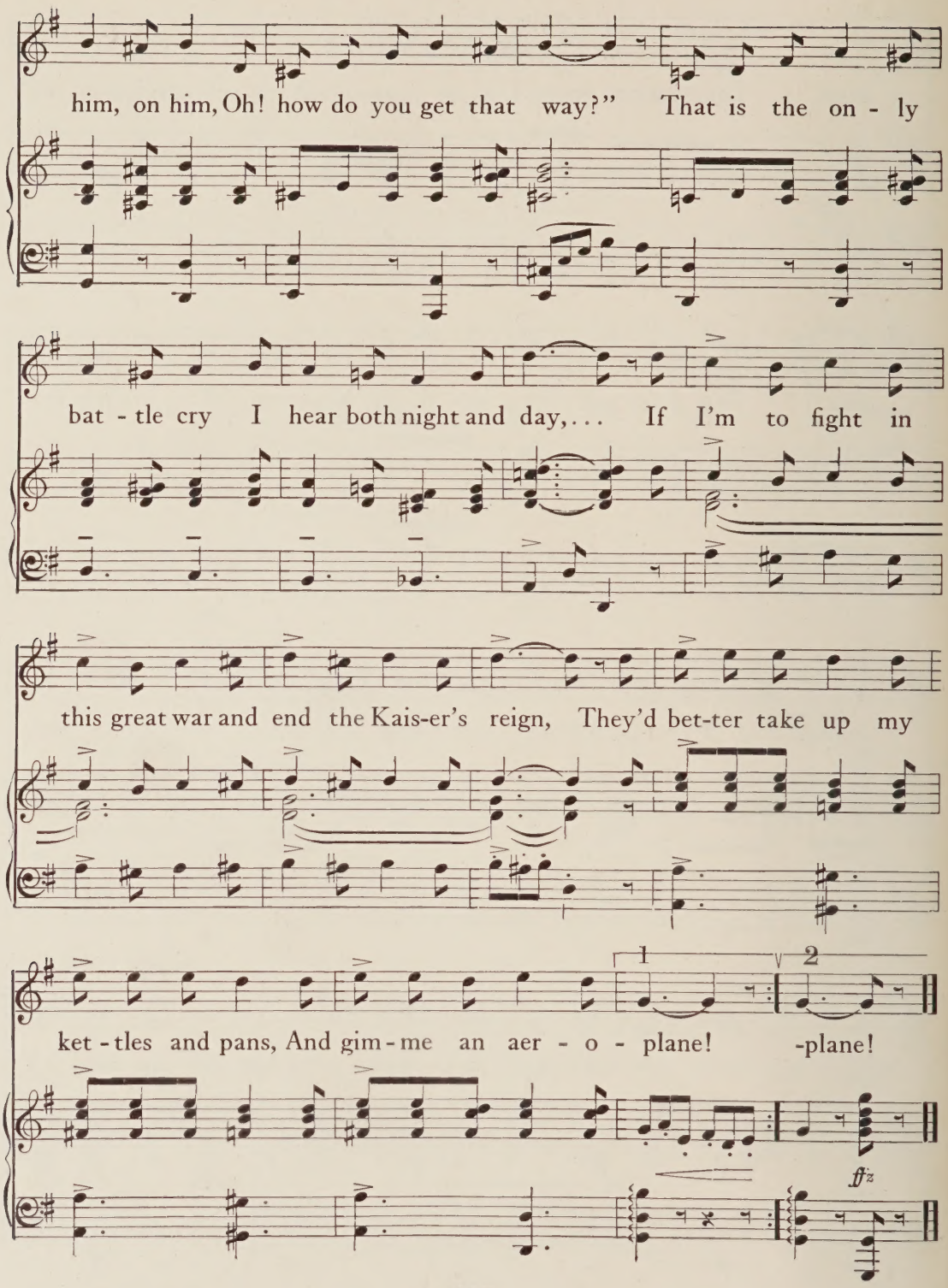
Kelly Field was one of the largest aviation training centers in the United States during the World War. The words of this song, which was a great favorite with the budding wingmen, were written by Sergeant Jack W. Alvord. Lieutenant Leigh W. Harrington composed the music and David Griffen, post song leader at Kelly Field, arranged the piano score.



* Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc. Used by special permission.


up my hand, and this is what they told,.... "You'll go to Kel - ly
Field and learn to nav - i - gate the sky,"..... When
I got there I was "S. O. L." for this is how I fly:
ffz
Refrain Not fast
"Look at the ears on him, on him, Oh! how do you get that
p – f


way?" That was the greet - ing I re-ceived as I marched in to-
day. First they put me in - to the kitch - en, "K. P." was my
name,... I wrote my girl that I was a fli - er,
rit.
a tempo
Gee! but I'm a won - der - ful li - ar. "Look at the ears on
ffz
rit.
a tempo


him, on him, Oh! how do you get that way?" That is the on - ly
bat - tle cry I hear both night and day,... If I'm to fight in
this great war and end the Kais-er's reign, They'd bet-ter take up my
1
2
ket - tles and pans, And gim - me an aer - o - plane! -plane!
ffz

KELLY FIELD AIR-SERVICE SONG

Tune: "Dixie"

Said an aviator to a fighter,
Come along, get a Germinator,
Come along! Get a gun!
Get a Hun! Atta Boy!

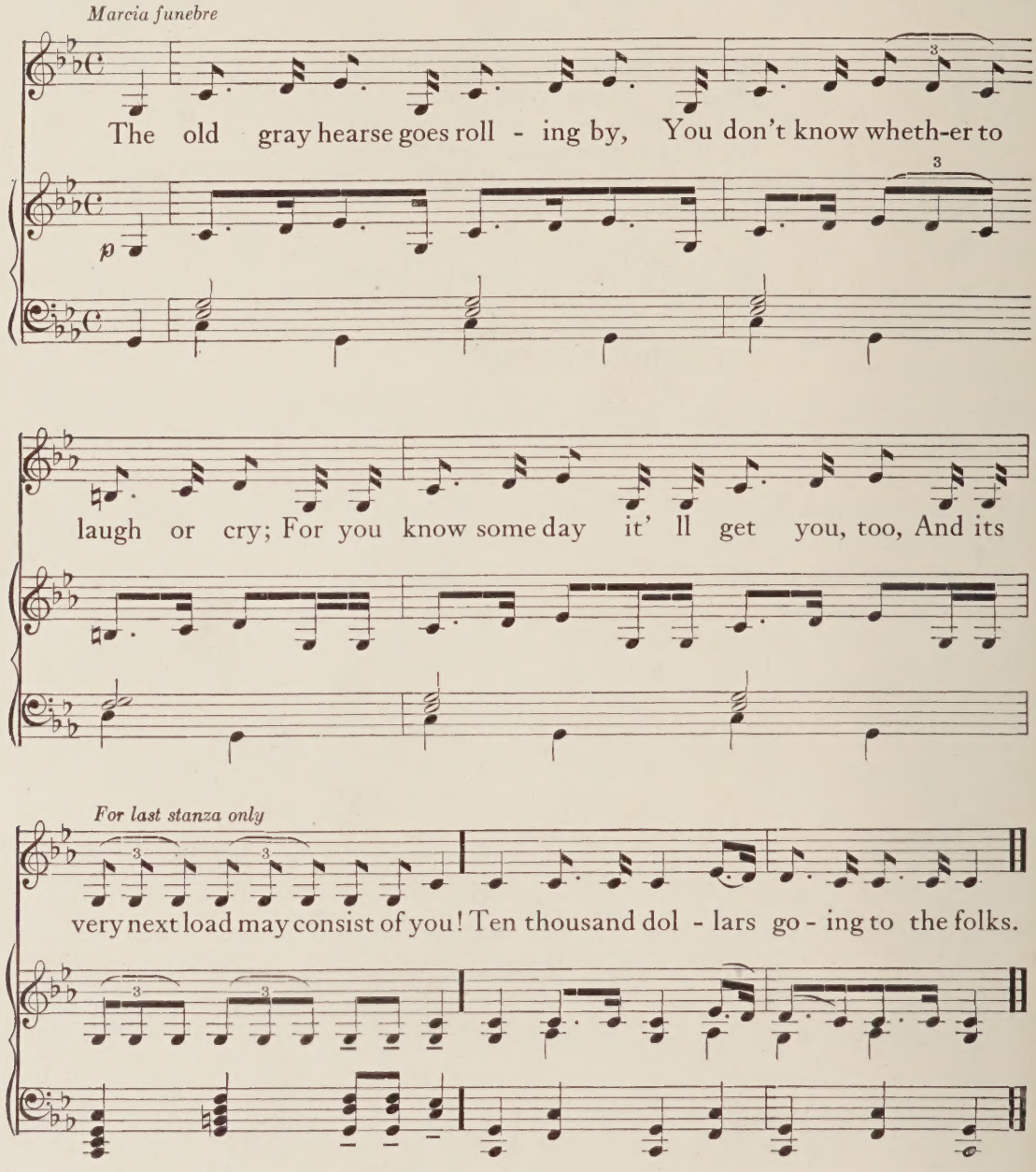
Chorus

We're on our way to Berlin.
Hooray! Hooray!
Old German-town, we'll tear it down,
We'll turn the kaiser upside down.
Come along! Come along!
Come along, O aviator.

We're all healthy, fat and clammy,
We'll go to hell for Uncle Sammy,
Come along! Get a gun!
Get a Hun! Atta Boy!

THE OLD GRAY HEARSE

These gruesome lines are said to have been especially popular with the aviators. I first heard them sung in the 59th Coast Artillery after the war.


Marcia funebre
The old gray hearse goes roll - ing by, You don't know wheth-er to
p
laugh or cry; For you know some day it' ll get you, too, And its
For last stanza only
very next load may consist of you! Ten thousand dol - lars go - ing to the folks.

THE OLD GRAY HEARSE

Have you ever thought as the hearse went by
That one of these days you will surely die?
They'll take you away in that big black hack;
They'll bury you deep and you won't come back.

They'll take you out and they'll lower you down,
And men with shovels will stand around;
They'll shovel in dirt and they'll throw in rocks,
And they won't give a damn if they break the box.

The worms'll crawl in and the worms'll crawl out,
They'll crawl all over your chin and mouth;
They'll invite their friends and their relatives, too,
And you'll look like hell when they're through with you!

Your eyes'll drop out and your teeth'll fall in,
And the worms will crawl on your mouth and chin,
The worms'll crawl out and the worms'll crawl in,
And your limbs will drop off you limb by limb.

IN THE BASE AT SAVENAY

This song, says Laurence Stallings in an article in Collier's, originated about Christmas, 1918, at Base 8, Savigny, which was a relay station for stretcher cases being sent back to the United States. Someone thought it a good idea to put all wounded men in plaster casts for traveling on the ocean. Many of the men so trussed up immediately ran high fevers, which jeopardized their chances of getting home. The song, says Mr. Stallings, was sung with all "the fake tenderness of yawping, sardonic men."

Tune: "In the Good Old Summer-Time"

In the base at Savenay,
Where the sick and wounded l-a-y—
Running up their temperatures
More and more each day . . .
Oh, they put them all in plaster casts,
And that's a very good sign
That they will stay at Savenay
Till the good old summer-time.

GET OUT THAT OLD BROKEN TIBIA

Here is another parody from Savigny. Mr. Stallings tells us that "many a lad being carried down to the operating room—departed from his ward with this song ringing out."

Tune: "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet"

Get out that old broken tibia,
And hitch it on to the fibula,
And put the whole damn works in a cast.
And on a khaki stretcher
They will come and get yer,
And you'll push daisies up through the grass!

A HELLUVA ENGINEER

This probably originated in one of the training camps in the States. It was later carried to France where some outfits sang it to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green" instead of to "A Son of a Gambolier."

Moderato

Verse: Come, all you gal - lant sol - diers, and the stor - y you shall hear Of the
Chorus: He's a hel - lu - va, hel - lu - va, hel - lu - va hel - lu - va, hel - lu - va, A

A HELLUVA ENGINEER

trials and tri - bu - la - tions of an arm - y en - gi-neer, Like
ram - bling skate from any old state, and noth - ing does he fear; He
eve - ry hon - est sol-dier, he took his whis - ky clear Till
tried to do his dut - y and he tried to do it well, But the
For Chorus repeat verse
Gen-er - al Scott said, "You shall *not* touch whis - ky, wine or beer."
cap - tain and the ser-geant and the cor-poral gave him hell.

They took him on the parade ground to march, to rush, to crawl;
The first was bad, the next was worse, the last was worst of all;
He bruised his belly on a tack, he tore it on a nail;
He'd have made a damned good lizard if he'd only had a tail.

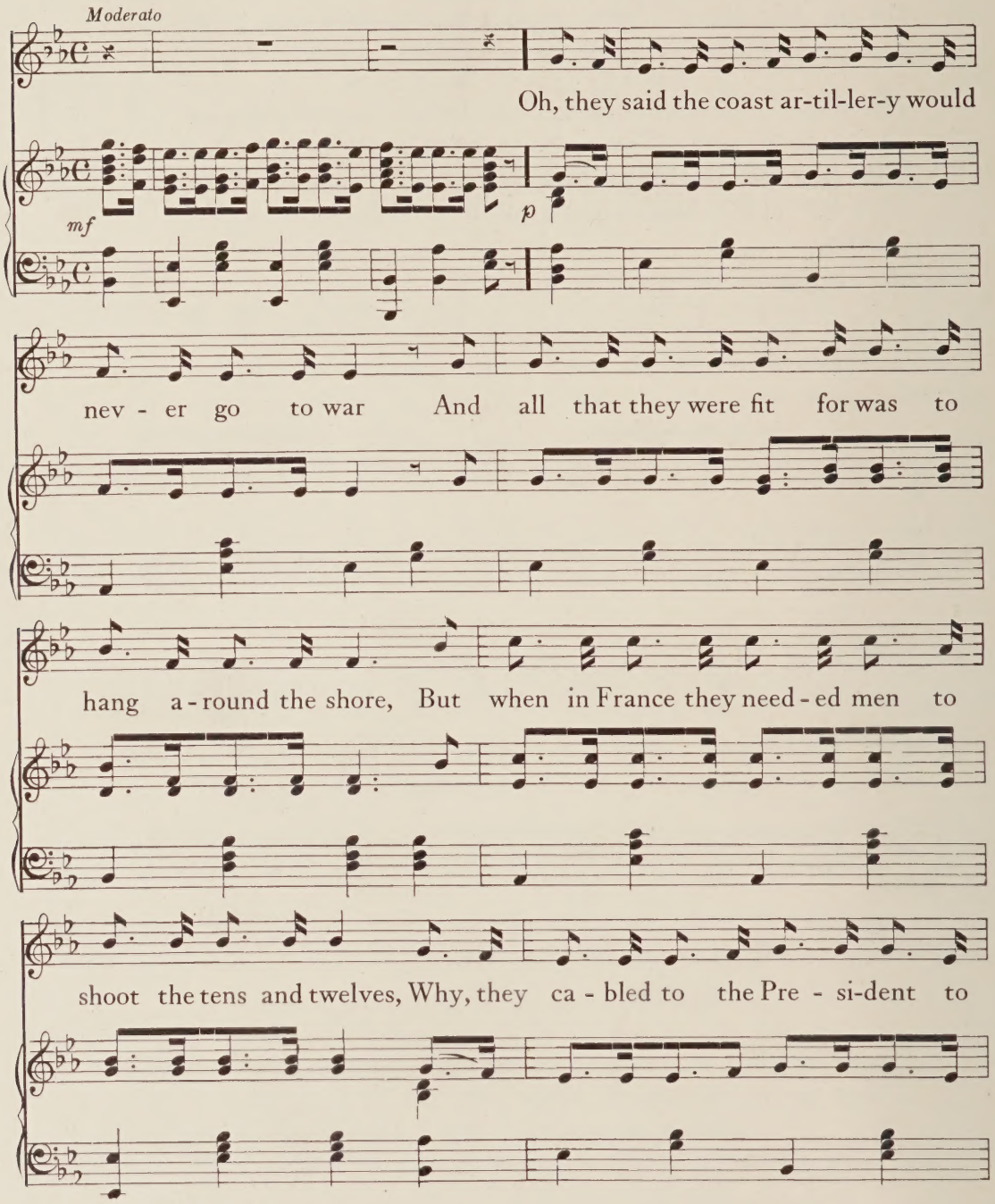
Chorus

They took him to the rifle range to learn to fire at will,
The aiming and the trigger squeeze, the enemy to kill;
His rifle kicked him in the jaw—he missed the bull a mile,
For the chow shack is the only place that he shows any style.
Chorus

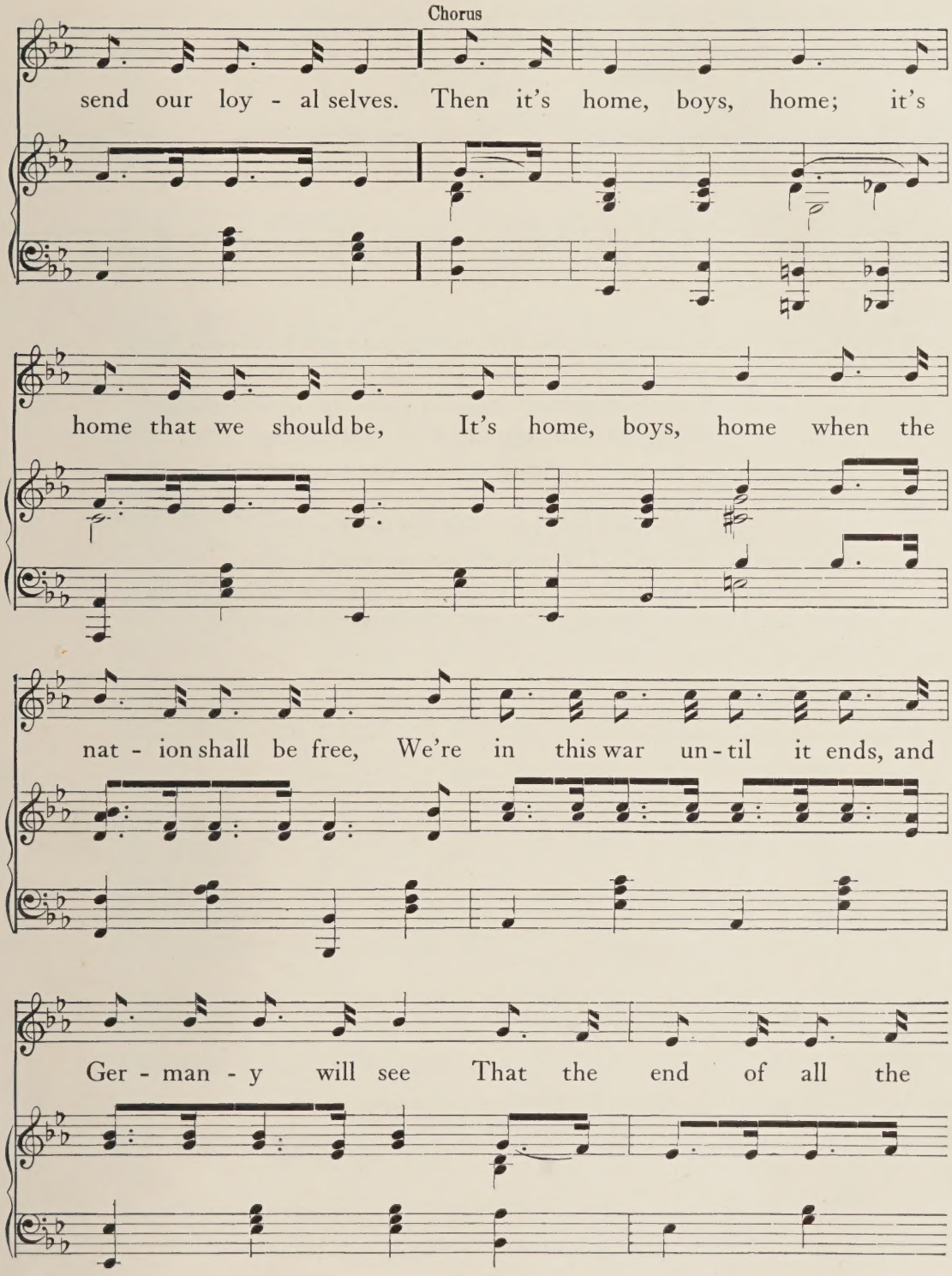
The doctor looked him over and the doctor grinned with glee.
"A shot in the arm will do no harm, bring on my large squeegee."
With fifty million typhoid bugs patrolling through his blood,
They shot in fifty million more, and then his name was MUD.
Chorus

COAST ARTILLERY SONG

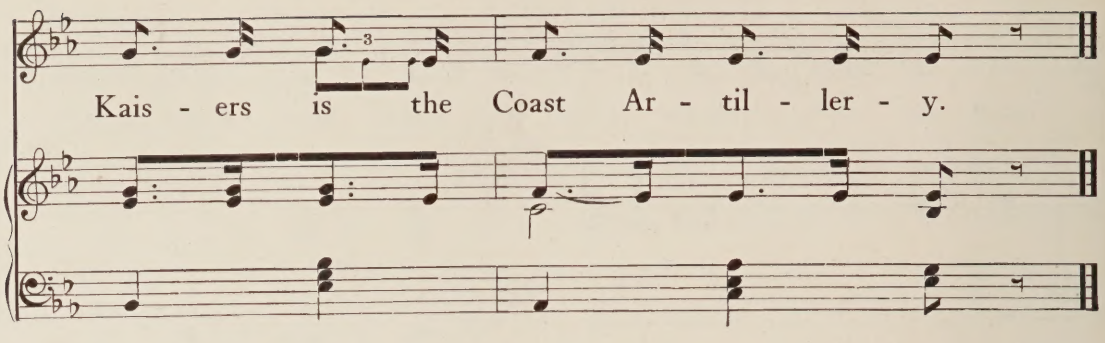
During the war this song was popular with coast artillery regiments. It was published in "The Army Song Book" which was compiled by the Commission on Training-Camp Activities.


Moderato
Oh, they said the coast ar-til-ler-y would
mf
p
nev - er go to war And all that they were fit for was to
hang a - round the shore, But when in France they need - ed men to
shoot the tens and twelves, Why, they ca - bled to the Pre - si-dent to

COAST ARTILLERY SONG


Chorus
send our loy - al selves. Then it's home, boys, home; it's
home that we should be, It's home, boys, home when the
nat - ion shall be free, We're in this war un - til it ends, and
Ger - man - y will see That the end of all the

COAST ARTILLERY SONG



When British Tommies took the field to stop the barb'rous Hun,
They found their light artillery was beaten, gun for gun,
So Marshal French got on the wire and quickly told the king
That the garrison artillery would be the only thing.

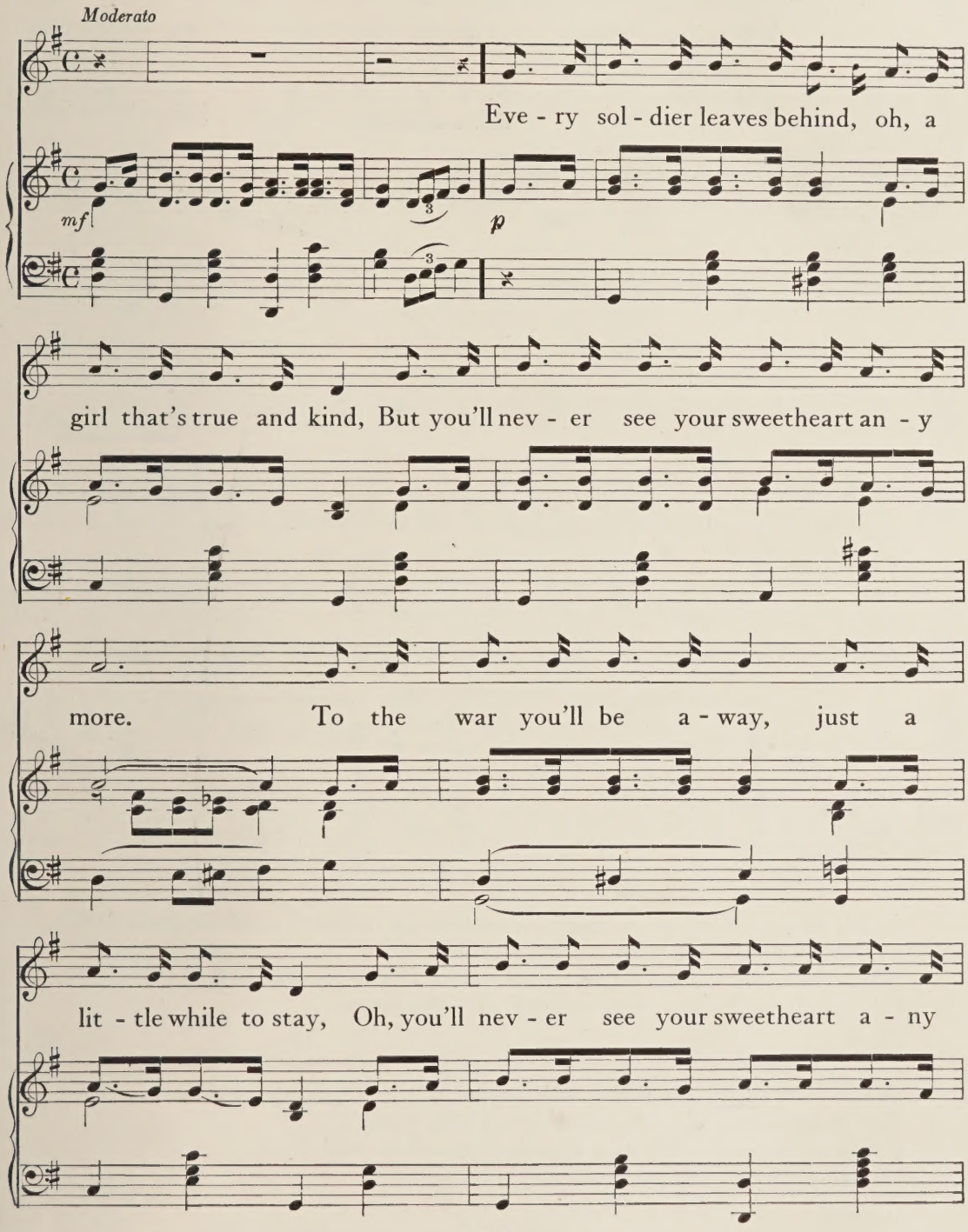
Chorus

So limber up the sixes and tens and other ones,
And bracket on the O.T. line until you get the Huns—
There may be many plans and schemes to set this old world free,
But you'll find in every one a part for coast artillery.

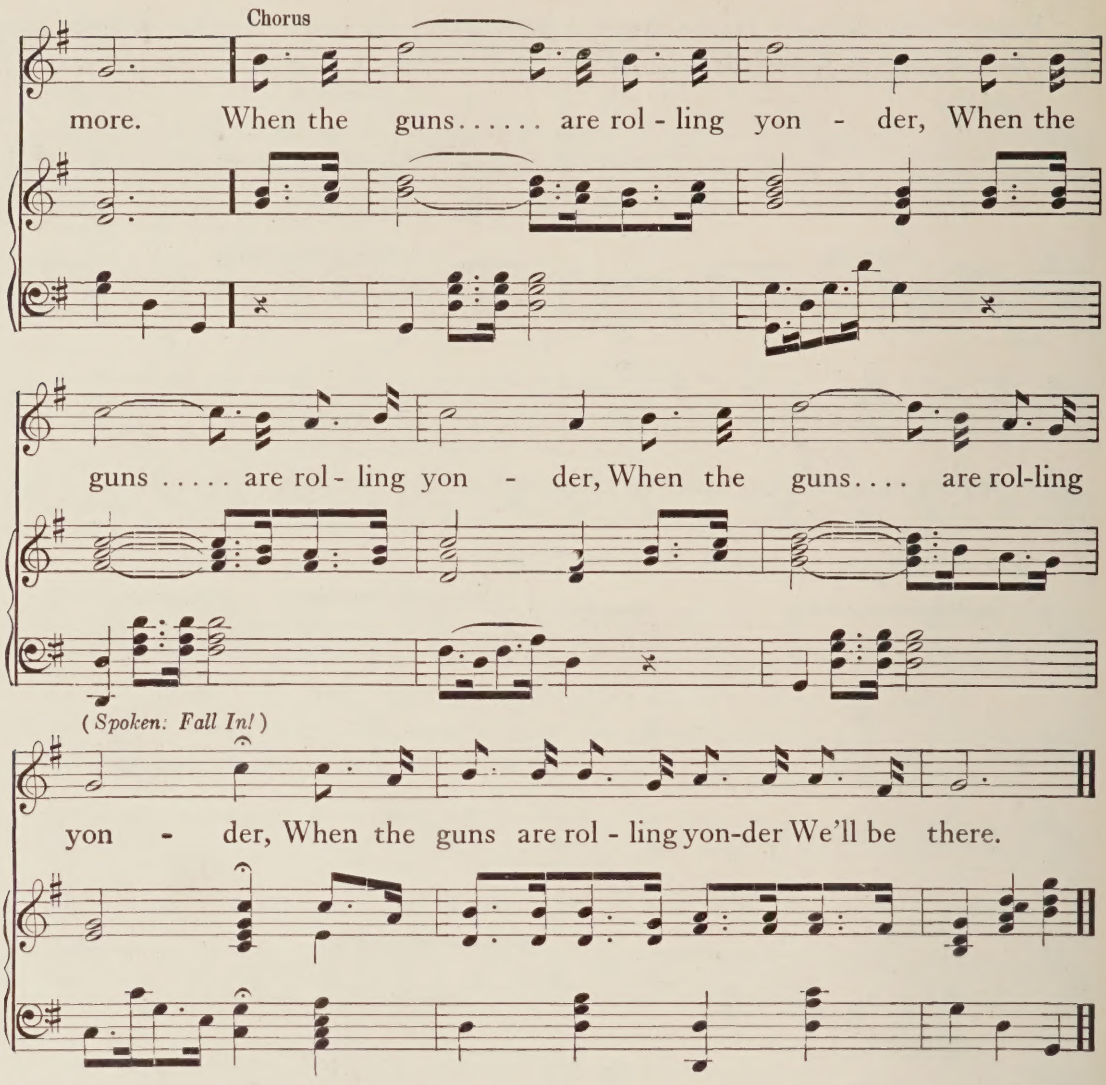
Chorus

WHEN THE GUNS ARE ROLLING YONDER

From "The Bearcat Hymn Book," 76th Field Artillery. Tune: "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder."


Moderato
Eve - ry sol - dier leaves behind, oh, a
mf
p
girl that's true and kind, But you'll nev - er see your sweetheart an - y
more. To the war you'll be a - way, just a
lit - tle while to stay, Oh, you'll nev - er see your sweetheart a - ny

WHEN THE GUNS ARE ROLLING YONDER


Chorus
more. When the guns..... are rol - ling yon - der, When the
guns ..... are rol - ling yon - der, When the guns.... are rol-ling
(Spoken: Fall In!)
yon - der, When the guns are rol - ling yon-der We'll be there.

You'll be marching up to battle where those damned machine-guns rattle,
But you'll never see your sweetheart any more.
When you're hanging on the wire under heavy hostile fire,
Oh, you'll never see your sweetheart any more.

Chorus

When your lungs are filled with gas, you'll be thinking of a lass,
But you'll never see your sweetheart any more.
Lying in the mud and rain, with a shrapnel in your brain,
Oh, you'll never see your sweetheart any more.

Chorus

When the charge is made at last, you'll be riding hard and fast,
But you'll never see your sweetheart any more.
And the poppies they will nod when you bite the blooming sod,
Oh, you'll never see your sweetheart any more.

Chorus

When the colonel says "G—— d—— it, get that battery to the front,"
And you'll never see your sweetheart any more.
When the Huns get your deflection you'll be absent at inspection,
And you'll never see your sweetheart any more.

Chorus

There will be no more to tell, when you stop a screaming shell,
And you'll never see your sweetheart any more;
For you'll wear a wooden jacket when the enemy gets your bracket.
Oh, you'll never see your sweetheart any more.

Chorus

Still, you may come back to find that the girl you left behind
Doesn't want to see her sweetheart any more.
For while you were across the sea, she acquired a family.
Oh, you'll never see your sweetheart any more.

Chorus

Let us love while yet we may, for perhaps there'll come a day
When you'll never see your sweetheart any more.
For the jackal and the crow said 'twas ever, ever, so—
Oh, you'll never see your sweetheart any more.

Chorus

ROARIOUS!*

A popular coast artillery parody on "One Keg of Beer for the Four of Us." See "Bombed" for piano score.

Coast Artillery Marching Song

Roarious! Roarious!
We'll make the coast artillery glorious!
We'll load her up with shell,
And we'll give the kaiser hell,
And we'll blast the bloody Germans out of France!

* Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc. Used by permission.

THE ENGINEER TRAIN

William S. Blass, who contributed this, states that it was sung to any tune that struck one's fancy.

We are the engineer train,
We fight in this great war game,
We drive the mules
That haul the tools
To give our regiment fame.

THE GUTS OF THE ARMY

These boastful lines were rather widely known in the field artillery, and are still frequently sung.

Tune: "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You"

Well, the doughboys are in the trenches,
And the cavalry's out on patrol,
When there's fighting in the air, the aeroplanes are there.
They're all right as far as they go;
But when the real fight starts over yonder,
It is then that you'll agree
That the GUTS of the whole damned army
Is in the field artillery.

MADEMOISELLE SOIXANTE-QUINZE

An old field artillery sergeant states that he first heard this sung at a show given by some men of the Forty-Second Division.

Oh, a mistress fit for a soldier's love
Is the graceful Seventy-Five;
As neat and slim and as strong and trim
As ever a girl alive!

Where the steel-blue sheen of her mail is seen,
And the light of her flashing glance,
In the broken spray of the roaring fray
Is the soul of embattled France.

Her love is true as the heaven's blue,
She will fight for her love till death;
Her hate is a flame no fear can tame
That slays with the lightning's breath.

For the sun of the day turns fogged and gray
And the night is a reeling hell
When she swings the frail of the shrapnel's hail,
Or looses the bursting shell.

Oh, the mistress fit for a soldier's love
Is the Soixante-Quinze, our boast,
Our hope and pride, like a new-won bride,
But the dread of the kaiser's host!

WE'RE THROUGH

Here is one of the many parodies written by Walter Scott of the 105th Field Artillery. It traveled around quite a bit and was sung in other artillery regiments. The tune is "Good-By, Boys, I'm Through."

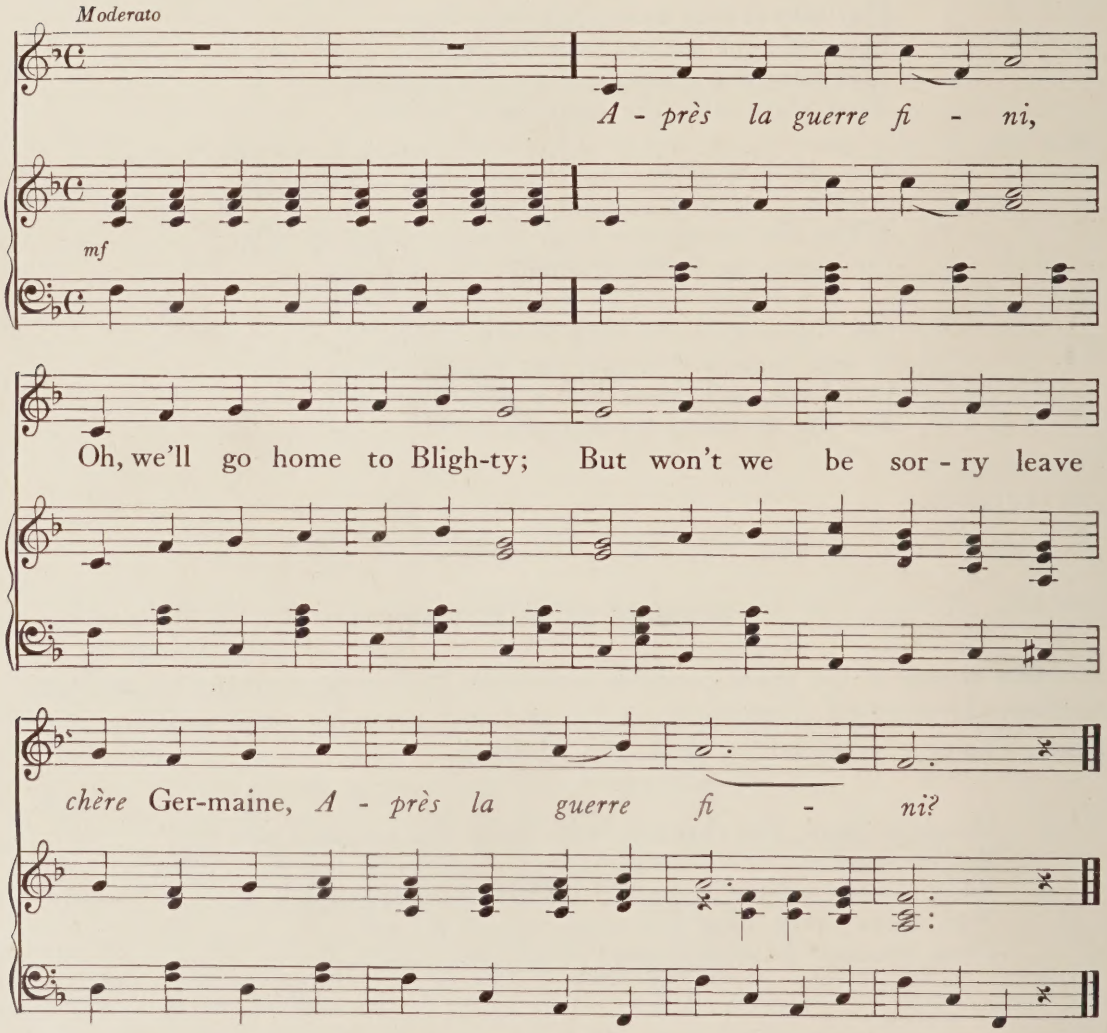
Good-by, boys, I'm through, with guns and caissons too;
We've severed our connections with quadrants and deflections.
As horsemen we are famous. No Hun could ever tame us.
Now there's one thing left to do; Cease firing!
Close Station! March Order! We're through!

APRÈS LA GUERRE FINI

Quite naturally a number of songs that our men sang originated with the British. The outstanding one, of course, is "Hinky Dinky, Parley-Voo?" Another was "Après La Guerre Fini." Our boys generally sang the song in waltz time. The words, too, were somewhat altered. Here is an American stanza:

Après la guerre fini,
Americain parti;
Mademoiselle seul au lit,
Looking after baby.

The tune is from "Sur Les Ponts de Paris."



APRÈS LA GUERRE FINI

Après la guerre fini,
English *soldat parti.*
Ma'm'selle Français beaucoup pickaninny,
Après la guerre fini.

IT'S THE SYME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

I first heard this sung by an officer who had served in England during part of the war. It is said to have been a favorite with the Black Watch and with the Anzacs.

Moderato
It's the syme the
mf
p
whole world ov - er,..... It's the poor what gets the
blyme,..... While the rich 'as all the
ply - sures..... Now ain't that a bleed - in' shyme?....

She was just a parson's daughter,
Pure, unstyn-ed was her fyme,
Till a country squire come courtin',
And the poor girl lorst her nyme.

So she went aw'y to Lunnon,
For to 'ide 'er guilty shyme,
There she met an army chaplain;
And ag'yn she lorst her nyme.

'Ear 'im as 'e jaws the Tommies,
Preachin' o' the flymes o' 'ell.
With 'er 'ole 'eart 'im she trusted,
But ag'yn she lorst her nyme.

See 'im in his ridin' britches,
'Untin' foxes in the chyse
W'ile the wictim o' his folly
Makes her livin' by her wice.

So she settled down in Lunnon,
Sinkin' deeper in her shyme,
Then she met a lybor leader,
And ag'yn she lorst 'er nyme.

Now 'e's in the 'Ouse o' Commons,
Mykin' laws to put down crime,
W'ile the wictim o' his plysure
Walks the street each night in shyme.

Then there cyme a bloated bishop.
Marriage was the tyle 'e told.
There was no one else to tyke 'er,
So she sold 'er soul for gold.

See 'er in 'er 'orse and carriage,
Drivin' idly through the park.
Though she's myde a wealthy marriage
Still she 'ides a brykin' 'eart.

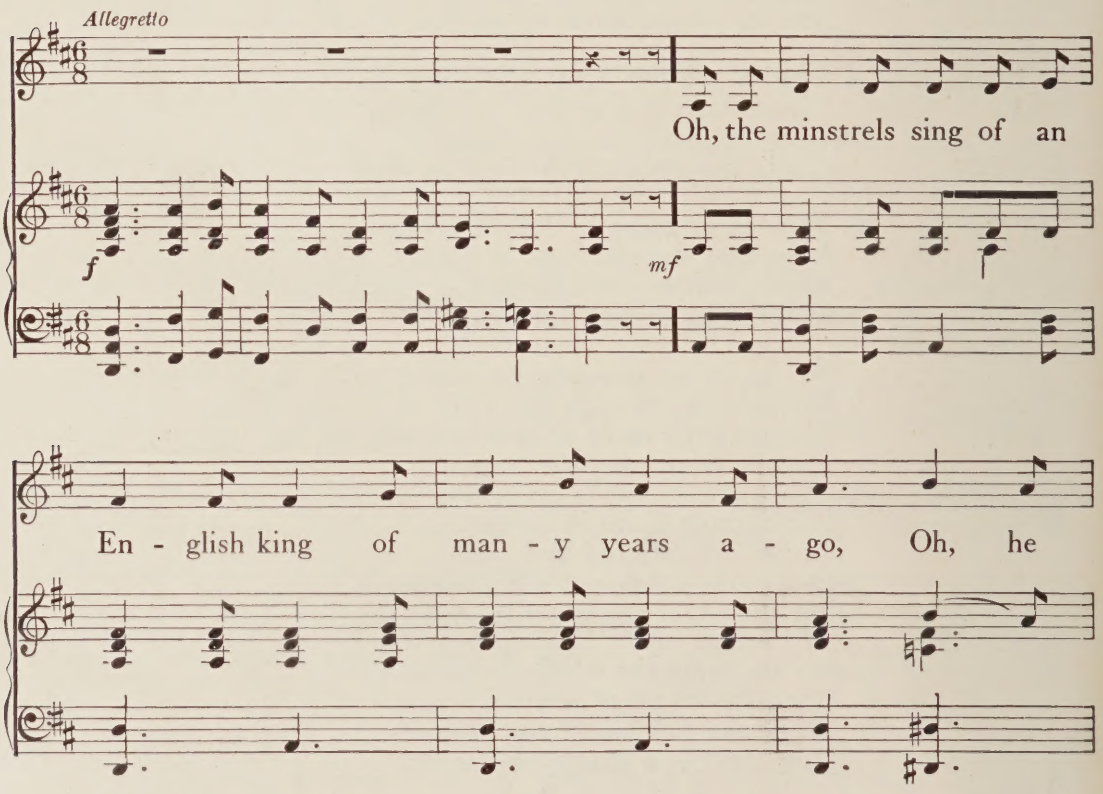
In a cottage down in Sussex
Sit her parents old and lyme;
Drinks the champyne what she sends them,
But they never speaks her nyme.

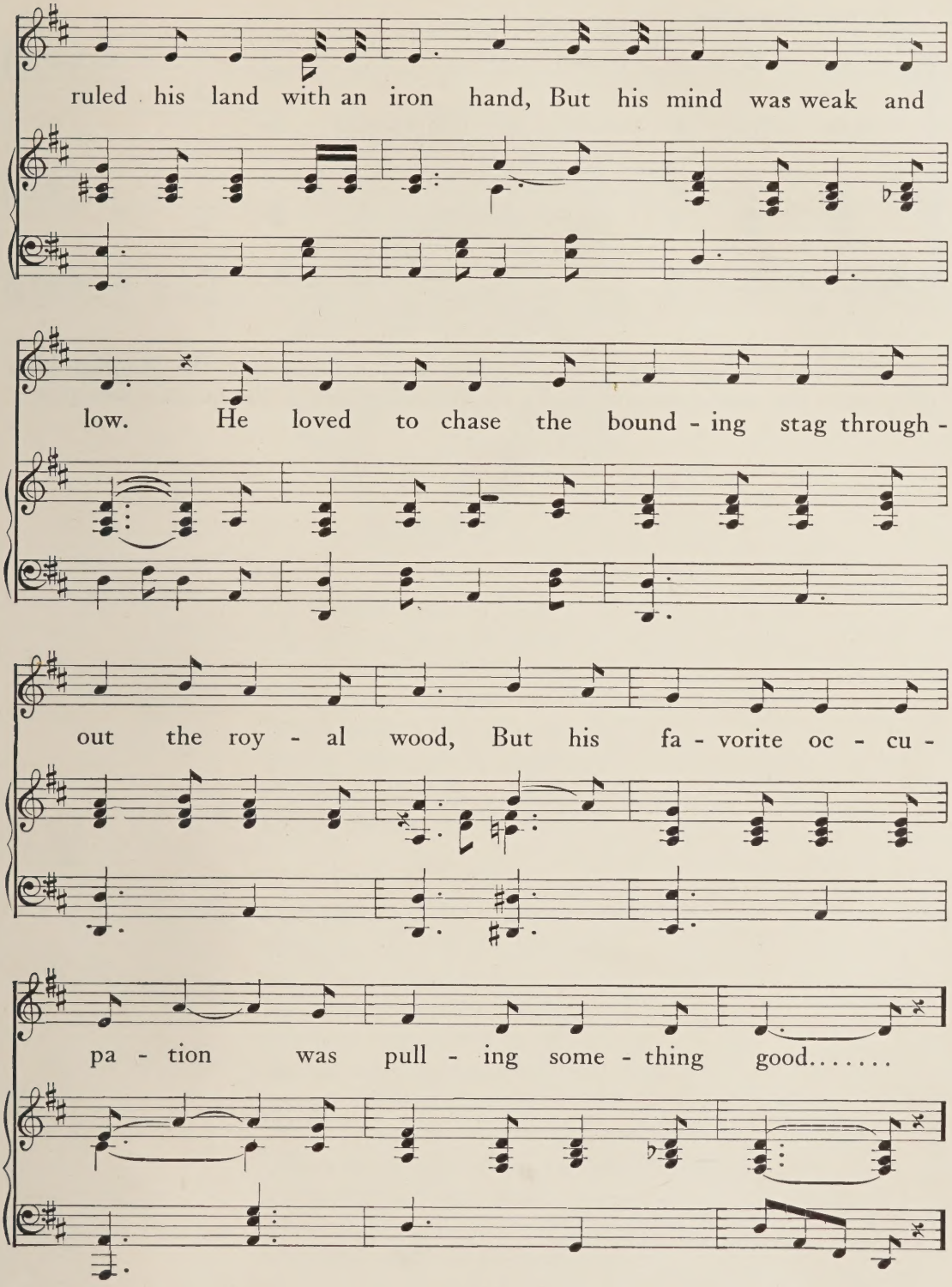
It's the syme the whole world over,
It's the poor what gets the blyme,
While the rich 'as all the plysures.
Now ayn't it a bloody shyme?

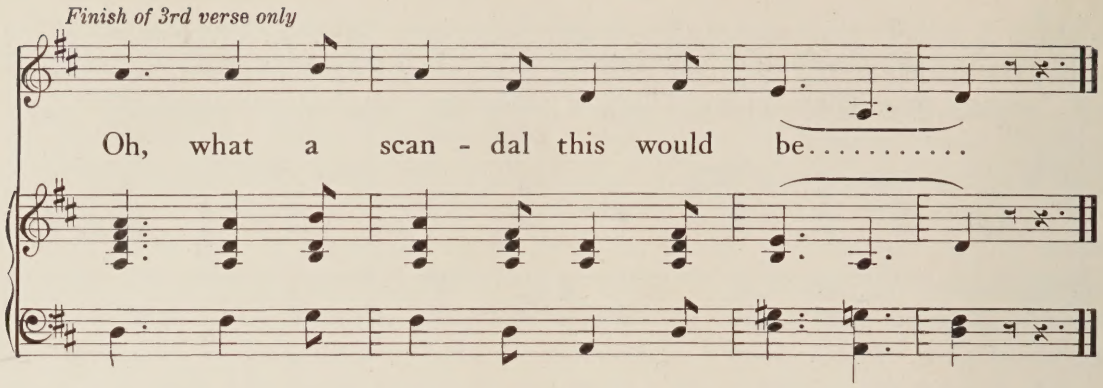
THE BUSTED KING OF ENGLAND

In privately printed books of profane ballads this song, under a more emphatic title, is credited to Rudyard Kipling. It is the story of an unfortunate love triangle in which the irresistible attraction of the "wild and woolley" King of England for that "sprightly dame," the Queen of Spain, causes Philip of France to send the Duke of Zip-a-Zap on a dastardly mission to the queen. The English king learns of Philip's ungentlemanly conduct and sends the loyal Duke of Suffolk to commit an atrocious assault on Philip. By misrepresenting himself and taking advantage of a pathological weakness in Philip, the duke lassos him and drags him before the King of England. At the critical moment, however, the ladies of the kingdom declare unanimously in favor of the King of France. The English king is thereupon "busted" and Philip usurps the throne.

The song was a great favorite with the 59th Coast Artillery after the war. The band leader rewrote it as a special march and one-step. Many a time "The Busted King" has sent the regiment swinging gaily past the reviewing stand; and at dances many an innocent maid or dignified matron has gone whirling about the floor in heavenly elation while her partner suppressed his chuckles and the orchestra gleefully redoubled its efforts at sight of her enjoyment of "that *wonderful* one-step."




ruled his land with an iron hand, But his mind was weak and
low. He loved to chase the bound - ing stag through -
out the roy - al wood, But his fa - vorite oc - cu -
pa - tion was pull - ing some - thing good.....



The third stanza tells of the French queen's liking for the English king. The extra line is a comment on the scandalous nature of the queen's thoughts.

This became known to, and popular with, the Americans who were brigaded with the British.

Up to your waist in water,
Up to your eyes in slush,
Using the kind of language
That makes the sergeant blush;
Who wouldn't join the army?
That's what we all inquire.
Don't we pity the poor civilians
Sitting beside the fire?

Chorus

Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a lovely war.
Who wouldn't be a soldier, eh?
Oh, it's a shame to take the pay.
As soon as reveille has gone
We feel just as heavy as lead,
But we never get up till the sergeant
Brings our breakfast up to bed.
What do you want with eggs and ham
When you've got plum and apple jam?
Form fours! Right turn!
How shall we spend the money we earn?
Oh! Oh! Oh! It's a lovely war.

OH, IT'S A LOVELY WAR!

When does a soldier grumble?
When does he make a fuss?
No one is more contented
In all the world than us.
Oh, it's a cushy life, boys!
Really, we love it so,
Once a fellow was sent on leave
And simply refused to go.
Chorus

Come to the cook-house door, boys,
Sniff at the lovely stew.
Who is it says the colonel gets
Better grub than you?
Any complaints this morning?
Do we complain? Not we.
What's the matter with lumps of onion
Floating around in the tea?
Chorus

THAT'S THE WRONG WAY TO TICKLE MARIE

Tommy's favorite parody on his favorite song—"Tipperary"—also found favor with the Yanks.

That's the wrong way to tickle Marie,
That's the wrong way to kiss;
Don't you know that over here, lad,
They like it best like this?
Hooray pour la France!
Farewell, Angleterre!
We didn't know the way to tickle Marie,
But we've learned how over here!

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, FRITZIE BOY

Lieutenant Gitz Rice wrote this song after the battle of Ypres in 1915.

Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy,
Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy,
Last night, in the pale moonlight,
I saw you, I saw you,
You were fixing your barb' wire
When we opened rapid fire.
If you want to see your
Vater und der Vaterland,
Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy.

HOLD YOUR HEAD DOWN, FUSILEER

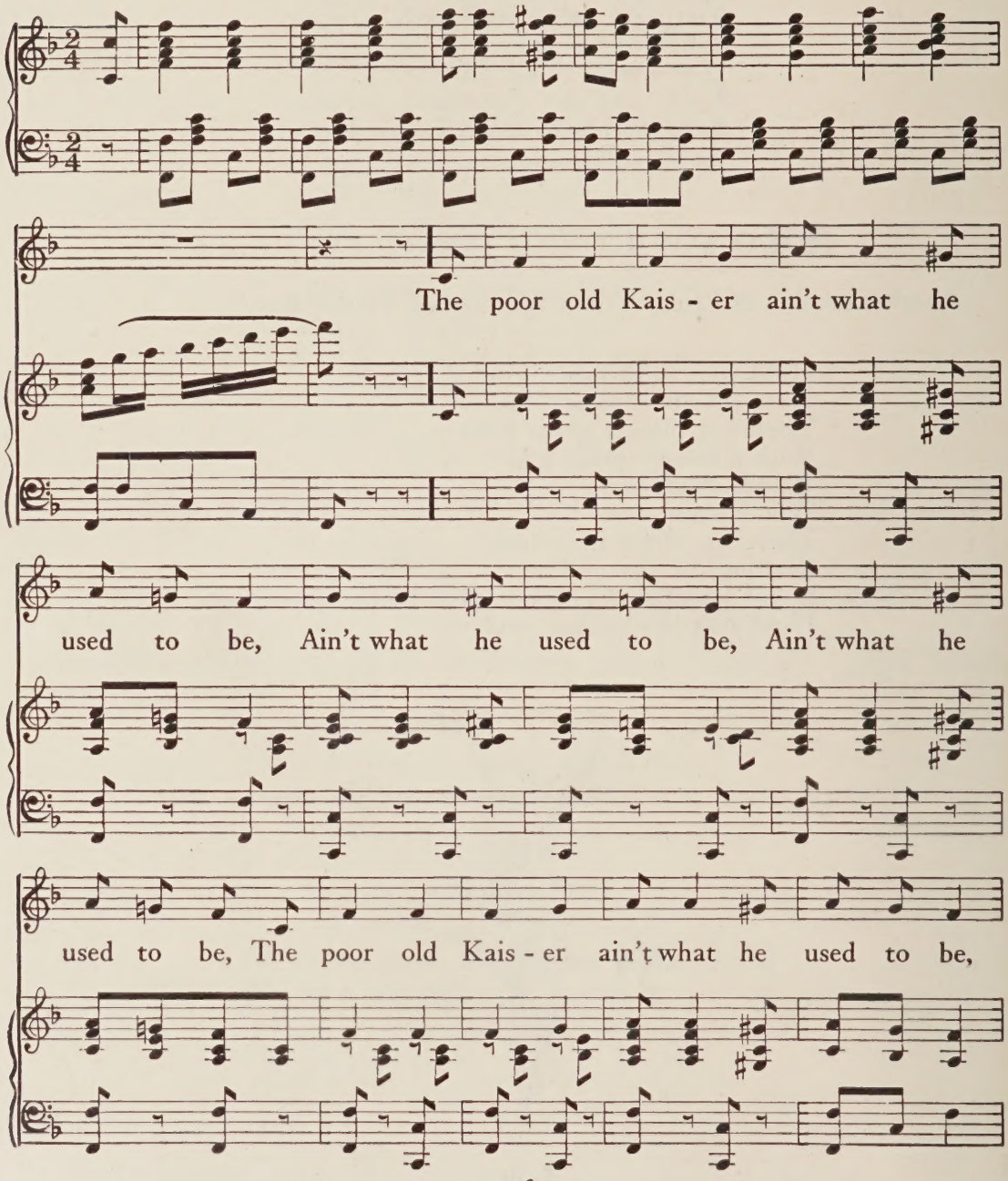
Another version of "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy."

Hold your head down, fusileer,
Hold your head down, fusileer.
There's a bloody great Hun
With a bloody great gun
Who'll shoot you,
Who'll shoot you;
There's a sniper up a tree
Waiting for you and me;
If you want to get back to your home any more,
Hold your head down, fusileer.

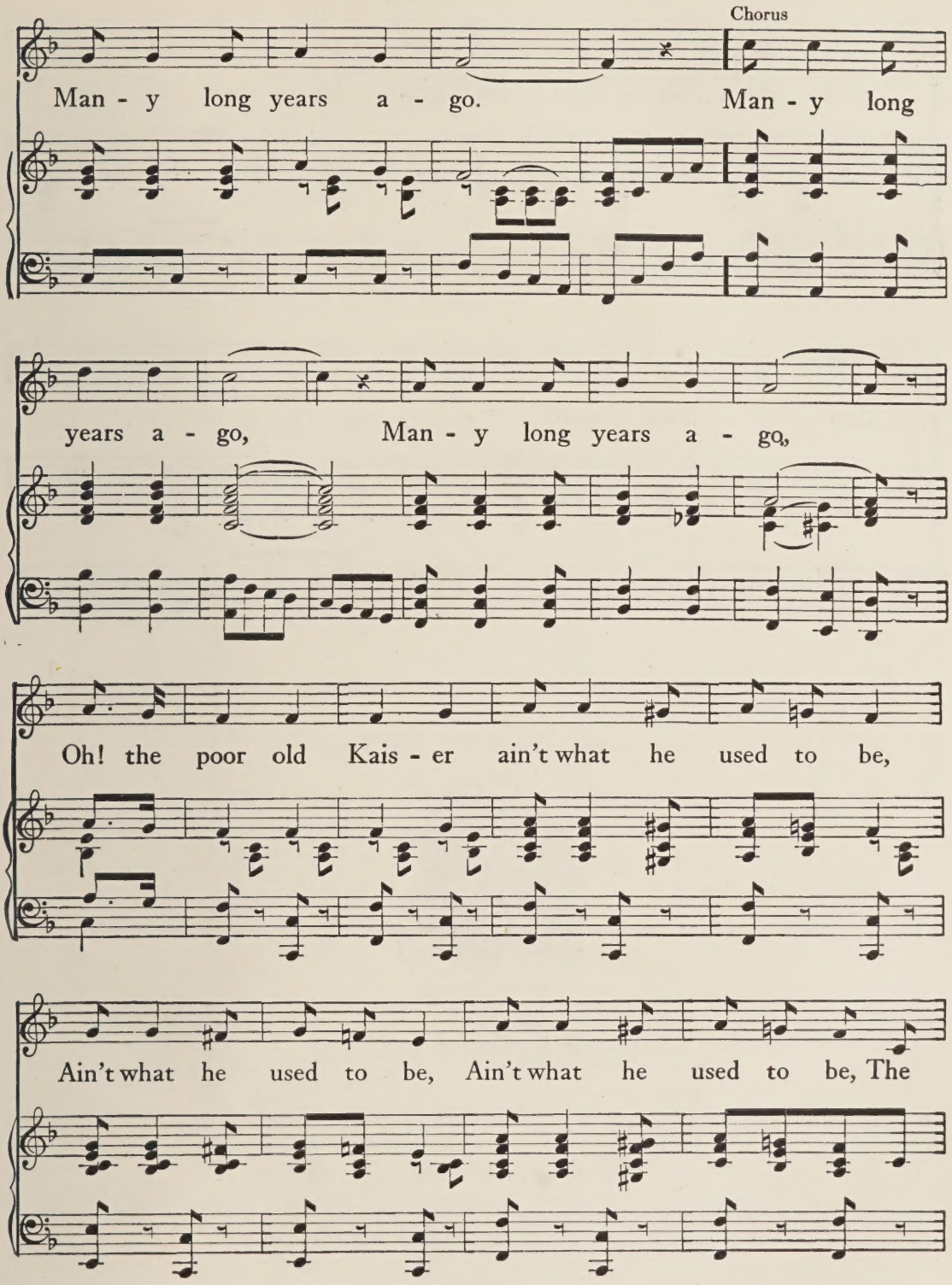
PARODIES ON "THE OLD GRAY MARE"

The dam of the Old Gray Mare of whiffletree fame appears to have been an old Negro melody. With such offspring as those given below to keep her company, she bids fair to outlive even the parson's famous old race-horse.

THE KAISER AIN'T WHAT HE USED TO BE


The poor old Kais - er ain't what he
used to be, Ain't what he used to be, Ain't what he
used to be, The poor old Kais - er ain't what he used to be,

THE KAISER AIN'T WHAT HE USED TO BE


Chorus
Man - y long years a - go. Man - y long
years a - go, Man - y long years a - go,
Oh! the poor old Kais - er ain't what he used to be,
Ain't what he used to be, Ain't what he used to be, The

THE KAISER AIN'T WHAT HE USED TO BE

WE'RE IN THE Q. M. C.

Next to the M.P.'s, the most jibed-at people in the army were the quartermaster corps men in the S.O.S. A companion piece to this, in spirit at least, is "Mother, Take in Your Service Flag."

Oh, we don't have to hike like the infantry,
Ride like the cavalry,
Shoot like artillery,
Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany—
We're in the Q.M.C.

Chorus

We're in the Q.M.C.,
We're in the Q.M.C.,
Oh, we don't have to hike like the infantry,
Ride like the cavalry,
Shoot like artillery,
Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany—
We're in the Q.M.C.

PAY-DAY SONG

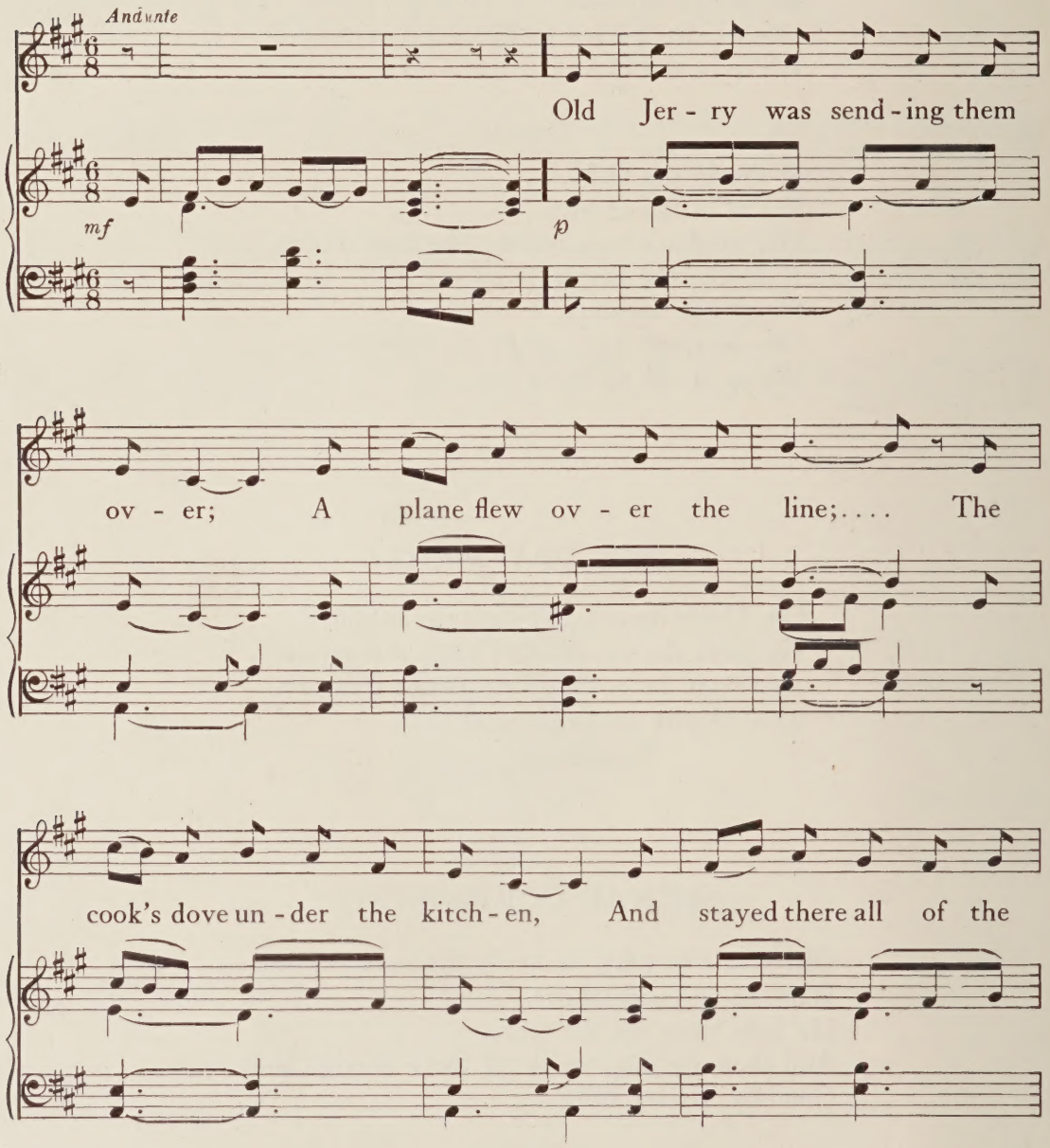
Oh, Uncle Sammy, he pays the infantry,
He pays the cavalry, he pays the artillery,
And then, by gosh, he closes the treasury.
To hell with the engineers!

SIGNAL CORPS SONG

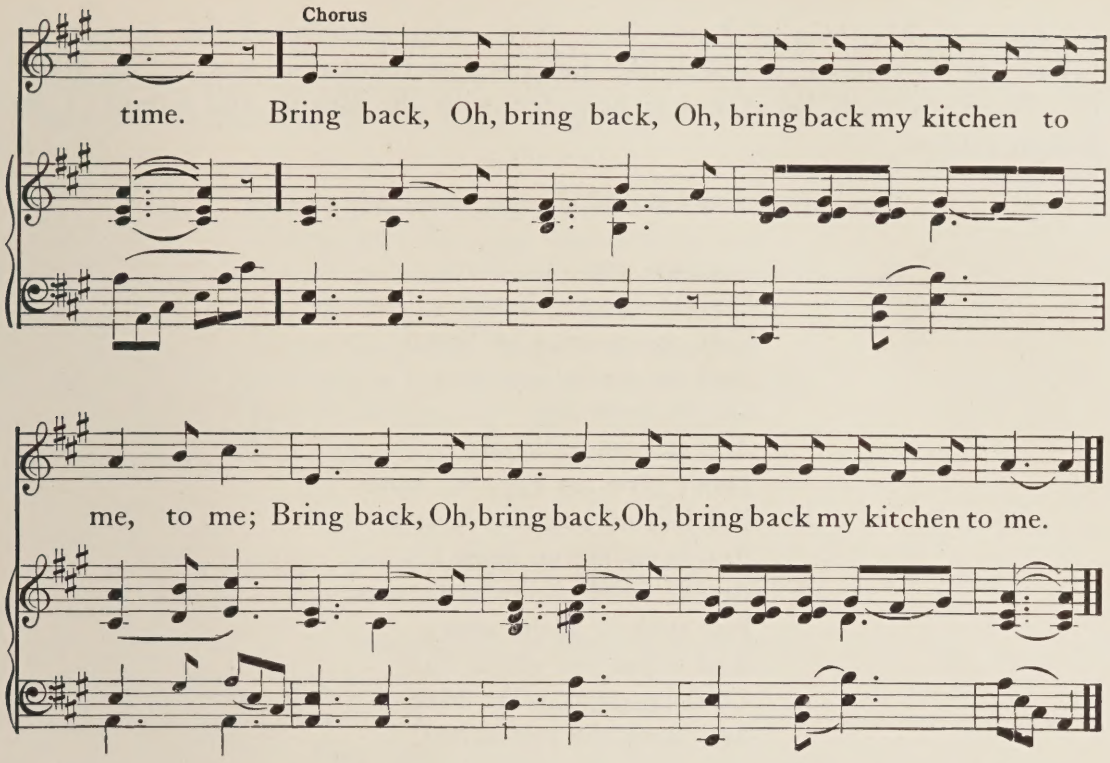
Oh! Uncle Sammy, he needs the signal corps,
Wigwag and semaphore,
He gets them by the score,
And then, by jing, we're off for a foreign shore.
Good-by, Kaiser Bill!

BRING BACK MY KITCHEN TO ME

Composed by Dewey Root at Meulebeke, Belgium, while the 37th Division was on the Ypres-Lys front. Contributed by C. L. Vercoe, of Athens, Ohio.


Andante
Old Jer - ry was send - ing them
mf
p
ov - er; A plane flew ov - er the line;.... The
cook's dove un - der the kitch - en, And stayed there all of the

BRING BACK MY KITCHEN TO ME


Chorus
time. Bring back, Oh, bring back, Oh, bring back my kitchen to
me, to me; Bring back, Oh, bring back, Oh, bring back my kitchen to me.

GIVE ME SOME HARDTACK

Allan E. Matthias of Amsterdam, N.Y., who contributed this parody on "Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl," states that it was written while the Twenty-Seventh Division was brigaded with the British and living(?) on British rations.

Tune: "Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl"

Give me some hardtack,
Give me some cheese,
Give me a crust of bread,
And let me eat my fill
Of old corn Bill
And call me well fed.
Don't give me eggs or ham,
But lots of strawberry jam,
And brew me up some tea;
And if you have an army shoe,
Just stick it in the stew;
And if you run short, Pat,
Cook up my old Tin Hat,
And leave the rest to me.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE BEANS AND HARDTACK

A parody on "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You." Contributed by Bernard J. Murray, ex-Corporal, 34th Artillery (C.A.C.). The author must have been subsidized by the mess sergeants.

If you don't like your beans and hardtack,
If you don't like your slumgullion stew,
No matter what you eat, the table's always neat,
And there's no kick a-coming from you.
If you don't like your thirty monthly,
And you're sore at the mess sergeant, too,
Just remember, my boy, it's an honor—
It's Uncle Sam that's feeding you.

ARMY BEANS

Contributed by Bernard J. Murray

Tune: "My Little Girl"

Dear army beans, you know I love you,
For I eat you every day;
Dear army beans, I'm thinking of you,
When I'm hiking miles away;
Mosquitoes bite, down in the wildwood,
When I'm thinking most of you,
Dear army beans, I smell you cooking,
And I'm coming back to you.

SLUM AND BEANS

Mr. C. L. Vercoe of Athens, Ohio, who contributed this parody on "Memories," states that it was composed by two soldiers named Bill Boyles and Dewey Root while "C" Company of the 135th Machine Gun Bn., 37th Division, was on the Alsace–Lorraine front.

Tune: "Memories"

Slum and beans,
Slum and beans,
Marmalade and stew.
We hike with packs upon our backs
But we'll return to you.
At night we dream of peaches and cream,
Our homes across the sea;
So send us a shell to blow us to hell
Where they don't serve us slum and beans.

OH, HOW I HATE TO GO INTO THE MESS HALL

Parody on "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"

Oh, how I hate to go into the mess hall!
Oh, how I long for the foods at home!
For it isn't hard to guess
Why they call the meals a mess—
You've got to eat beans, you've got to eat beans,
You've got to eat beans in the army.
Some day I'll murder the cook in the kitchen;
Some day I'll throw him into the lake.
And when the bloomin' war is through
I'll say: "To h— with beans and stew!"
And spend the rest of my pay on steak.

MOTHER, TAKE IN YOUR SERVICE FLAG

To the boys of the Service of Supply this ditty was what a red flag is to a bull. To everyone else it was a prime favorite, second only to such well-known songs as "Hinky Dinky" and "I'll Tell You Where They Were."

Oh, mother, take in your service flag;
Your son's in the S.O.S.
He's S.O.L., but what the hell—
He's having a wonderful rest.
He's weak and pale, but that's from ale
Or else I miss my guess,
So, mother, take in your service flag;
Your son's in the S.O.S.

MOTHER, PUT OUT YOUR SERVICE STAR

Here's an air service variant of "Mother, Take in Your Service Flag." The "Sop" is the same kind of plane that was used by the unfortunate aviator whose dying words are recorded in "The Passing Pilot."

Oh, mother, put out your service star,
Your son's going up in a Sop.
The wings are weak, the tank's a-leak,
She's got a wobbling prop;
The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk,
He's sure to take a flop;
So, mother, put out your service star,
Your son's going up in a Sop.

BON SOIR, MADEMOISELLE

A widely known parody.

"Bon Soir, mademoiselle,
Comment allez-vous?"
"Je suis très bien, monsieur,
Comment allez-vous?"
"Voulez-vous prominer avec moi?"
"Certainement, monsieur."
"Très bien, mademoiselle,
Where do we go from here?"

PARODY OF 310TH ENGINEERS

One night while on the march to Germany the 310th Engineers stopped at Gravenmacher, Luxemburg. That same night the outfit was paid. While the usual celebration was in progress a singer mounted a table in one of the cafés and sang this parody, which at once became a favorite in the regiment. It was contributed by Norton Greene, of Northville, Michigan, who was a sergeant in Company F.

Oh, joy! oh, boy! Where do we go from here?
We scraped up all the mud in France
And drank up all their beer;
We repaired the bridges and fixed the roads up fine,
And now we're going to Germany to watch 'em on the Rhine.

Oh, joy! oh, boy! Where do we go from here?
We'll strap our packs upon our backs
And beat it for a pier.
After that we'll take off our hats
And bid old France good-by,
For we'll go back to the United States
And stay there till we die.

SLIP A PILL TO KAISER BILL*

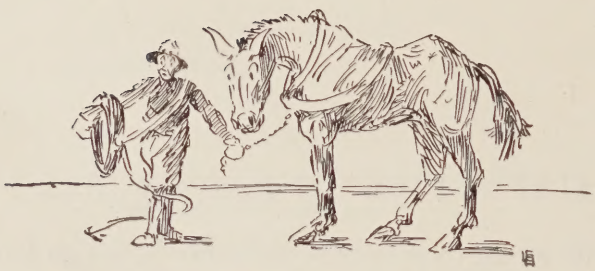
Where do we go from here boys, where do we go from here?
Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill and make him shed a tear;
And when we see the enemy we'll shoot them in the rear;
Oh, joy, oh, boy, where do we go from here?

* Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc. Used by permission.

THE RED LEG ROOKIE'S LAMENT

This parody on "A Long, Long Trail" was a great favorite at the Camp Taylor Field Artillery Training Camp.

There's a long, long trace a-winding
Around the hocks of my team,
And the martingale is twisted
Round the off brake beam.
I've got the off horse saddled backwards,
I've got the crupper round his neck—
It's all so damned peculiar,
But we'll get there yet, by heck!



THERE'S A LONG, LONG NAIL A-GRINDING

Contributed by Bernard J. Murray

There's a long, long nail a-grinding
Into the sole of my shoe,
And it digs a little deeper every mile or two;
But there's one sweet day a-coming,
A day I'm dreaming about—
The day when I can sit me down
And pull that damned nail out.

A CAMP TRAVIS PARODY

There's a long, long trail that's winding
Into No Man's Land in France,
Where shrapnel shells are bursting,
And where we must advance.

There'll be lots of drills and hiking
Before our dreams come true,
But some day we'll show the kaiser
What our machine-gun boys can do.

VERSION OF THE 27TH DIVISION

I've got my wind up, honey,
A-laying 'way out here in No Man's Land.
Where the shells are falling fast,
And I think I'm smellin' gas.
Each shell that's a-comin' over,
Seems to bear my name in letters large and clear,
And if from me you do not hear
Now don't think it very queer.

Chorus

For machine-gun bullets are whizzing round me,
The old tin hat's a-feelin' mighty small;
Inside it I'd like to crawl and hug the ground
Just like a porous plaster.
My feet feel heavy and my knees feel weak;
I bite my tongue every time I speak,
When the shells are fallin' near.
I'm afraid I'm stoppin' here,
In No Man's Land, where they play that shell-hole rag.
(Do you hear it?) Whizz-z—Bang!

VERSION USED BY BATTERY C, 21ST F.A., FIFTH DIVISION

Chorus

I'll be down to get you in an ambulance, captain,
I'll be there with a helping hand,
When the boys cross No Man's Land.
Sure I'll be there but I won't be fighting,
When the Germans throw the gas and shell;
We won't retreat, but we'll advance like hell,
Now I think I'm smelling gas,
As the shells are falling fast,
'Way down there where they play that shell-hole rag.

AIR SERVICE VERSION (KELLY FIELD)

Chorus

I'll be down to meet you with my pick and shovel,
We'll wander down to the old gravel pit,
And it will take some grit to be there
When the sergeant starts in callin'.
And then we'll get our mess kits, sonny,
And fall in right at the head of the line;
When we've mixed them beans and stews,
Why, we'll sing the Quarantine Blues,
Tomorrow night at the mess-hall cabaret.

VERSION OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

Chorus

When the war is over and I get back home,
You can bet your life I'll never roam.
I'll have a captain driving my limousine,
Lieutenant colonel buying my gasoline.
I'll have a major in the garden with a rake and hoe,
My old top-sergeant a-pressing my clothes,
An M. P. at my door,
First and second looey scrubbing my floor,
When the war is over and I get back home again.

VERSION OF THE 28TH DIVISION

We'll be over there to get you, Fritzie,
You'd better be ready about half past four.
Now, Fritzie, don't get sore;
We're gonna be there when our barrage starts firing.
Remember, when we get there, Fritzie,
Your hand-grenades, we fear them not,
And your propaganda is all rot.
You can talk about your gas,
But we'll eat it up like hash.
Tomorrow night when we go over the top
We'll never stop!

WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF?

Composed by Walter Scott, Battery C, 105th Field Artillery.

1. I've got some good news, Emil,
   We're going to leave about the fifth of March.
2. Where do you get that stuff?
1. Well, I heard it, that's enough.
2. You spring that dope most every day.
1. Well, I get it from a K.P. where I couché.
2. Please don't think me mean, but do you sleep near the latrine?

Chorus

1. Why, there'll be girls to ride us round in taxies, honey.
2. I guess you mean the green ones with the cops inside.
1. From the crowds we'll have to hide
   When they see us get off that steamer.
2. But remember when we get there, August,
   The sailors will have had them all.
1. We'll get the prize for class and nerve,
   At the ball of the Naval Reserve,
   In their deep dugout at 2 8 0 Broadway.

OVER THERE*

George M. Cohan took a catchy phrase, fitted it to some notes from old bugle marches, and produced the outstanding war song of the day. It was widely sung in France, as well as at home, although the doughboy often preferred his own words about "Underwear, underwear." We are even told that during the early part of America's participation in the war the French, too, sang "Ovair Zair" with much gusto.

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming!
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over over there.

* Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc. Used by special permission.

AFTER ALL

Contributed by Bernard J. Murray

Bill, we're on our way, on our way, on our way,
Coming every day, every day, every day;
We don't like to spare the time,
But we've got to stop your crime.
Bill, you poor old slob, let the mob take your job,
For your country's mad they have had such a lad.
You're the one, we all agree,
Who put the germ in Germany.

Chorus

After all, after all,
You're the guy that is due for a fall;
And we think, old Billy, that you'd look silly
With your back right up against a wall.
So you know, you must go;
Send a word to your friend down below.
We can name him, and we can blame him,
But it's your old top that we're after, after all.

THE 360TH INFANTRY PARODY

Composed by Thomas W. Iiams, 360th Infantry, and sung by the troops that returned on the Leviathan and landed in New York, April 2, 1919.

Over there, over there, where the Hun shrapnel bursts in the air,
With the Dutch planes coming, machine-guns drumming
And bullets humming everywhere—
Bursting flare in the air, as we yelled to the Boche to beware,
We went over, yes we went over and we've just come back
For it's over—over there.

This "stammering song" was a great favorite with the troops and had numerous parodies. It was composed by Geoffrey O'Hara.

K-K-K-KATY *

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore,
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the cow-shed
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

* Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc. Used by permission.

PARODIES

K-K-K-K-P.
Dirty old K.P.,
That's the only army job that I abhor,
When the m-moon shines over the guardhouse,
I'll be mopping up the k-k-k-kitchen floor.

C-c-c-cootie,
Horrible cootie,
You're the only b-b-bug that I abhor,
When the m-moon shines over the bunk-house,
I will scratch my b-b-b-back until it's sore.

OLD GENERAL BELL

By Walter Scott, Battery C, 105th Field Artillery

Old General Bell, he's round to inspect again, inspect again,
Old General Bell, he's round to inspect again!
We're in a worse sort of fix than the boys of '76;
We keep on grooming and raking on one slice of bacon
Till our sides are aching.
Why do we fall when they blow that old mess call?
It's a stall;
Left-over stew they'll feed to you; the meat is few.
Though we're pretty rotten I'll confess,
Still we managed to ditch the S.O.S.,
When old General Bell came round to inspect again.

COMPANY A, 121ST M. G. BN. 32ND DIVISION

Captain John C. Fritschler, 120th Field Artillery, Wisconsin National Guard, who contributed this parody, states that it was first sung by two buglers of the company, Joseph Butters and a man named Johnson. The "one, nine, one, six" refers to company's Mexican-border service in 1916.

Company A, old battling Company A,
Company A, you're here in France to stay.
You're in a worse sort of fix
Than you were in 1916 (one, nine, one, six)
But we are ready to mix and chase the kaiser
Back to his Waterloo.
Company A, old battling Company A, Company A,
It's up to you. What will you do?
Kill the kaiser and his whole damn crew,
And make your mothers all feel proud of you.
Company A, it's time to do your bit!

SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH

A parody on "Smile, Smile, Smile." It's the little things that count!

Wrap both your elbows up around your neck
And scratch, scratch, scratch.
Don't stop a second—if you do, by heck,
Your troubles start to hatch.
What's the use of sulphur salve?
It never was worth much;
So wrap both your elbows up around your neck
And scratch, scratch, scratch.

WHEN EVENING COOTIES CRAWL

This parody on "When Evening Shadows Fall" was written by William S. Blass and widely sung in the engineer train to which he belonged.

When evening shadows fall,
The cooties bother most of all.
Some day I hope to smile,
For I'll miss you all the while;
Some day you'll die, you pest,
Then I in peace can rest;
Seems to me I feel you crawling
When evening shadows fall.

A HOT TIME IN BERLIN *

A Camp Travis marching parody by George O. Van Camp.

Tune: "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight"

We're a million gringo soldiers, Yankee Dixie is our name.
We've been called to fight "der Kaiser"
And you bet we'll play the game.
We're no military puppets—but we'll get there just the same,
And raise a hot time in Berlin—some night!

Chorus

(Ach, Louie)
When you hear us raise the rebel yell, we'll
Grab our guns and "over the top" pell mell,
And when we meet the Huns we'll chase them clean to—well,
There'll be a hot time—in Hades—that night.

Texas Rangers are no strangers to a spittin', coughin' gun,
And the "Cowboys" all are "Now-boys"
When the time to fight has come.
And our "Clerks" will fit the Kaiser with a suit of stripes, by gum
And make him sweat there—in Berlin—that night.

Chorus

(Ach, Heinie)
When you hear our guns begin to purr,
Drop your beer and ruffle up your fur,
And "mit your tail tucked tight" like a tin-can-driven cur
You'll be a "HOT DOG" in Berlin—that night.

* Copyright, William R. Kane. Used by permission.

PARODY ON "TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING"

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
The kaiser's right there at the door.
If we had a submarine, we'd biff him on the bean,
And there wouldn't be a kaiser any more.

BILL, OLD DOG, WE'RE GOING TO DO YAH

Parody on "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Contributed by Bernard J. Murray.

Old Bill Kaiser, we are coming 'cross the blue,
We've got a date with friends of ours to have a date with you;
We are coming with a wallop that will put the business through,
As we go marching on.

Chorus

Glory, glory halleluiah,
Bill, old dog, we're going to do yah,
Ten kinds of hell are coming to yah,
As we go marching on.

KUSSING THE KAISER *

Tune: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush"

If you want to "Kuss the Kaiser,"
(Fuss the Kaiser, Muss the Kaiser)
If you want to Kuss the Kaiser Out
In many a different key—
"Bless him out" poetically,
Phonetically, hypothetically,
Then seal him up hermetically
And sink him in the sea.

* Copyright, William R. Kane. Used by permission.

I'M A-RARIN' TO GO*

A Texas song with thorns on it. Typical of the spirit of the southwestern cowboys who enlisted in the cavalry and ended up by rendering invaluable assistance in the remount service. Composed by George A. Van Camp.

I've done throwed my saddle in a mesquite tree,
And I'm a-rarin' to go,
Jest a-rarin' to go.
I forked my cayuse from the lone prairie,
And I'm shoutin' and a-honin' for to go.
Whoopee!!
I'm a-shoutin' and a-honin' for to go.

I've dropped my bed-roll in the cavalree,
For I'm a ridin' galoot,
Jest a ridin' galoot.
And I'll ride old Kaiser Willie jest as easilee
As any other broncho in my string.
By Gee!!
And I'll fan him and I'll spur him as we go.

I'll fag him and I'll haze him into Germanee!
He'll be rarin' to go,
Jest a-rarin' to go.
And when I get him busted, will I set him free?
I'm a-talkin' and a-tellin' that I won't,
Not me!
I'm a-talkin' and a-tellin' that I won't!

* Copyright, William R. Kane. Used by permission.

WE'RE ALL GOING CALLING ON THE KAISER *

This popular song was written in 1918 by Jack Caddigan and set to music by James A. Brennan.

We're all going calling on the Kaiser,
For we've got to teach the Kaiser to be wiser.
And we'll bring him something good,
A kimono made of wood,
We'll wish him well with shot and shell,
The son of a gun we'll give him Hell!
We're all going calling on the Kaiser,
The English, French, the Yanks and Irish, too,
Don't forget what Sherman said,
That's where he'll be when he's dead,
For we're all going calling on the Kaiser.

We're all going calling on the Kaiser,
For we've got to teach the Kaiser to be wiser.
Sure, we'll send him down below,
Where the likes of him should go,
We'll leave him there to rave and tear,
And divil a one is goin' to care,
We're all going calling on the Kaiser,
The English, French, the Yanks and Irish, too,
He'll be looking at his best,
With a lily on his chest,
For we're all going calling on the Kaiser.

We're all going calling on the Kaiser,
For we've got to teach the Kaiser to be wiser.
When the morning-glories climb,
And it's Kaiser-picking time,
The Kaiserine will then be seen
Spraying a bed of myrtle green.
We're all going calling on the Kaiser,
The English, French, the Yanks and Irish, too,
And an epitaph we'll tell,
How poor Willie went to Hell!
For we're all going calling on the Kaiser.

* Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc. Used by permission.

THE BATTLE OF BILL RUN *

Tune: "In My Harem"

Composed by Geo. O. Van Camp

Watch old "Bill" run
When a Millyun
Of our "Yankee Dixie Gringoes"
Sprinkle salt upon his dewlaps—
We will beat him out by two laps.
Scraps for breakfast,
Fights for dinner,
Hell at supper time—
That's what we'll give "Willyum"
When we chase him o'er the Rhine.
And "der Kaiser"
He'll be wiser
When he sees the darkening skies are
Full of Yankee boats
Dropping bombs on Willie's goats;
They'll look and listen, then run's the word.

* Copyright, William R. Kane. Used by permission.

OUR WILD IRISH ROWS *

Tune: "My Wild Irish Rose"

Composed by Geo. O. Van Camp

When our wild Irish throws
Trench bombs on Freedom's foes,
You may search everywhere,
But no Huns will be there.
Where they'll be only Beelzebub knows.
There'll be "Wild Irish Rows"
Where the tide of victory flows,
And the flags in Berlin
Will turn green when we win
By the might of "our wild Irish boys."

* Copyright, William R. Kane. Used by permission.

I'D HATE TO BE A HUN

I'd hate to be a Hun, boys,
I know that very well;
I know that they are done boys,
Each time they hear us yell.
We beat you at the Marne,
And we beat you at the Aisne,
We gave you hell at Neuve-Chapelle,
And here we are again.

THERE ARE SHIPS

Parody on "Smiles"

There are ships that carry rations,
There are ships that carry mail.
There are ships that carry ammunition—
There are ships that merely carry sail.
There are ships that carry President Wilson—
They are mighty giants of the foam;
But I'd trade them all for just a rowboat,
If that rowboat would carry me home.

WHEN WE STEP UP OLD FIFTH AVENUE

Here is another of the parodies written by Walter Scott, Battery C, 105th Field Artillery. It was contributed by Fred Ulmer, of East Orange, New Jersey, who served in the same outfit.

Just see those New York laddies, loused up with coots and scabbies,
Dressed up like prancing cabbies. (Had a clash with the hash—now they have the corned-beef rash.)
Just see those cognac babies bowing to all the ladies!
They're fine, in line, spread over the street like a bunch of daisies,
Apple knockers cutting up their capers, looking up at the big skyscrapers
When we step, full of pep, up old Fifth Avenue.

HAVE YOU FORGOT US?

By Walter Scott

Tune: "No Man's Land"

Hello, G.H.Q., when do we sail? They've stopped our mail,
And now we're stranded.
The current rumors say we leave most any day,
But if you stop to remember we heard that stuff in November.
We've roamed through France just like a long lost child,
We're going wild; have you forgot us?
I'll bet my shirt that in ten years or more,
Someone checking records in the Q.M. Corps,
Will say, "Gosh darn! We've left the 105th in France."

GIVE ME A DISCHARGE

By Walter Scott

Tune: "Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl"

Give me a discharge, give me my pay, and leave the rest to me;
Give me a civvy suit in which there dwells no "coot,"
And then I'll be free.
When my old platoon squads right in some saloon,
What a parade rest that will be.
Ex-M.P.'s won't stand a chance with the stuff they pulled in France,
When I say good-by, in dear old N.Y.,
Outside the old armory.

Give us a regular feed, for that's the thing we need,
And note the change in me.
Regulations say we eat three times a day, but it's a joke to me.
The guy who wrote the book should come and take a look
At the chow in Battery C.
Some K.P. will hand you meat; it's either mean or petite;
But the time is near, when we'll have eats and beer,
Outside the old armory.

WHEN I GET TO NEW YORK

By Walter Scott

Tune: "Shanghai"

We've been away from home,
Traveled all through France alone,
Been gone for most two years.
Those New York dames are beauts,
But now we'd give them "coots"
If we don't leave them over here.

Chorus

I'll soon be there in a back room chair,
Uncle Sam's got the fare, from here to New York
Just picture me sipping Ruppert's Tea,
Served by an Irishman, who speaks away down low,
"What'll you have?" "Fill 'em up."
I'll get my old job back in the D.S.C.;
I'll need a cane to keep the girls away from me,
Lager & Ale in a big tin pail and *beaucoup* tales
When I get to New York.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON GENERAL WINGATE'S BRIGADE

By Walter Scott.

Tune: "Keep Your Eye on the Girl You Love"

Keep your eye on General Wingate's brigade,
As they march in New York on parade.
They'll be stiff and sore from the drilling they've done,
And the full-pack hikes since the victory's been won.
How they ever moped through that campaign,
Will be the thought on each spectator's brain.
"If that's a fighting unit," they'll say,
"About face and march to Pelham Bay."

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DIVISION

Contributed by Joseph M. Babish, Camden, N.J.

Tune: "They're All Out of Step but Jim"

Did you see the 28th Division
Out in No Man's Land?
They were there, with their Iron Division pep;
Never known to retreat or even lose a step.
Sure, they started in at Château Thierry,
And chased the Hun clear to the Aisne.
From there they went to the Argonne front.
Oh, my, how they slaughtered all those Prussian skunks!
Sure, there's nothing too hard for the Iron men,
And Old Pennsy is proud of them.

THE CORPORAL GIVES ME HELL

Contributed by Bernard J. Murray

Tune: Wearing of the Green

Oh, I wash the captain's dishes,
The lieutenant gives me drill,
The sergeant gives me dirty work,
And the corporal gives me HELL.

THE PRIVATE'S SONG

The captain told the lieutenant
To polish up the floor;
The lieutenant told the sergeant,
And, gee! but he got sore.
The sergeant told the corporal
Who got mad as he could be;
I've just talked to the corporal,
So I guess it's up to me.

SONG FROM 109TH FIELD ARTILLERY

Contributed by Waldo Moore, Shreveport, La.

Tune: "They Go Wild Over Me"

I was far, far from the firing line,
Back in the echelon where everything was fine;
Thought that I was out of reach
Of every German breech,
But the long ones, the short ones,
They reached me just the same.
Every night they came over so fast
All the sergeants and the corporals they went past.
Didn't wait to pack their rolls,
They dug right for their holes,
They ran wild, simply wild, over me.

WE'VE GOT A DINKY STOVE N' EVERYTHING

Parody on "N' Everything"

We've got a dinky stove that smokes,
N'everything.
We've got a guy who snores—he ought to choke,
N'everything.
You should hear us cough and sneeze
When the walls let in the breeze.
Most any hour an icy shower
Leaks on our bunks n'everything.
We've got a floor that's full of cracks and nails
N'everything.
And if I ever leave this life,
I'm going straight home to my wife
Where we'll have lots of heat and rugs and tubs
N'everything.

THE M. P.'s

The M.P.'s, the M.P.'s, with side arms up and down,
The M.P.'s, the M.P.'s, they take your pass to town;
The M.P.'s, the M.P.'s, they work and never play;
I wouldn't be an M.P. for a million bucks a day.

THE BRAVE GRENADIER

Parody on "Casey Jones"

Come, all you soldiers, if you want to hear,
I'll tell you the story of a brave grenadier.
Casey Jones was the grenadier's name,
With a 32 Mills grenade he won his fame.

The sergeant called Casey at half past four,
He said good-by to his buddy at the dugout door,
He mounted to the parapet, grenades in his hand,
And he tried to bomb his way out into No Man's Land.

Chorus

Casey Jones mounted to the parapet,
Casey Jones, grenades in his hand,
Casey Jones tried to stop a whiz-bang,
And now he's pushing daisies out in No Man's Land.

MEDICAL OFFICERS' TRAINING CAMP SONG

Originated at Medical Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

Tune: Coda in "Our Director" March

We are the boys of Ashburne, roughnecks to the core;
Forgetting that we're doctors, we'd like to drill much more—
Oh, yes, like hell we would!
Our Fords are all in hock-shop, our 'scopes and bougies too;
Keeping the line boys out of hell is what we do.

SECOND FIELD VOLUNTEERS

By Walter Scott

Tune: "Dixie Volunteers"

All the folks they gave three jeers,
We got laughs instead of cheers.
It cost no dough to see our show,
Why, they say it's the best in years!
Our features on the road,
When we full-packed with our load,
We're performing while it's storming,
In any land or any clime.
We were issued guns to fight the Huns,
But instead we turned out to be
A three-ring show and we're all the go.
You should see our menagerie;
Ringling Brothers in their prime
Had nothing on us in that line.
If you want fun, don't fail to come
And see the Second Field Volunteers.

When we make a one-night stand,
All the seats are in demand;
You can hear them laugh for a mile and half
When they get an earful of our band.
And at pitching shelter tents,
Why, that's where we're immense.
We right dress, then we left dress,
Until you die from the suspense.
The great big war is over now,
Hostilities have ceased;
Now is the time we'll fall in line,
And to the Rhine police.
If we have another war,
You'll find me in the Q.M. Corps,
In the Second Field Volunteers.

CARRY ON

Song of the 360th Infantry, 90th Division

We want to know when time will come for us to join the rest;
We have done our best,
We're ready for the test.
We're waiting now for orders to make up our packs and start,
Get us a boat
And watch us float
Away to do our part—OH—

Chorus

Carry on England, France, and Italy;
You have done your share,
But we must first prepare,
No time to spare to do real good when we get there.
Only hold the Hun
Till we've begun
To push the Yankees through;
As we shall do to bring on peace and victory,
We shall do our share,
But we must first prepare,
We've waited long,
But now we're coming strong,
So carry on—carry on.
Regimental Yell: The Bear Jumped Over the Panther Bluff!
Hell-Fire and Fuzzy-O.

Three Sixty has the fight, the fun, the skill, and discipline,
And ways of doing things,
That make us sure to win,
And we want a chance to kick the Boche clear off the Belgians' land,
Then cross the Rhine,
At double time——
We ought to and we can—SO—
Chorus

I AIN'T GOT WEARY YET!*

By Howard Johnson and Percy Wenrich

But I ain't got weary yet,
No, I ain't got weary yet;
Been diggin' in the trenches all day long,
All the time I'm a-singing this song;
'Cause I ain't got weary yet,
And I never will, you bet!

Why, all the French girls that I see,
Beg to sit right on my knee;
Well, if that's war it just suits me,
And I ain't got weary yet!

This life ain't work, it's only play;
Just to pass the time away
I'll kill ten Germans every day,
And I ain't got weary yet!

Tho' I've been wounded in this fight,
Shot at sunrise, gassed at night,
Outside of that I feel all right,
And I ain't got weary yet!

* Copyright, Leo Feist, Inc. Used by permission.

ONE OF THE YANKEE DIVISION'S MARCHING SONGS

(With apologies to the composers of "Madelon")

Said to have been written by a man in the 103rd Field Artillery who was killed shortly afterwards. Contributed by Archie M. Clark, formerly of Hq. Co., 103rd Inf.

When Uncle Sam put his fingers in the World War,
Boys from all states answered quickly to his call.
North, South, and West sent enthusiastic troops, but
New England was first of them all.
Back there in Yankee-land they trained us,
Put General Edwards in command;
Then sent us sailing o'er the ocean,
Landed us at last on France's land.
And now we're here to stay, we're here to win the day,
We're here to make the people shout and say, "Hooray."

Chorus

La, la, la, la, here come the fighting Yanks,
We are the boys who made the kaiser run.
See the doughboys marching into battle,
Hear the crash and the roar of the guns.
Over they go, the Boches cannot hold them.
Everyone knows they're out to win the day.
Clear the way, the Yankee boys are coming,
It's the old Twenty-sixth on its way.

Since we've been here we have been in many a battle;
Trenches or field are to us as all the same.
Starve, thirst, and fight if it only wins the day, boys;
That's only playing the game.
Come let us go, we've got them going;
Show them what Yankee boys can do;
Drive all the Boches o'er the border;
Edwards will tell us when we're through.
That's where the kaiser fell and we were marching well,
That's where the boys all lost the step and yelled like hell.
Chorus

III. In the Days of the Empire

The songs of the Spanish-American War may be divided into two groups: first, the popular songs of the day which were adopted and parodied by soldiers, and which were used in mobilization camps and in Cuba; and second, the songs of the Philippine Insurrection. For our purpose, the second group is more interesting than the first, for it contains the songs which originated in the army itself—songs which embody the true feelings of the soldier and furnish an interesting sidelight on our military activities in the Philippines. A survey of the first group, however, is also interesting, for it shows the kind of popular songs that appeal to soldiers.

The outstanding song of the Spanish War was "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." It was written in 1896. It was beyond the wildest dreams of Joe Hayden and Theodore Mertz, its composers, that it would some day become a great war song; but two years later soldiers were singing it everywhere. In camps in this country and in the field in Cuba the song was heard almost day and night. Military bands played it and soldiers sang it until the Spanish Army thought it was our national anthem.

Several years ago an American veteran was sitting in a café in Madrid. A middle-aged Spaniard, who also had soldiered in Cuba, upon learning about the American's war service suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, yes! I know! 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight'!"

Another story which illustrates the song's popularity is not quite so complimentary to the singers. A captured Spanish officer, on parole in the United States, remarked that he had heard the song everywhere, but that if our fighting had been as bad as our singing the Spaniards would have whipped us easily.

Another popular song was the doleful ballad of "Dolly Gray," the chorus of which began—

> Good-by, Dolly, I must leave you;
> Tho' it breaks my heart to go,
> Something tells me I am needed
> At the front to fight the foe.

"Just Break the News to Mother" was popular, though at times it proved a little too harrowing for lads who were away from home for the first time and facing the grim uncertainties of war. A writer tells of a group of young soldiers

who were singing bravely as they marched out of Grand Central Station in New York. As their first song ended, someone started "Just Break the News to Mother." The first few lines went well enough, but the sad picture which the song called up in each mind was too much for the young singers. The song died and they marched on with sober faces.

Other popular songs of the day were "Mr. Volunteer," "I Want to Be a Soldier," "We Have Remembered the Maine," "The Blue and the Gray," and "On the Banks of the Wabash." The last of these was quite a favorite with the troops.

For real soldier product one must turn to the troops in the Philippines, where the duration of hostilities, the long distance from home, and the conditions under which the soldiers lived combined to produce most of the genuine soldier songs of the war.

If some of these songs seem unnecessarily rough on the Filipinos, it should be remembered that the soldier could not be expected to view the situation through the eyes of a statesman in Washington. The administration wanted to pacify, conciliate, and befriend the natives. The soldier saw only his immediate surroundings. Far from home, suffering the discomforts and diseases of a tropical climate, hiking day after day through mud and rain or over sun-baked trails, and confronted by the ever-present possibility of being boloed by the very *"amigo"* who was loudest in his protestations of friendship, the soldier expressed his feelings in plain language. It should also be remembered that a feeling of race superiority frequently finds expression in amusing or derisive songs. In the World War, for example, our soldiers not only sang about the "Huns," "Krauts," and "sausages," but they even took a fling at the "customs rare" of that "funny race," the French. In a similar spirit, soldiers in the Islands sang about the Filipino Hombre and vigorously damn, damn, damned the Insurrectos.

In some of these songs a Kipling vogue is evident. Being "east of Suez" and engaged in extending our "empire," the soldier felt a kinship with the British Tommy that Kipling had immortalized. The popularity of Mandalay and the "east of Suez" feeling are shown in such songs as "At Naic" (No. 1) and "On the Road to Old Luzon." The spirit that caused this period to be known as "the days of the empire" is shown in the following song which an American army officer wrote, when the German squadron tried to interfere with Dewey, and the German consul in Manila, Krieger, urged the Spaniards to hold out.

ACCESSIONAL—A VICTORIOUS ODE

Air: Recessional

Jehovah, Lord, beneath whose smile
Our fathers fought in Freedom's name,
And wrested from the British Isle
Our country, loved, and known to fame;
Oh, gracious Lord, withhold thy hand
While we expand—while we expand.

IN THE DAYS OF THE EMPIRE

The doctrine taught by James Monroe,
And maintained through a hundred years,
Was but a bluff; it now must go,
Since we've embraced both hemispheres.
Oh, Lord, extend thy helping hand
While we expand—while we expand.

We've waved on high the Stripes and Stars,
With Liberty the glad refrain;
We've licked in three successive wars
Old England, Mexico, and Spain.
The chip is on our shoulder yet,
Don't you forget—don't you forget!

ADDITIONAL

So, ******, be advised—
Don't knock this chip off—understand?
For if you do you'll be chastised,
And we'll annex the ********
We mention this with some regret,
Lest you forget—lest you forget.

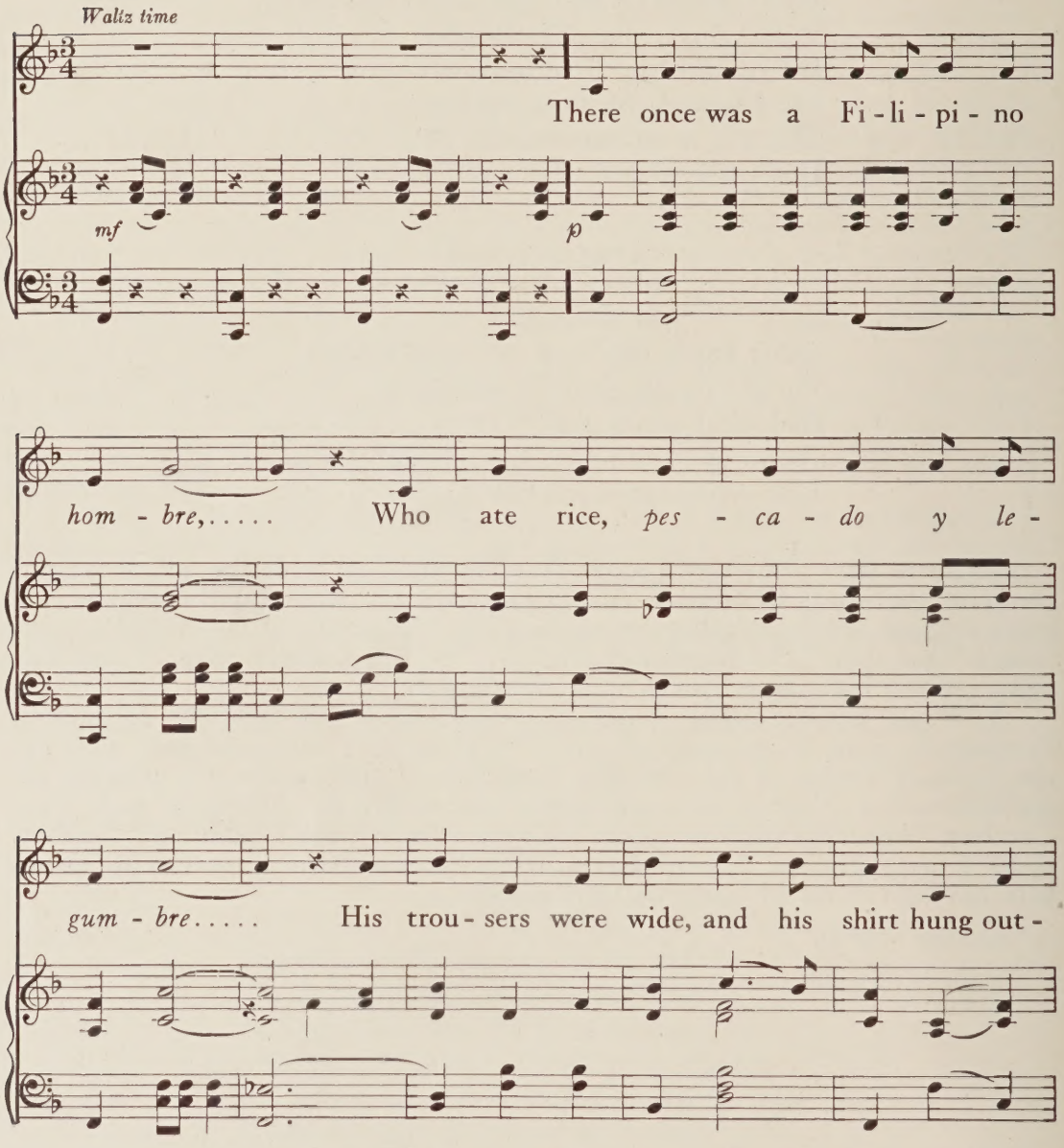
But there were also several songs that did not deal with the Filipinos and events of the war. "El Soldado Americano," for instance, was the vehicle for expressing the soldier's feeling about the army in general and the officers in particular. Then, too, "The Regular Army, Oh!," * "The Cavalry Song," * and one or two others that are still sung, were very popular.

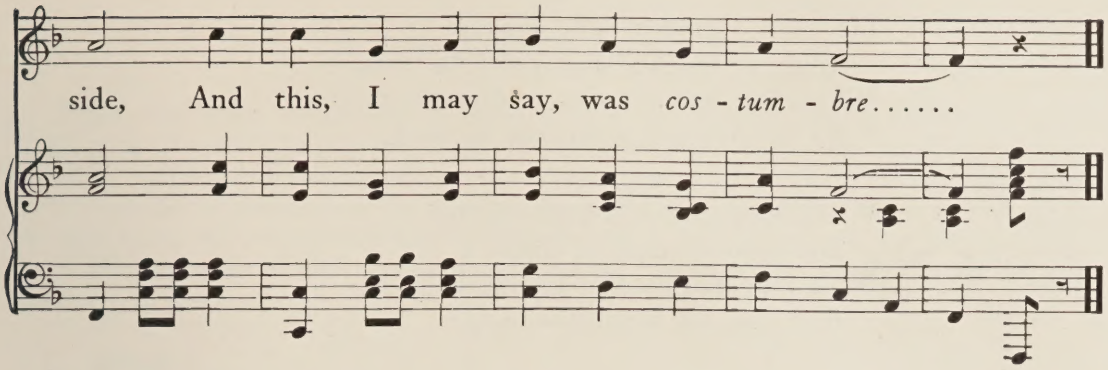
As a rule, genuine soldier songs are seldom preserved and soon forgotten. Fortunately, many of the songs of early Philippine days have been kept alive by the Military Order of the Carabao, a society of officers who are veterans of the insurrection. Most of the songs given here, as well as "A Dream" and "The Carabao," which are of later origin, are sung at their annual "wallows." To that order I make grateful acknowledgement for the assistance several of its members have given me in compiling this section.

* See pages 6 and 31.

THE FILIPINO HOMBRE

No song from the days of the Philippine Insurrection is so well known and popular today as this ballad of the Filipino *hombre*. The old Spanish tune to which it is sung is admirably suited for accompaniment by string instruments. The Book of Navy Songs credits the words to the late Captain Lyman A. Cotten, U.S.N.


Waltz time
There once was a Fi - li - pi - no
mf
p
hom - bre,.....
Who ate rice, pes - ca - do y le -
gum - bre.....
His trou - sers were wide, and his shirt hung out -



He lived in a *nipa bahay,*
Which served as a stable and sty;
He slept on a mat with the dog and the cat
And the rest of the family near by.

His daddy *un buen'* Filipino,
Who never mixed *tubig* with *bino,*
Said, "I am no insurrecto, no got gun or bolo,"
Yet used both to kill a *vecino.*

His *mujer* once kept a *tienda,*
Underneath a large stone hacienda.
She chewed *buyo,* and sold for jaw-bone and gold
To *soldados,* who said, *"No en tienda."*

Of *niñas* she had *dos* or *tres,*
Good types of the Tagala race;
In dry or wet weather, in the all-together,
They'd romp and they'd race and they'd chase.

Su hermana fué lavándera,
And washed clothes in a *fuerte manera*
On the banks of a stream where the carabaos dream,
Which gave them an odor *ligera.*

His brother, who was a *cochero,*
Buscare' in Manila *dinero;*
His prices were high when a cop was near by
To help scare the poor *pasajero.*

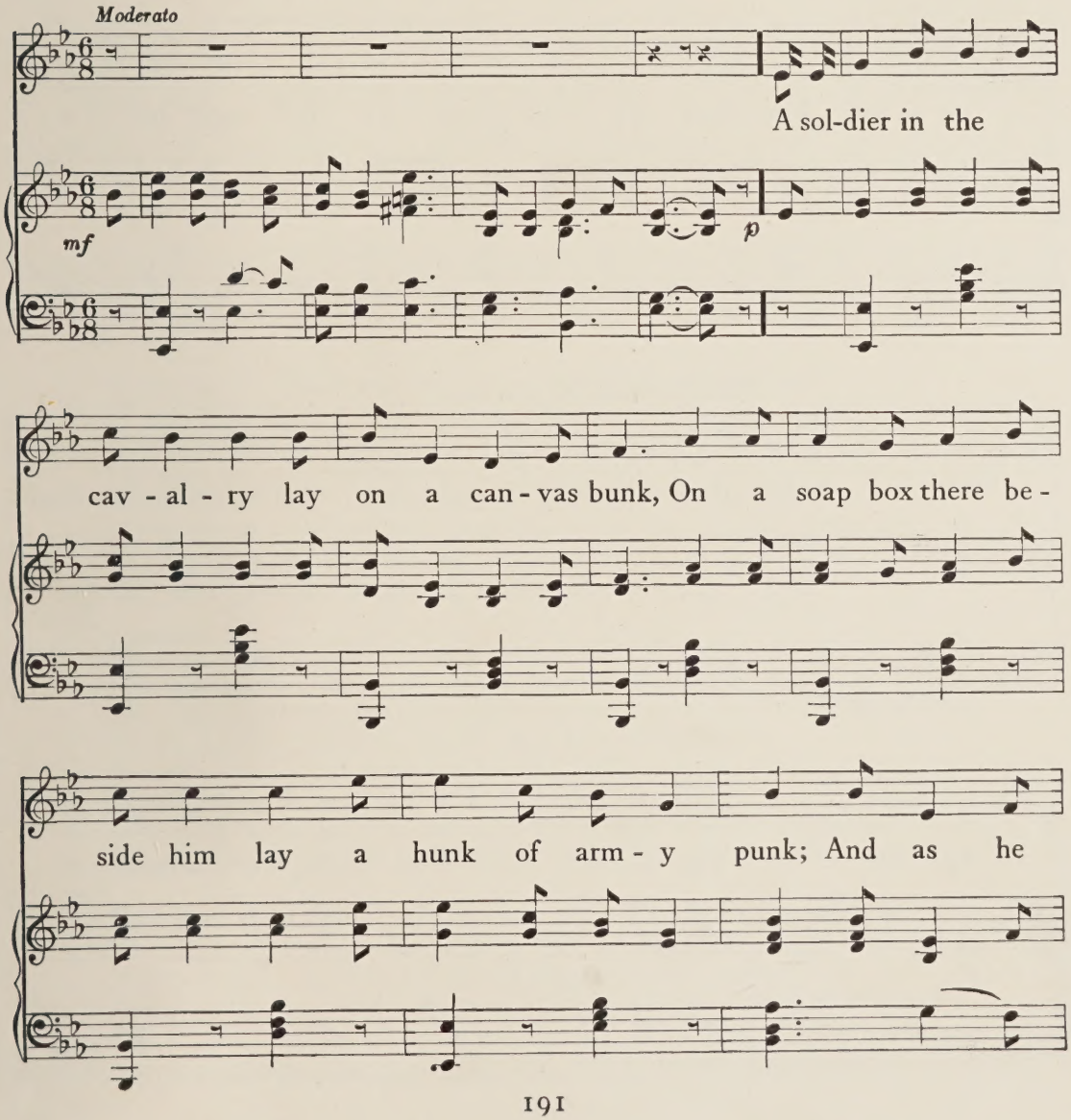
THE FILIPINO HOMBRE

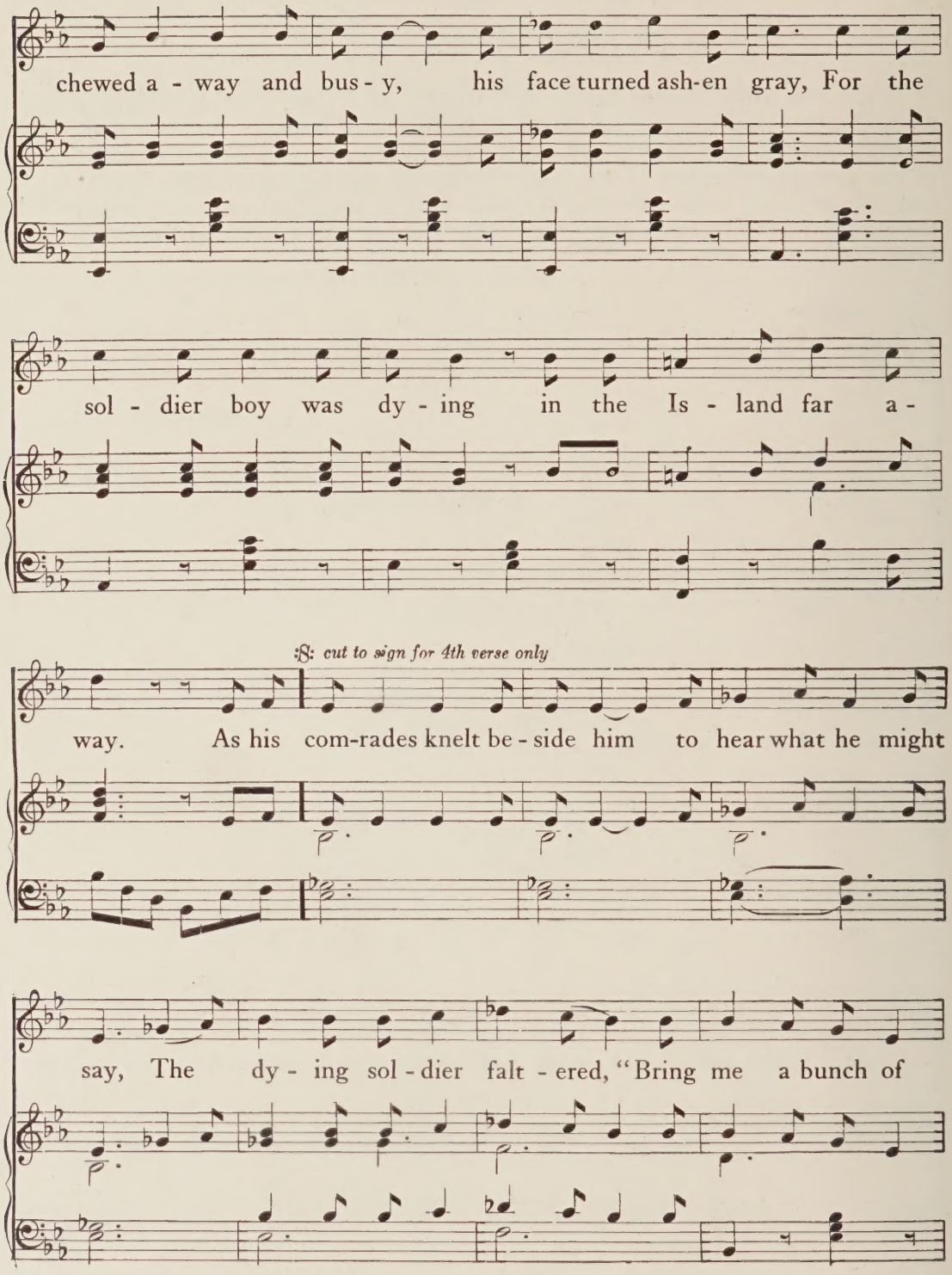
He once owned a *bulic manoc,*
With a haughty and valorous look,
Which lost him a name, *y mil pesos también,*
So he changed to Monte for luck.

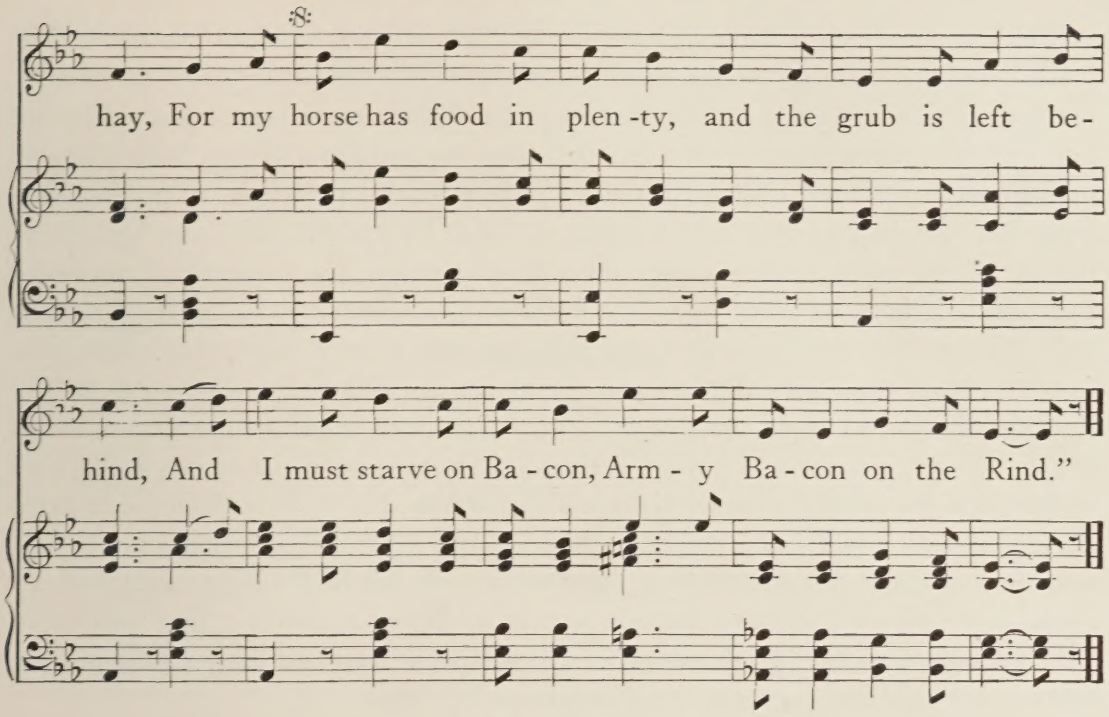
When his pueblo last held a *fiesta,*
His *familia* tried to digest a
Mule that had died of glanders inside,
And now his *familia no esta.*

BACON ON THE RIND
or
A SOLDIER'S LAMENT

That "an army travels on its belly" is an old axiom. Trying to feed a large army in a tropical country ten thousand miles from home is no small task, even with the refrigerator plants and other conveniences in the Philippines today. Add to the natural difficulties of the task thirty years ago the army's suspicion of graft and you have the reason for the sarcastic note in this humorous song with which the soldier of insurrection days commented on his steady diet of "bacon on the rind."




chewed a - way and bus - y, his face turned ash-en gray, For the
sol - dier boy was dy - ing in the Is - land far a -
:S: cut to sign for 4th verse only
way. As his com-rades knelt be - side him to hear what he might
say, The dy - ing sol - dier falt - ered, "Bring me a bunch of



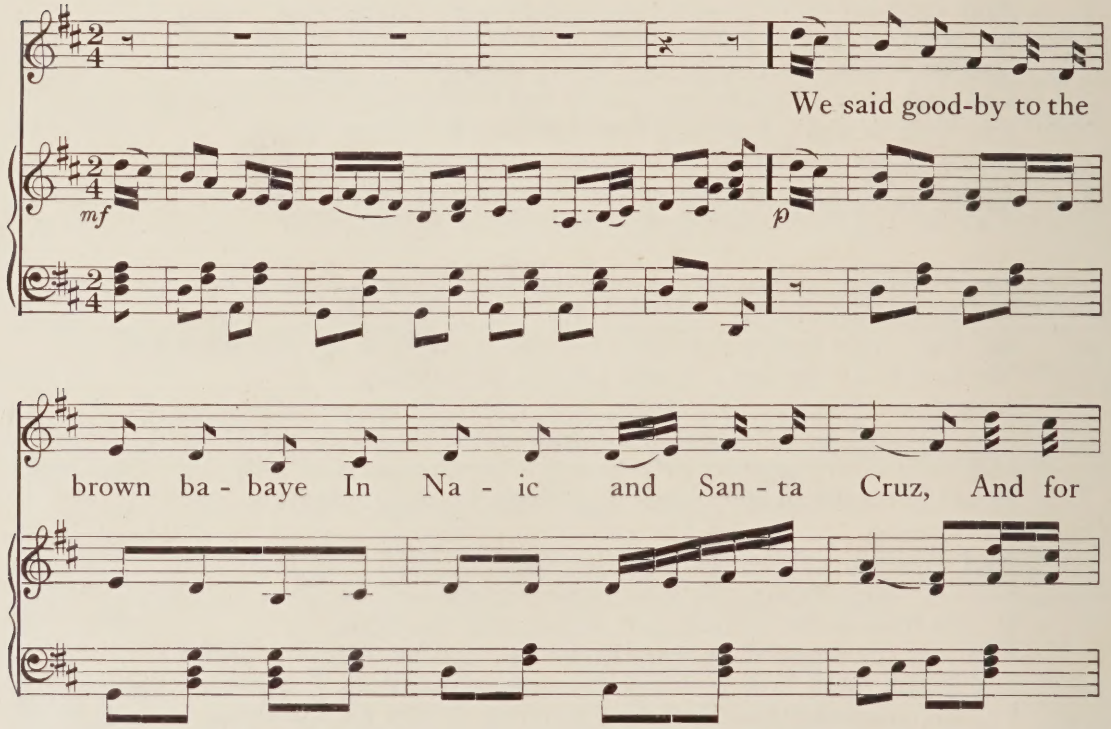
And as he lay there gasping with the moments flying fast,
He tried to chew a rubber boot 'fore life went out at last.
And he said to his comrades, "Bring me a box of soap,
For they eat it in the frozen north, and where there is life there is hope.
But, Charlie dear, I greatly fear, my race is almost run,
Life's feeble spark will be snuffed out ere the setting of the sun.
Take a message and a token to the dear ones left behind,
And say I starved on Bacon, Army Bacon on the Rind."

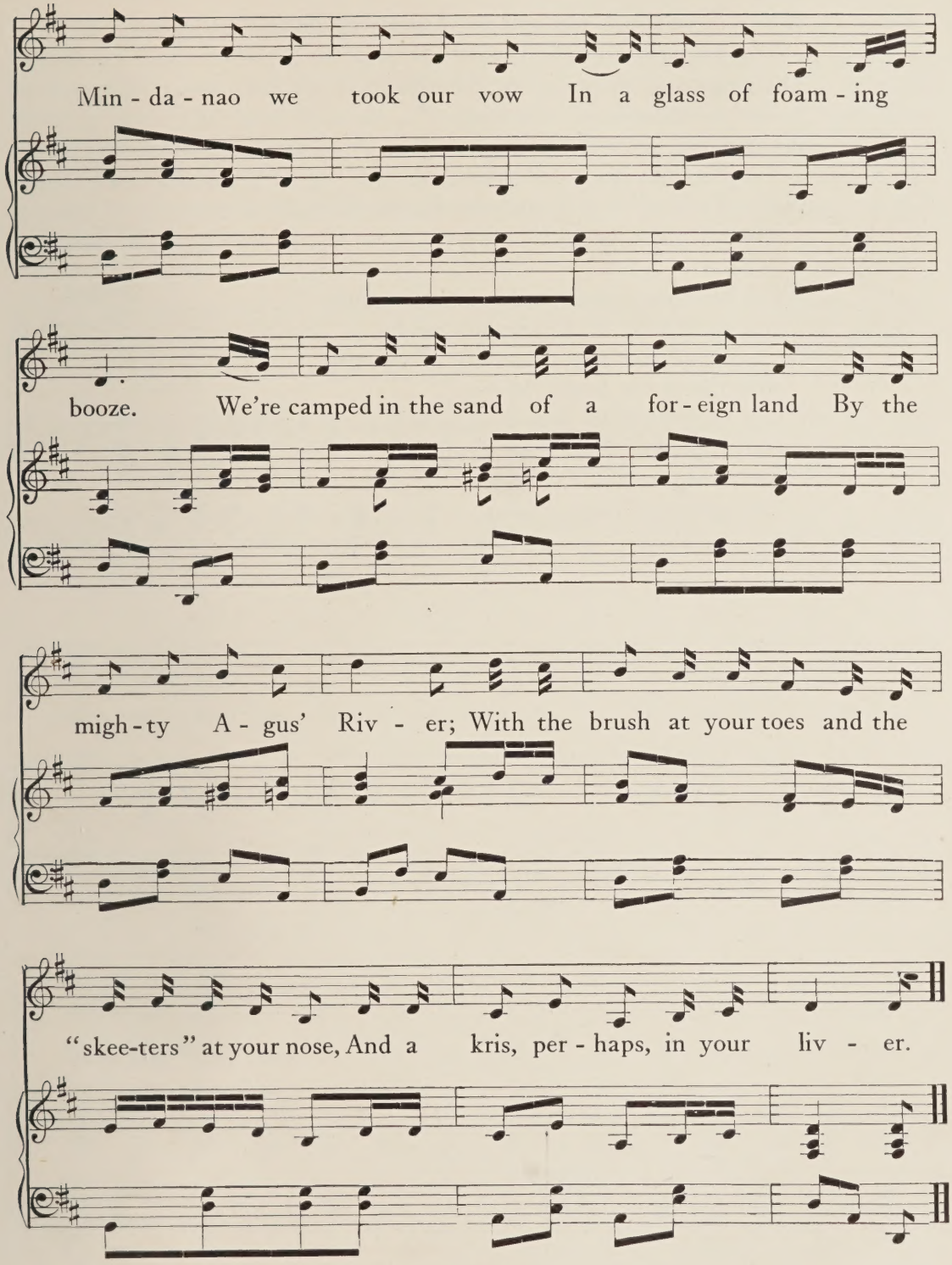
That evening just at twilight, as the flag slid down the pole,
We bowed our heads in silence for the parting soul;
But that night beside the camp-fire you could hear his comrades say,
"If he'd had a soldier's ration he'd be alive today.
A curse on the man who did it, tho' with coin his purse be lined,
May he starve on Prunes and Bacon, Army Bacon on the Rind."
In a trim New England cottage sits a mother old and gray.
In her hand she holds a letter that came by mail that day.

And as she sits there reading, her eyes are filled with tears,
For the letter brings the tidings that every mother fears.
It tells how in the Islands her darling met his death,
Fighting for flag and country midst the battle's frenzied breath;
But it don't tell how it happened, and perhaps the Fates are kind,
For her darling starved on Bacon, Army Bacon on the Rind.

IN MINDANAO

This song, which is sung to the tune of "The Girl I left Behind Me," commemorates the building of the road from Iligán, on the north coast of Mindanao, up to Camp Marahui (now Keithley) on the shores of Lake Lanao, in the heart of the Moro country. One has to make the trip from Iligán to Keithley in order to appreciate the difficulties the soldiers must have had in building this steep and winding road which follows the back trail of the turbulent Agus from the sea to the tableland around the lake. With a tropical sun overhead and fever and hostile Moros all about them, the builders had no easy task. Yet they builded well. One of the most beautiful and unforgetable trips I have ever taken was over this same road several years ago. At places the hills overshadowed us on the right, while far below on the left the angry Agus swirled and fumed or tumbled in lacy spray over narrow falls. Overhead chattering monkeys swung from tree to tree, and gorgeously plumed birds scolded noisily. Every little village was gaily decorated and crowds of picturesque Moros with tight-fitting jackets, bright-colored turbans, and ominous-looking krisses shoved in their sashes, gathered to greet us or followed on their diminutive ponies. What a contrast that trip must have presented to two or three officers of the party who had campaigned in that country in the days when this song originated!




Min - da - nao we took our vow In a glass of foam - ing
booze. We're camped in the sand of a for - eign land By the
migh - ty A - gus' Riv - er; With the brush at your toes and the
"skee-ters" at your nose, And a kris, per - haps, in your liv - er.

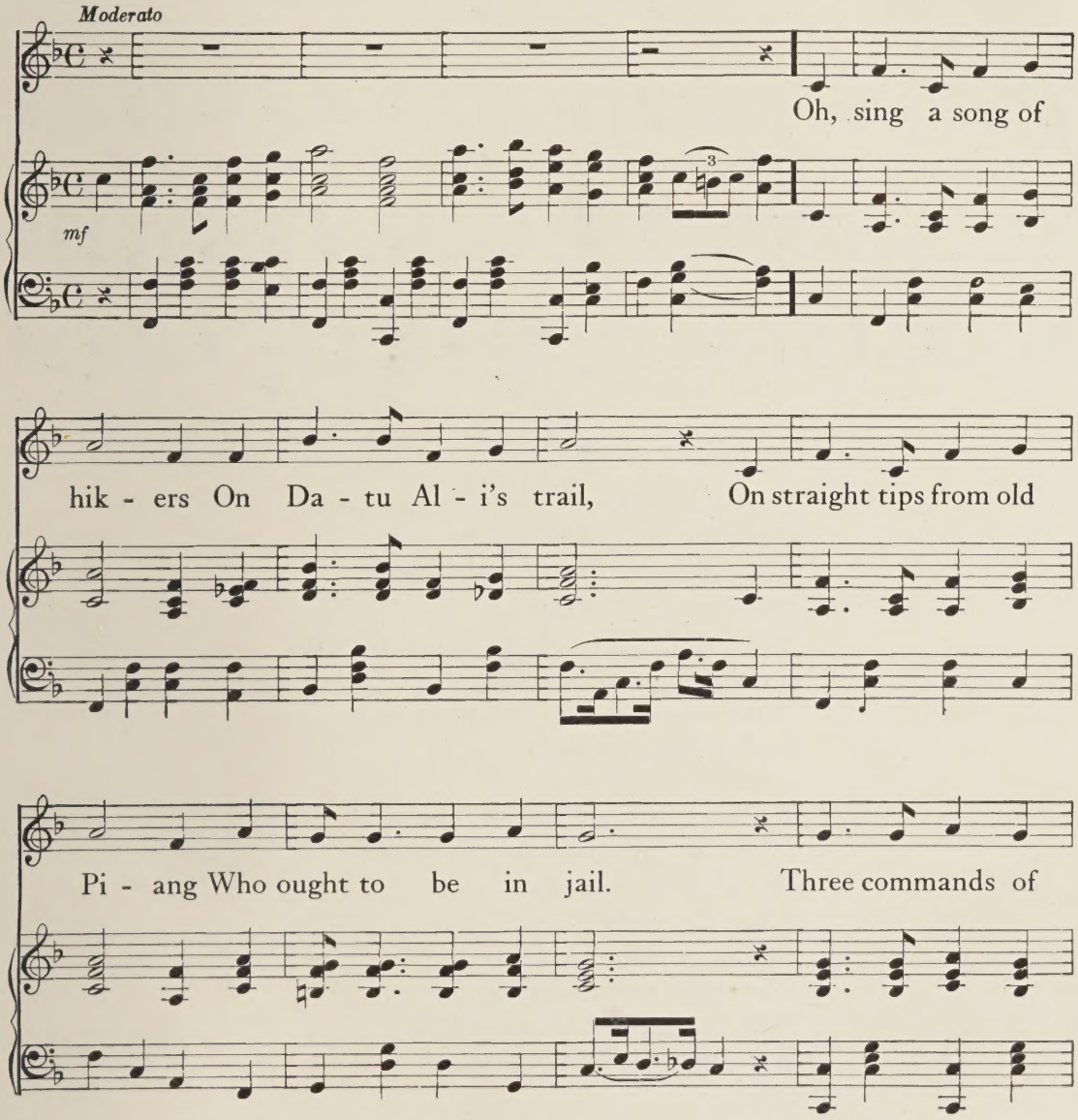
IN MINDANAO

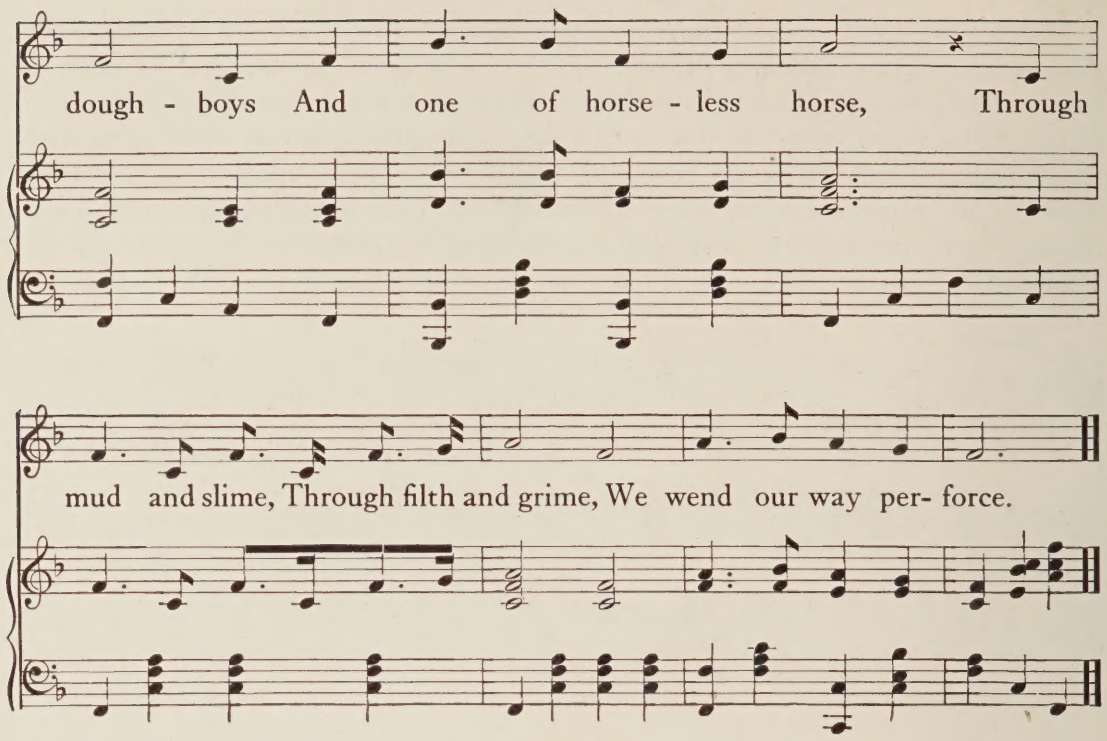
We've the dhobee-itch and the hamstring hitch,
  The jimjams and the fever;
The ping-pong wrist and the bolo fist,
  And a bumpus on the liver.
We're going up to Lake Lanao,
  To the town they call Marahui;
When the road is built and the Moros "kilt,"
  There'll none of us be sorry.

We're blasting stumps and grading bumps;
  Our hands and backs are sore, oh!
We work all day just dreaming of our pay,
  And damn the husky Moros!
When you're pulled from bed with a great big head,
  And a weakness o'er you stealing;
The sick report is a fine resort
  To cure that tired feeling.

ON DATU ALI'S TRAIL

This song grew out of the expedition against Datu Ali, leader of hostile Moros in Cotabato, Island of Mindanao. Dato Piang was supposed to be neutral, but in reality he was helping both sides. Pickett was a fort on the Rio Grande River, a few miles from the town of Cotabato. Captains Kerth, Wolf, and Van Horn commanded companies from the 23rd, 22nd, and 17th Infantry, respectively. The "horseless horse" was a dismounted troop of the 14th Cavalry, commanded by Captain Smith. The tune of the song is "I've Been Working on the Railroad."


Moderato
Oh, sing a song of
mf
hik - ers On Da - tu Al - i's trail, On straight tips from old
Pi - ang Who ought to be in jail. Three commands of



Chorus

First comes Kerth with all his looters
Down from Pickett way.
They've been hiking in Ligusan,
But Bulúan they say.
Then we hear from out the northward
A mighty, mighty roar;
Wolfe collecting up the gente
And carabaos galore.

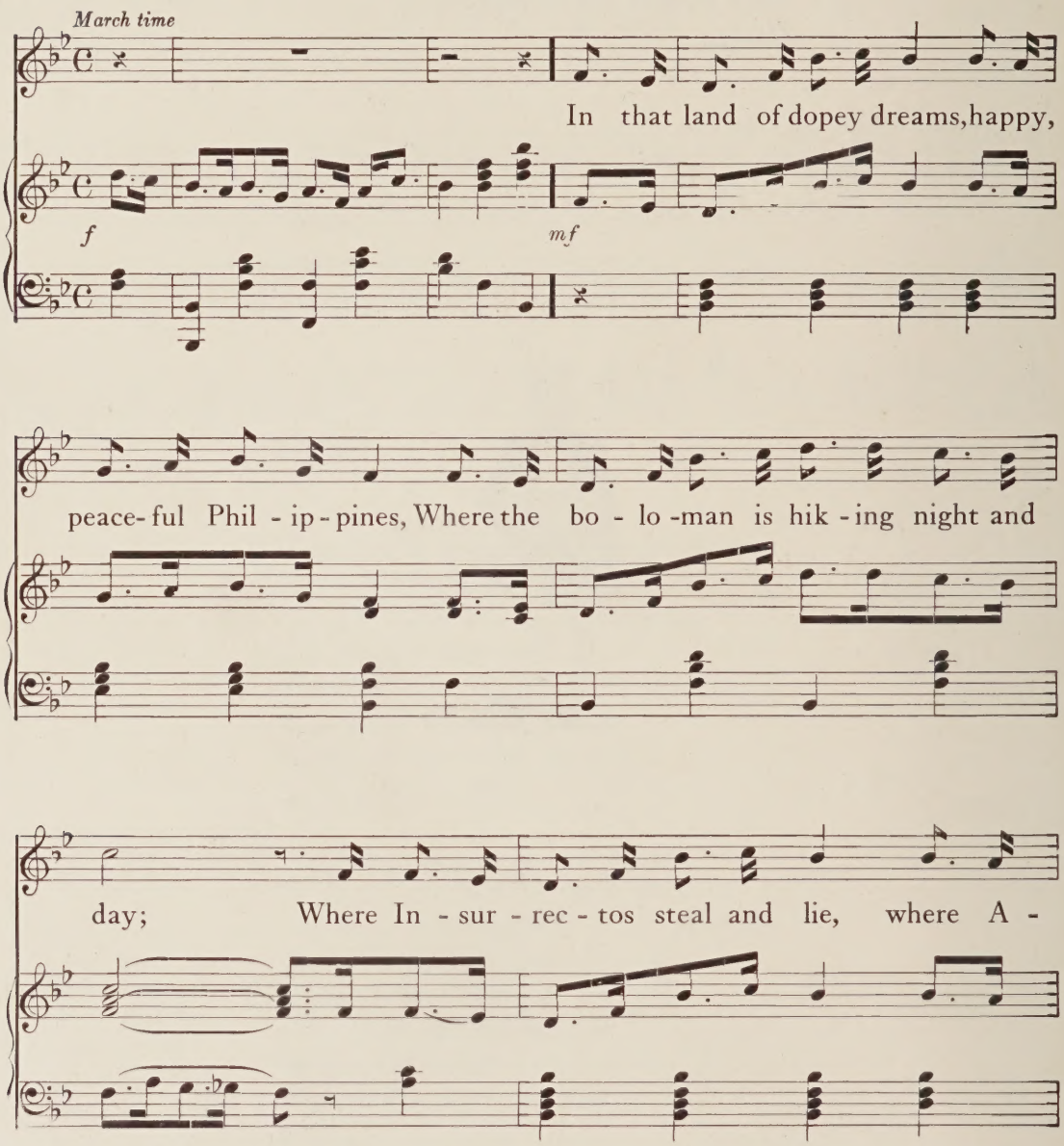
We're a patient lot of hikers
If you've got your fingers crossed.
We have it by Bejuca
That Datu Ali's lost.
Sitting in the club we feel
We could end this scrap.
With a high-ball at our elbow
We'd mark it on the map.
Chorus

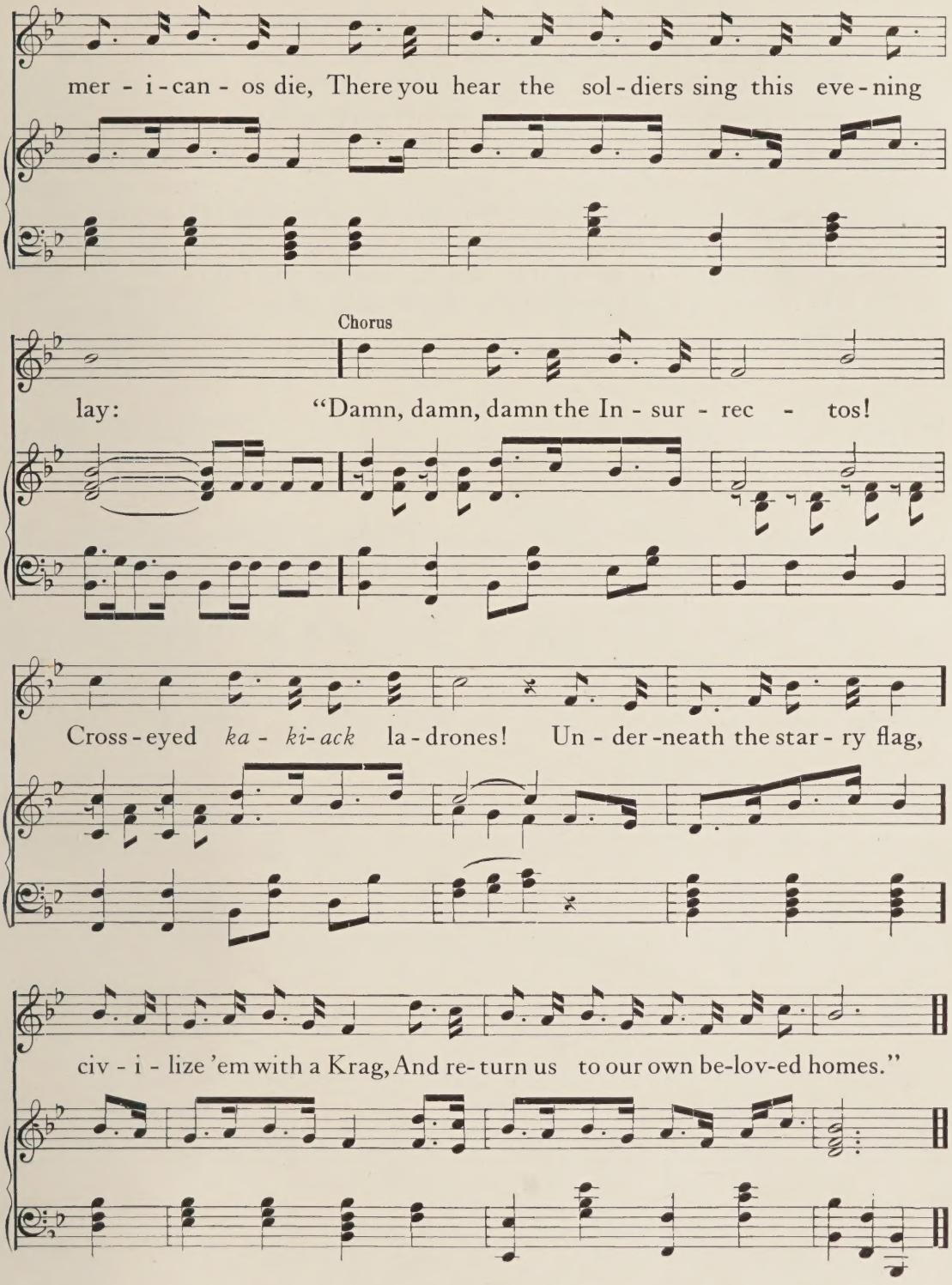
ON DATU ALI'S TRAIL

On the breezes from Talyan
Mapia seems to cry.
Van Horn cutting up his pack trains
And burning his *palay*.
But what is this we see approaching?
'Tis Smith, I do declare,
With each gallant trooper mounted
On a skittish old shanks mare.
Chorus

THE SOLDIERS' SONG

This is one of several Spanish-American War songs which were sung to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." Among the best citizens of the Philippines today are the former Insurrectos, whose stubborn resistance to American occupation and pacification of the Islands called forth this song.


March time
In that land of dopey dreams, happy,
f
mf
peace-ful Phil - ip - pines, Where the bo - lo - man is hik - ing night and
day; Where In - sur - rec - tos steal and lie, where A -


mer - i - can - os die, There you hear the sol - diers sing this eve - ning
Chorus
lay: "Damn, damn, damn the In - sur - rec - tos!
Cross - eyed *ka - ki - ack* la - drones! Un - der - neath the star - ry flag,
civ - i - lize 'em with a Krag, And re - turn us to our own be - lov - ed homes."

THE SOLDIERS' SONG

Underneath the nipa thatch, where the skinny chickens scratch,
Only refuge after hiking all day long;
When I lay me down to sleep, slimy lizards o'er me creep,
Then you hear the soldiers sing this evening song:
Chorus

Social customs there are few; all the ladies smoke and chew,
And the men do things the padres say are wrong;
But the padres cut no ice, for they live on fish and rice
When you hear the soldiers sing this evening song:
Chorus

EL SOLDADO AMERICANO

(*The American Soldier*)

Here are some stanzas of a song that was sung in the Philippines in the early days of the American occupation. If you think they are a little rough on the "higher-ups," you should see the unexpurgated version wherein it is hinted that the least of the officers' shortcomings are doubtful parentage and questionable morals. The tune, "Son of a Gamboleer," has been used for several other soldier songs. The words of the chorus suggest an old song about "green grows the grass back in North Amerikee," often sung by the American soldiers during the Mexican War, and mistakenly said to have given rise to the name "Gringo." "C.C. pills," the army doctor's "cure-all," need no explanation to the initiated. The soldier believes that the doctor prescribes them for everything from a bellyache to a broken leg. "Mill" is soldier slang for guard-house; the "provost guard" was the "M.P." of his day. Part of this text—expurgated—is from Colonel John B. Barnes, retired, of Boonville, Missouri.

nev - er gets his ease; He has so man - y mas - ters he
Chorus
don't know whom to please. Home, boys, home! It's home we want to be!
Home,boys,home! In God's coun-tree! The ash, and the oak, and the
weeping wil - low tree, And the grass grows green back in North Amerikee.

There are the officers; I don't like them a-tall!
They take you to the p'rade ground, they never hear "Recall";
It's "Squads Right," and "Squads Left," and "Right Front into Line"—
And then, the dirty suckers, they give us "Double Time!"
Chorus

There's the little adjutant, he's worst of them all,
He's out on the parade ground an hour before first call;
And if you are slow, or should happen to be ill,
It's "Sergeant, do your duty: Put the loafer in the mill!"
Chorus

Get up in the morning, you feel a little ill,
Go to the Medico and get a C.C. pill;
He says, "Kill or cure, I don't give a damn;
You lank and lousy rookie, you belong to Uncle Sam."
Chorus

Early in the morning the provost is about,
He comes to the guard-house to turn the prisoners out.
He takes us to the wood-pile to saw away our doom,
It's saw away, you sons of guns, you won't get home till noon.
Chorus

Now I'm in the guard-house awaiting my discharge,
To hell with all the officers, the provost, and the guard;
But when I get to Frisco I'll be happy as a clam,
Thinking of the rotten pork I ate for Uncle Sam.
Chorus

LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS

This outburst, which was sung to the tune of "A Son of a Gamboleer," resulted from the fact that, although the early civil administration in the Islands adopted a friendly, big-brother attitude toward the natives, a number of American soldiers were shot or boloed while in the very act of helping Filipinos. Naturally, these attacks didn't make the soldiers feel very brotherly, so this song was quite popular until Filipino protests caused it to be suppressed by official orders.

I'm only a common soldier-man in the blasted Philippines;
They say I've got Brown Brothers here, but I dunno what it means.
I like the word Fraternity, but still I draw the line—
He may be the brother of ————— – —————, but he ain't no brother of mine.

I never had a brother who would beg to get a drink,
To keep himself from dying when he hovered on the brink,
And when my pal had give it him, and emptied out his sack,
Would take the opportunity to rip him up the back.

I'm here and *I have seen it,* so you can't make game of me;
I'd rather be an orphan than in such a familee.
The L.B.B. may suit some folks, but, after all is said,
The best one that I ever saw had an overdose of lead.

TRANSPORT SONG

In the early days of the American occupation, this song was sung on the transports plying between Frisco and the Islands. The tune is the same as that of "El Soldado Americano."

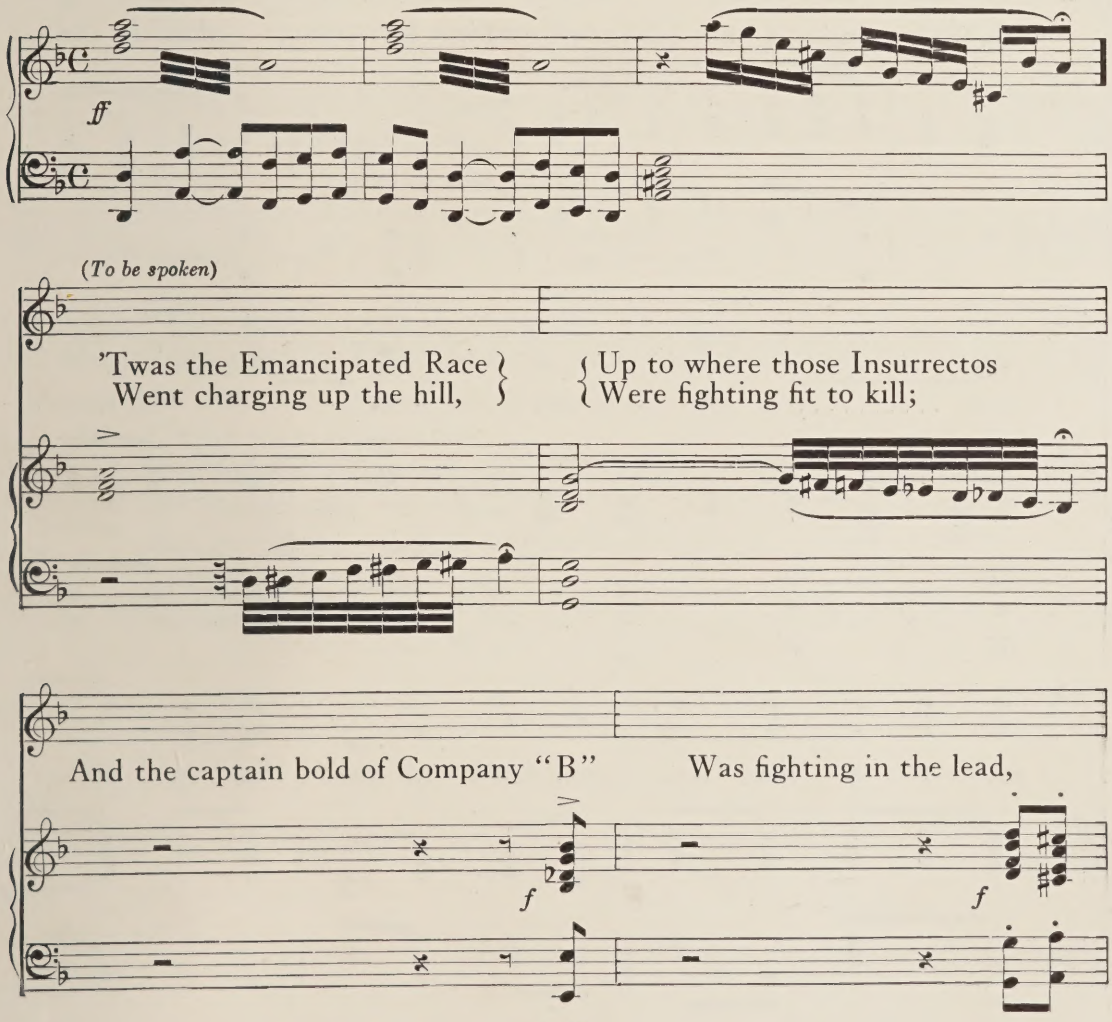
Don't Spit on the Deck

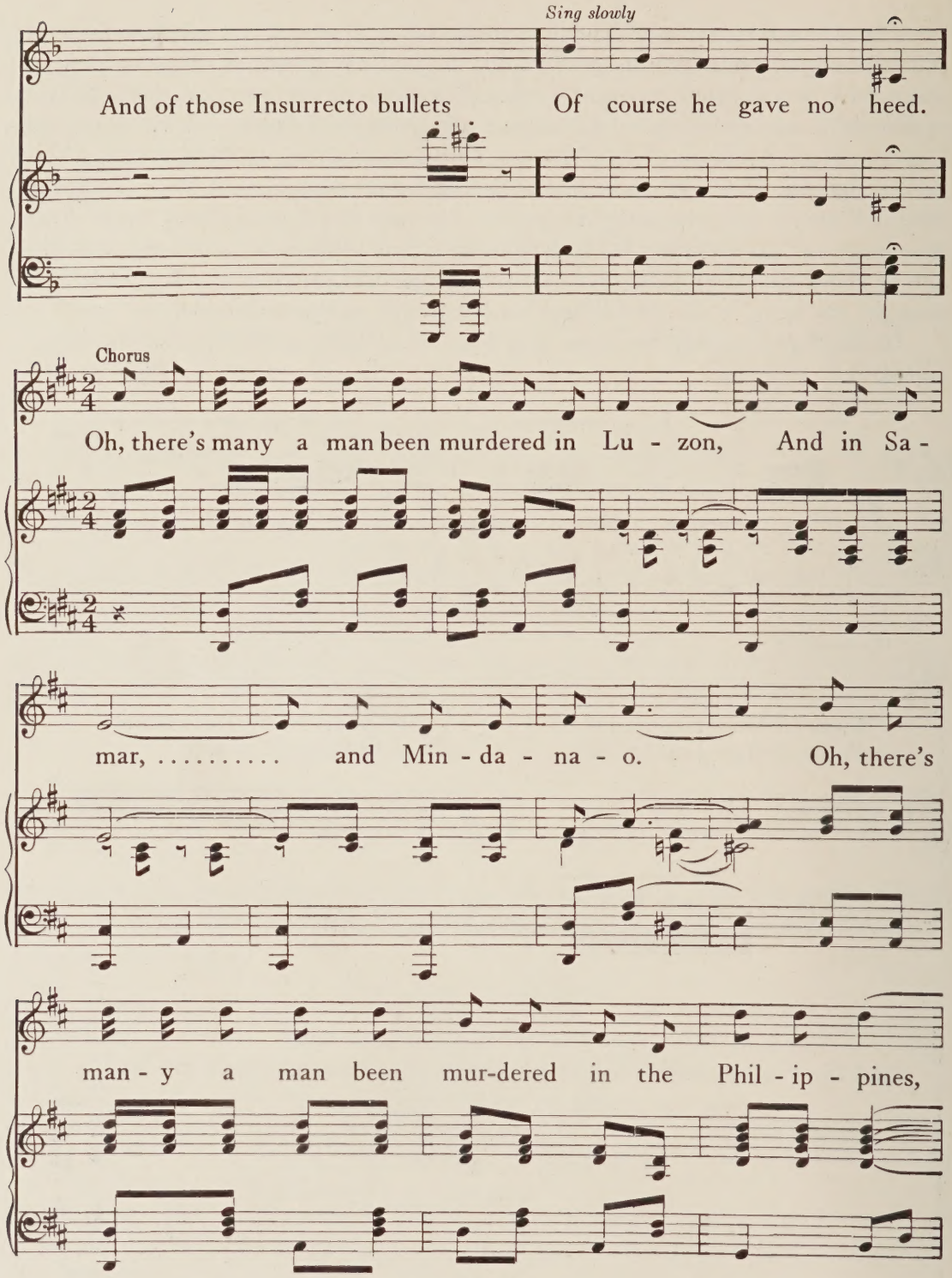
Now on this good ship ————,
There are things you must not do,
The privilege to spit on deck
Is only for the crew;
While on the ocean's briny deep
You can't expectorate,
So swallow your tobacco juice
And cease your bellyache.

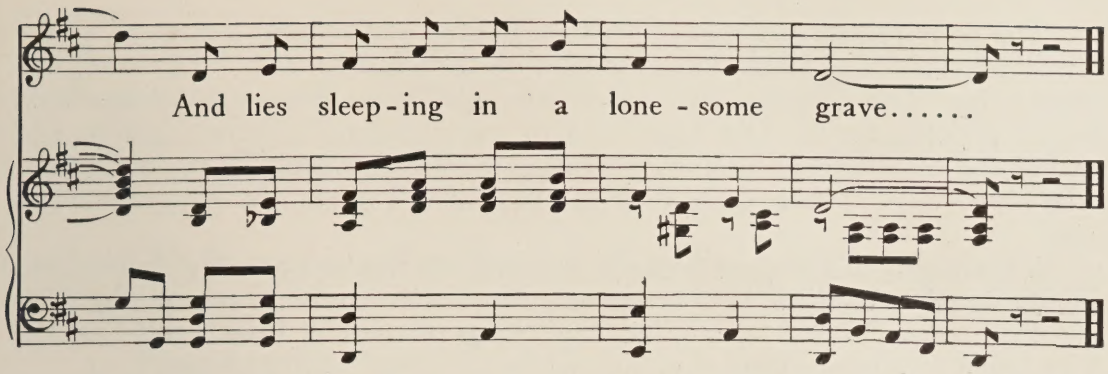
THE EMANCIPATED RACE

The devious route by which this song reached this book is a good example of the way songs of this type are passed on. Originally it grew out of an incident in the service of a colored regiment in the Philippines in insurrection days. It was preserved in the memories of Old Scout officers in the Islands. Several years ago Captain Clyde M. Beck of the Medical Corps was visiting in Zamboanga, where he met Major Fletcher, who commands the Scout Battalion at Petit Barracks. Major Fletcher sang the song at a party. The next day Captain Beck wrote down the words and carried them back to Manila, where they were later sung at a dinner of the Thirty-first Infantry. From that dinner Lieutenant A. E. O'Flaherty brought the song to the States and contributed it to this collection.

In singing this song one must give the last syllable of Philippines the long *i* sound.




Sing slowly
And of those Insurrecto bullets Of course he gave no heed.
Chorus
Oh, there's many a man been murdered in Lu - zon, And in Sa -
mar, ... and Min - da - na - o. Oh, there's
man - y a man been mur-dered in the Phil - ip - pines,



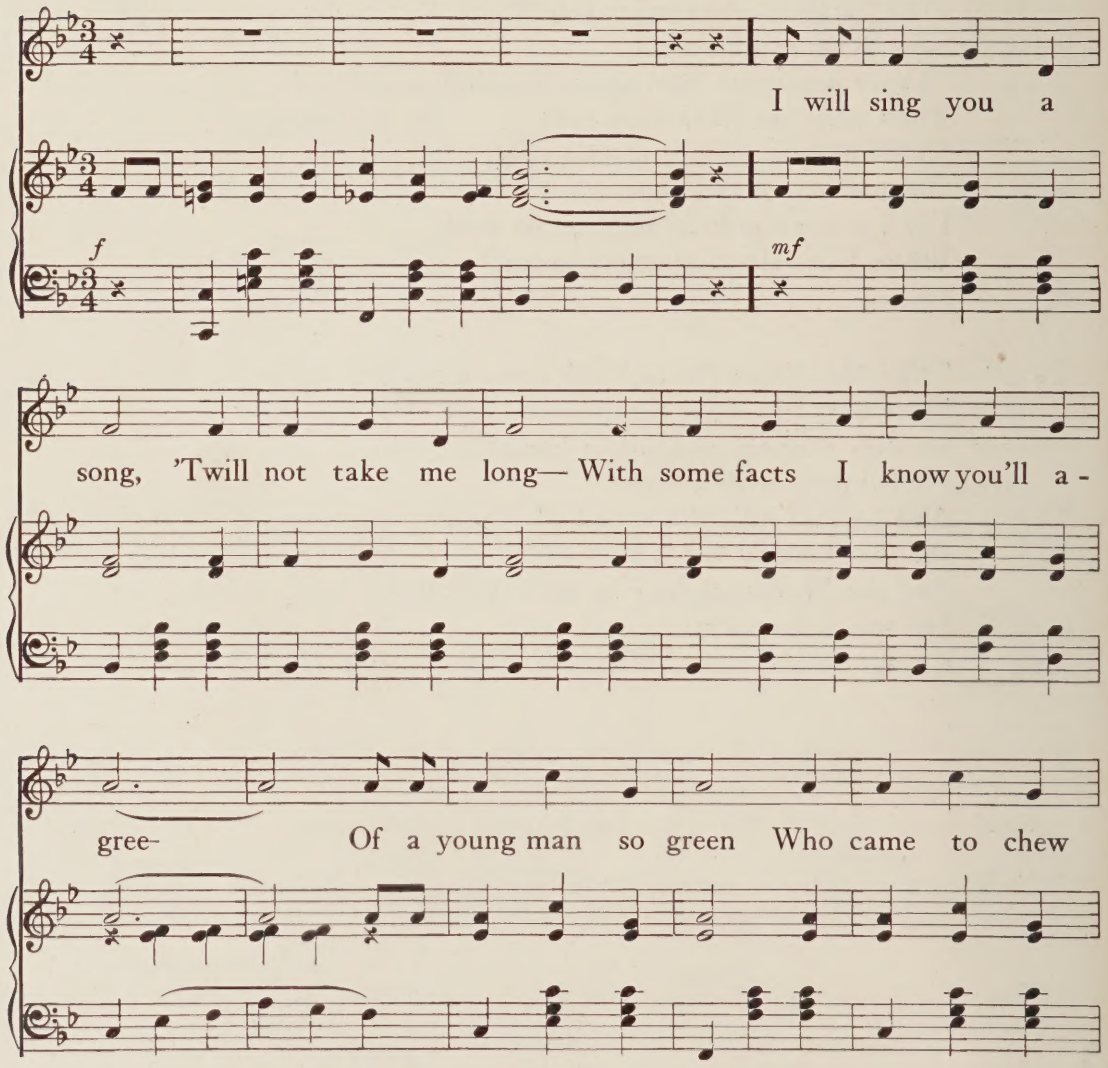
First Sergeant Alexander Green
Said to his captain bold,
"There are more men upon that hill
Than what we have been told.
So let us hike from out this spot,
Our precious lives to save,
For I wants you to be my captain bold
When I lies sleeping in my grave."
Chorus

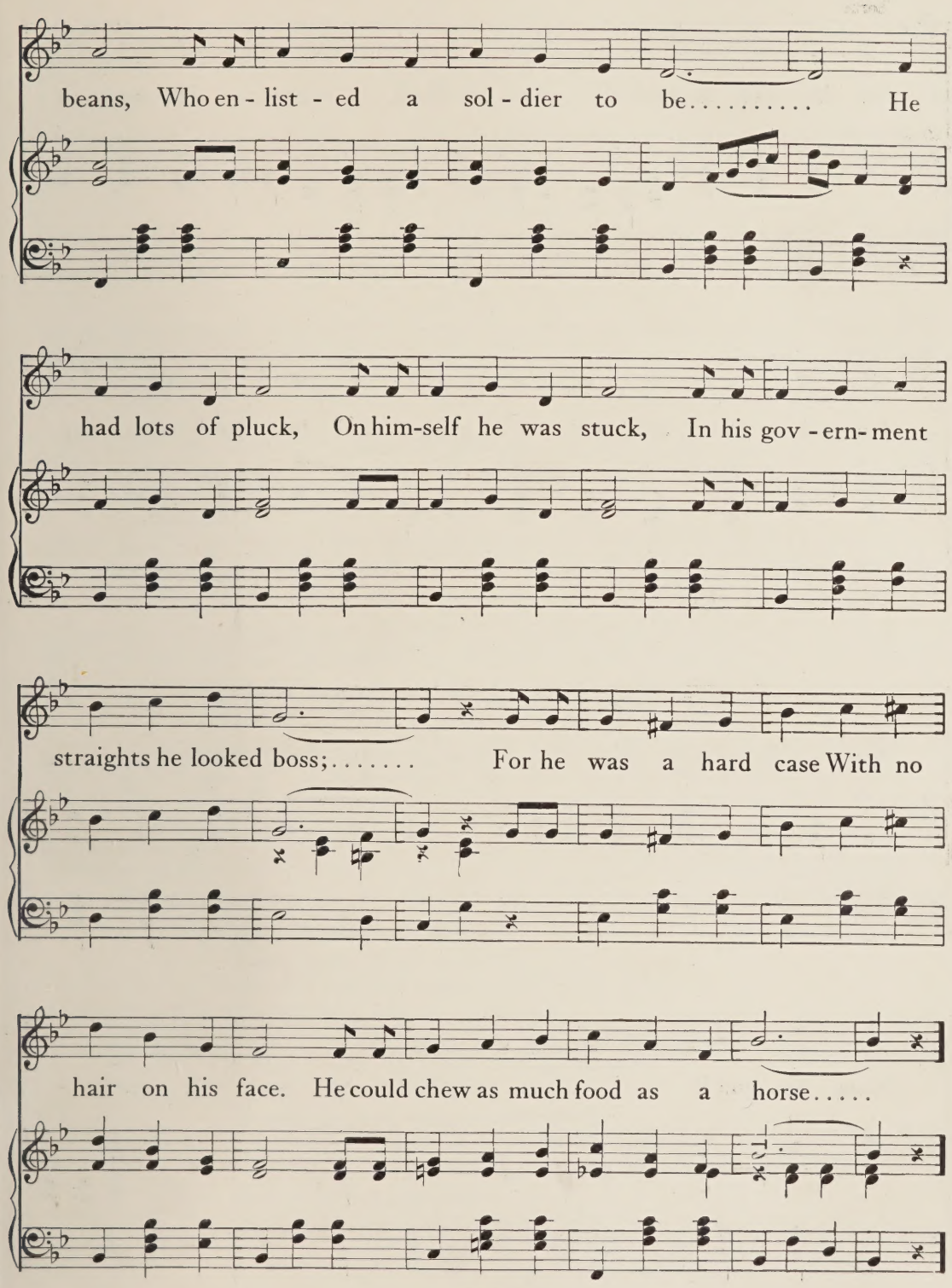
"No! No! brave Green," the captain cried,
"Our duty lies right here."
So with his trusty sword in hand
He led them with a cheer.
And up that hill with a hell of a yell—
He was looking for a star—
And the Moros tell how he gave them hell—
He was a Regular.
Chorus

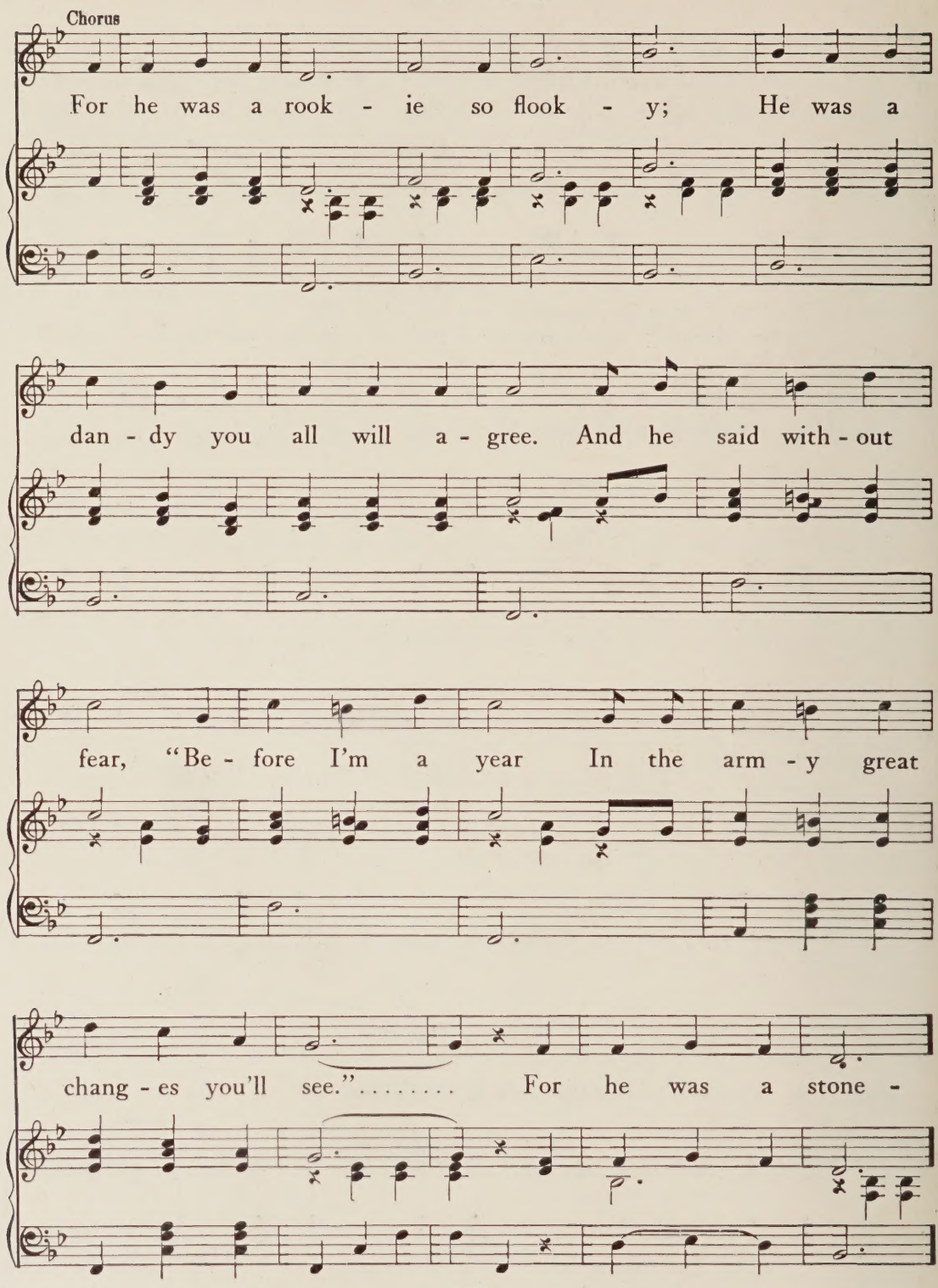
A ROOKIE

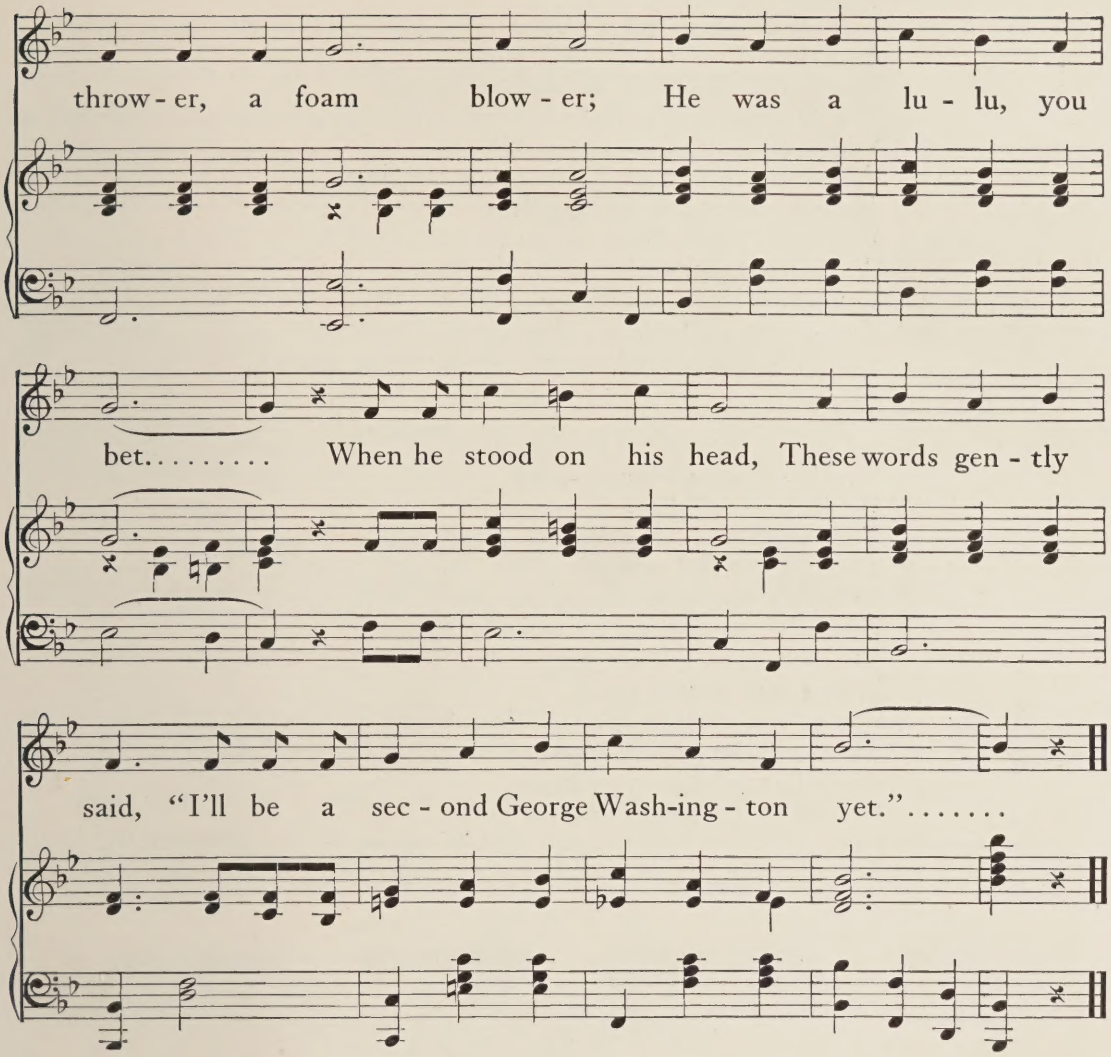
The poor recruit has always been the butt of soldier jokes and songs. In the Civil War they sang of the "raw recruit with the bran-new suit," and among soldiers today "The Raw Recruit," which is included in the first section of this book, is very popular. In the "Old Army" a man was considered a recruit until he had served one enlistment at least. Furthermore, he was fair prey for the older men, who found ways of exchanging their old equipment for the new things issued to him.

A version of this song was sung in the early nineties, and possibly earlier. During the Spanish-American War some regiments modernized it by substituting "Gugu" for "Indian." It has been included in "Songs of the 51st Iowa," and Carl Lomax found an almost identical version while collecting "Cowboy Songs."




beans, Who en - list - ed a sol - dier to be..... He
had lots of pluck, On him-self he was stuck, In his gov - ern- ment
straights he looked boss;..... For he was a hard case With no
hair on his face. He could chew as much food as a horse.....


Chorus
For he was a rook - ie so flook - y; He was a
dan - dy you all will a - gree. And he said with - out
fear, "Be - fore I'm a year In the arm - y great
chang - es you'll see." . . . . . For he was a stone -


throw - er, a foam blow - er; He was a lu - lu, you
bet..... When he stood on his head, These words gen - tly
said, "I'll be a sec - ond George Wash-ing - ton yet."....

At Frisco he did land;
They took him in hand;
All the old bucks soon gathered round.
"Say, when did you enlist?"
"Oh, give me your fist!"
"You'll take on again, I'll be bound."
"I've a blanket to sell;
It will fit you quite well.
You may take it—the whole or a piece."
"I've a dress coat to trade,
And a helmet unmade;
It will do you for kitchen police."

Chorus

Now they gave him a gun,
And the "Top" said, "My son,
Come, heel-ball this musket up bright.
In a few days or more
You'll be wilted in gore
When you go those black gugus to fight.
There'll be blood flowing free;
You'll be right there to see;
We'll send you right up to the front.
You need have no fear;
If you get scalped, my dear,
You'll be pensioned—eight dollars per month."

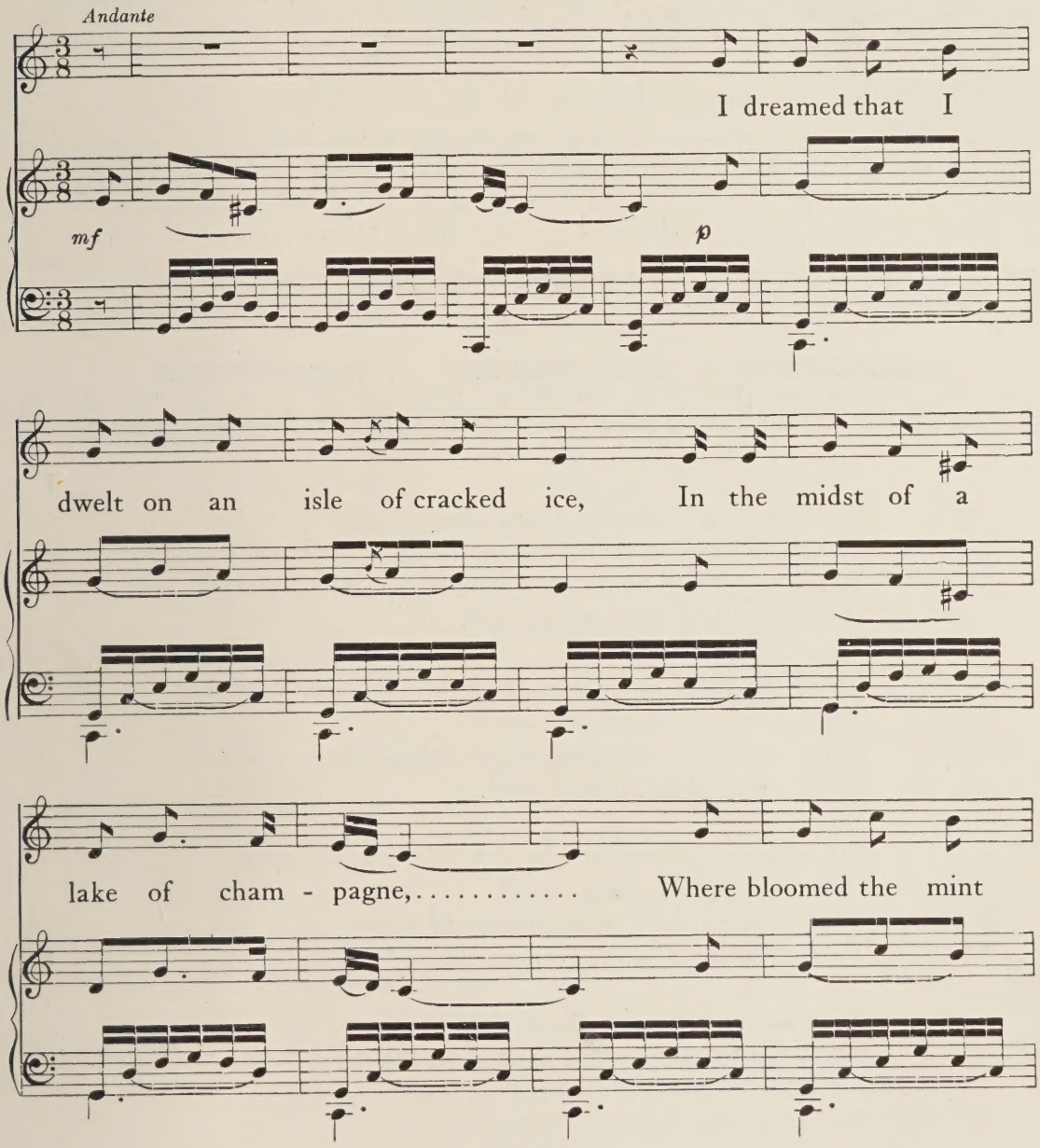
Chorus

Now they scared him so bad
He blew in all he had
And went on a drunk with good will.
The "Top" did report,
"There's one private short."
When he showed up he went to the mill.
The proceedings, we find,
Was a ten dollars blind.
It was ten dollars less to blow foam.
That was long years ago,
And that rookie, you know,
Is now in the old soldiers' home.

Chorus

A DREAM

This song will remind some old-timers of Eugene Field's poem about "the clink of the ice in the pitcher that the boy brings up in the hall." It may even bring more intimate recollections than that. It was written by Captain G. H. Knox and has been sung to the tune of "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" at various "wallows" of the Military Order of the Carabao.



I reclined on a divan of lager-beer foam,
With a pillow of froth for my head,
While the spray from a fountain of sparkling gin-fizz
Descended like dew on my bed.

From far-away mountains of crystalline ice,
A zephyr refreshing and cool
Came wafting the incense of sweet muscatel
That sparkled in many a pool.

My senses were soothed by the soft, purling song
Of a brooklet of pousse-café
That rippled along over pebbles of snow
To a river of absinth frappé.

Then lulled by the music of tinkling glass
From the schooners that danced on the deep,
I dreamily sipped a high-ball or two,
And languidly floated to sleep.

A DREAM

And then I awoke on a bed full of rocks,
With a bolster as hard as a brick,
A wrench in my neck, a rack in my head,
And a stomach detestably sick.

With sand in my eyes and a grit in my throat
Where the taste of last evening still clung.
I felt a bath towel stuffed into my mouth,
Which I afterwards found was my tongue.

And I groped for the thread of the evening before
In the mystified maze of my brain,
Until a great light burst upon me at last—
"I'm Off of the Wagon Again."

THE CARABAO

The Carabao is the "patron saint" of the "Military Order of the Carabao," an organization of officers of the regular and volunteer army and navy who served in the Philippines during the insurrection. This species of the water-buffalo is the principal beast of burden in the Islands. It is a slow-moving animal, which must stop every few hours for a cool wallow in some muddy stream, but in the absence of the mule it rendered indispensable service to our army. This song in its honor was written for the Order of the Carabao by Major Archie Butts and is sung to the tune "My Maryland."

Oh! Carabao, Old Carabao,
Before they e'er could strike a blow,
Invading armies must await
Upon thy slow and measured tread.

For who can say that in his hand
Abides the power at thy command?
'Tis in thy mighty force to wield
The fate of armies in the field.

Oh! Carabao, Old Carabao,
Great monarch of the road art thou!
Thy value rests in merit plain,
Old toiler through the mud and rain.

Well bearest thou thy lowly part,
No weakness knows thy giant heart;
With thy broad horn a single blow
Well could'st thou lay thy master low.

Yet all thy strength thou bindest still
To slave and suffer at his will;
And steady draw the weary load
Till death o'ertakes thee on the road.

Oh! Carabao, Old Carabao,
Well could we place upon thy brow
A laurel wreath for work well done
In driving storm and scorching sun.

IF A LADY'S WEARIN' PANTALOONS

During the insurrection, women sometimes fought in the same bands as the men. They dressed as men, so it was almost impossible to recognize them. An order that forbade firing on parties of Filipinos which contained women was the incentive for this amusing song.

I

If a lady wearin' pantaloons is swingin' wit' a knife,
Must I stop an' cross-examine as to sex?
"Air you Datto Mudd, his ownself, m'am, or air you jest his wife?
Kindly answer 'fore I reach your solar-plex?"
If a lady wearin' britches is a-hidin' in the ditches,
An' she itches fer me ears as souvenirs,
Must I arsk, afore I twists 'er, "Air you miss or air you mister?"
How shall a bashful man decide the dears?

Chorus

Ladies, if yer wearin' o' yer husband's pantaloons—
Mercy! How you makes a soldier blush!—
You will have ter take the chances which is tied to husbands' pantses,
Or stay at home an' make the babies hush!
We ain't no clairvoyants. If yer wearin' pantaloons
We must take you as we find you when the guns begin their tunes;
An' we cannot be caressin', though you puzzle us distressin',
When yer wearin' o' yer husband's pantaloons.

II

If a lady wearin' pantaloons is in a soldier jam,
An' she's tryin' mos' distinct to take yer life,
Jus' tell her that yer needed by yer own dear Uncle Sam
An' ax her pardon as you dodge her knife!
When she cuts an' jabs so sprightly, try ter speak ter her politely,
An' excuse yerself as nicely as ye can.
But ye mustn't take no chances—an' don't always jedge by pantses,
'Cause ye cannot tell but wot she is a man.

BY OLD FORT SAN FELIPE

In this and the following songs we have some American versions of Kipling's famous Mandalay. That the call of the East was not unanswered is shown by the number of former soldiers who are now business men in Manila, as well as by the large number of mestizo children whose care and education are problems of the American Guardian Association.

By old Fort San Felipe
Looking lazy at the sea,
There's a Filipino maiden,
And I know she thinks of me,
For the wind is in the rice fields,
And the bells they seem to say,
"Come ye back, ye Yankee soldier,
Come ye back to San Roqué."

Chorus

Come ye back to San Roqué,
Where old Dewey's squadron lay,
You could hear their oar-locks clucking
Far across Cavite Bay.
On the road to San Roqué,
Where the naked babies play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder
From Manila 'cross the bay.

Her petticoat was piña,
And it had a silken sheen,
Her name was Esmeralda Doña Juanita,
She was like a Gipsy queen,
And I saw her first a-smoking
Of a whacking white cheroot,
And a-wasting Christian kisses
On a blooming second lieut.

Chorus

When the wind was in the palm trees,
And the sun was sinking low,
She would get out her *guitarra,*
And would play a bolero.
With her arm upon my shoulder
And her cheek against my cheek
We would watch the shining searchlights
With their brilliant silvery sheets.

Chorus

BY OLD FORT SAN FELIPE

Take me somewhere west of Frisco,
Where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no ten commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst.
For I hear the bugles blowing,
And it's there I'd like to be,
By old Fort San Felipe,
Looking lazy at the sea.

Chorus

ON THE ROAD TO OLD LUZON

In a little nipa cottage on the Pasig's muddy shore
Sits a sweet Tagala maiden as she sat in days of yore
When she listened to my story 'neath the golden mango tree,
And I clean forgot my family as she sang "Porgue" to me.

1st Chorus

On the road to old Luzon, where the church bells still chime on,
And the rain comes down in torrents from the mountains of Bataán.
On the road to old Luzon, where the church bells still chime on,
Can't you hear them calling, calling, calling back to old Luzon?

For her little feet were shoeless, and her pretty shoulders bare,
And the cocoa oil shone glossy from her mass of raven hair.
How her dark eyes danced with laughter, and her teeth gleamed pearly white,
As she coquettishly answered: "Me *no sabe*—yes—all right."

Ship me somewhere west of Frisco, where the golden sunset dies,
And the languid, limpid love-light lies in oriental eyes.
For I hear Manila calling and the church bells chiming on,
"Come ye back, ye Yankee soldier, come ye back to old Luzon."

How I hate the fogs of Frisco and Chicago's streets of stones!
And the fierce Dakota blizzards freeze the marrow in my bones.
How I long for days of sunshine, cocoa grove and mango tree,
And my sweet Tagala maiden just to sing "Porgue" to me.

Last Chorus

On the road to old Luzon, where the church bells still chime on,
And the rain comes down in torrents from the mountains of Bataán.
On the road to old Luzon, where the church bells still chime on,
Yes, I hear them calling, calling, calling back to old Luzon.

AT NAIC (NO. 1)

By the moss-grown church at Naic, looking lazy at the sea,
There's a *gugu* girl a-sitting and I know she longs for me.
The wind blows through the palm trees and I think I hear her say,
"Come you back, you Yankee soldier, come you back to me today."

Her petticoat is yellow, her *camisa* it is green,
And her *nombre* is Teresa, my chocolate-colored queen;
I saw her first a-smoking of an overgrown cheroot,
And a-wasting dainty kisses that should be a soldier's loot.

When the mist was on the rice fields, and the shadows coming slow,
She would get her little banjo and sing so soft and low;
With her arm around my shoulder and her cheek pressed up to mine
We used to watch the warships sailing up Cavite line.

But I've left it all behind me, and it's miles and miles away,
And there ain't no 'mobiles running from here to Naic bay;
And I'm learning from my old home what the three-year soldiers say—
When you hear the East a-calling, that you cannot stay away.

I am sick of wasting leather on these gritty paving stones,
And the blasted sleet and drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
I will gladly board the transport when my home detail is o'er
And with rapture see the gleaming domes along the tropic shore.

Tho' I walk with fifty white girls, down from Woodward to Belle Isle,
And they talk of love and loving, and even try to smile,
What do thy understand, painted face and chubby hand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a fairer, greener land.

Ship me somewhere west of Frisco, where the best is like the worst,
And there ain't no ten commandments and a man can raise a thirst;
For the Naic bells are ringing and it's there that I would be,
With a native girl at sunset, looking lazy at the sea.

AT NAIC (NO. 2)

By the mud-holes down at Naic, looking lazy at the bay,
There's a *gugu* girl a-waiting, and I think I hear her say,
"Come you back, you *malo* soldier, come you back from o'er the sea,
Come you back and pay your jaw-bone; *por qué* you jaw-bone me?"

Her petticoat is baggy, and it reaches to her knees;
Her hair is thin and scraggy and sometimes full of fleas,
Her teeth (the few remaining) are covered with red paint,
And her name, Doña María, that of her patron saint.

When the rain filled up the rice fields, and we were wet to the skin,
We'd go down to "Bino Mary's" and get full of Chino gin.
With her arm around my shoulder and her cheek to mine pressed close,
When I'd smell her breath—oh, Lordy!—I thought I'd give up the ghost.

But I've left it all behind me. Thank the Lord, I'm miles away,
And back in God's own country, and there I intend to stay.
And I'm learning in my old home what all the wise folks say—
"When you hear the East a-calling, you had better stay away."

No more have I the "dhobie," nor the awful "prickly heat,"
I walk out of an evening with a maiden bright and sweet.
Just give me one good Yankee girl, one I can call my own,
And *gugu* dames are welcome to the man who wrote the poem.

Oh, the Naic bells are ringing as they ofttimes did before!
Here electric bells are ringing as we speed to Coney's shore.
As I stand upon the board walk, looking lazy at the sea,
Then I say unto my charmer, "This is good enough for me."

These old paving stones are blessèd, compared to Naic's mud,
And 'tis pleasant to go skating for it warms a fellow's blood;
I'll walk with a white girl's grandma and consider myself happy,
You are welcome to the brown ones. You can be their Naic chappy.

Ship me to the North Pole, or to Afric's sunny shore,
But the hot and sickly Philippines I don't want any more.
For the Naic rain's a-raining, and I'm here well and dry,
With a white girl here beside me looking happy at the sky.

DOWN BY OLD MANILA BAY

It's a most amazing country in the far-off Philippines,
An' there's most amusin' people there an' most amusin' scenes,
For the conquerors pay tribute and the vanquished have their way,
An' the "enemy" is friendly down by old Manila Bay.

1st Chorus

Down by old Manila Bay, where the insurrecto gay
Plays the Yankee for a sucker in a most successful way,
An' the natives holdin' office wink an' save their monthly pay,
Down by old Manila Bay.

Everything is just the opposite from what it ought to be,
For the victors' mouths are muzzled, while the conquered lips are free;
An' the average American is handled like a jay
By the diplomatic natives down by old Manila Bay.

2nd Chorus

Down by old Manila Bay, where the flying fishes play,
Where the *gugus* and *mestizos* bluff at working all the day,
An' the wavelets kiss the mud beach in a lazy sort of way,
Down by old Manila Bay.

The starry banner waves aloft o'er Luzon's conquered isle,
But the law an' constitution mustn't follow for a while;
For the sun is brightly shining while the grafters make their hay,
An' Spanish law is still supreme, down by old Manila Bay.

3rd Chorus

Down by old Manila Bay, where if I could have my say,
The boys who fought an' bled an' starved would have a little sway,
An' the fuzzy old amigo wouldn't scoop in all the pay,
Down by old Manila Bay.

Ship me off to Hell or Texas; ship me anywhere from here,
For although we've whipped these natives, yet they've got us by the ear.
An' the insurrecto treasury has gobbled all our pay,
By the tricks well known to natives, down by old Manila Bay.

4th Chorus

Down by old Manila Bay, where the Yankee, day by day,
Wonders when his fellow countrymen will tumble to the lay
Of the coffee-cooling grafters who have everything to say,
Down by old Manila Bay.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S SONG

An old officer states that this song was first sung at a dinner in Manila. The tune used was from a popular music-hall song of that day.

The governor-general was a very much harassed man in those days. With pacification of the Islands more theoretical than actual, and with plenty of advice and vituperation from Washington, General MacArthur had his hands full.

Oh, I've been having a hell of a time since I came to the Philippines!
I'd rather drive a bob-tail car and live on pork and beans.
They call me governor-general—I'm the hero of the day,
But I have troubles of my own, and often have to say:

Chorus

Oh' am I the boss, or am I the tool?
Am I the governor-general or a hobo?
I'd like to know who's the boss of this show—
Is it me, or Emilio Aguinaldo?

The rebels up at old Tarlac, four men to every gun—
I think the trouble is at an end, they think it's just begun;
My men go out to have a fight, the rebels fade away;
I cable home the trouble's over, but to myself I say:
Chorus

Now General MacArthur, I have no doubt, can run the whole concern.
All right, I'll pack my trunk and go, and he can take his turn;
But when the papers "cuss him out," and lay him on the shelf,
I only ask the privilege of saying to myself:

Closing Chorus

Oh, is Mac the boss, or is Mac the tool?
Is Mac the governor-general or a hobo?
I'd like to know who'll be boss of this show—
Will it be Mac or Emilio Aguinaldo?

IV. The Blue and the Gray

No other war in our country's history produced as many songs as the Civil War. The struggle lasted so long, and the feeling on each side was so intense, that hundreds of songs of all degrees of merit appeared. In the North, ballad singers such as Walter Kittredge, and such well-known song writers as George F. Root, H. C. Work, and Charles Carroll Sawyer, vied with scores of unknown writers in producing war songs. In the South, St. George Tucker, Jeff Thompson, Father Ryan, A. C. Blackmar, Carrie Bell Sinclair, and Miss M. B. Clark wrote many songs. Randall and McCarthy, however, were better known because of the immense popularity of "Maryland, My Maryland" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Many of the compositions of these authors were published in newspapers and magazines of the day. In the North, many were issued in broadsides and paper-covered songsters, some of which were sold for a dime, while others were distributed free to the soldiers.

Not all of these songs were sung by soldiers, however—nor were they intended to be. Many were wholly unsuitable for camp or marching songs, or were too far removed from the intimate details and stark realities of a soldier's daily life. Though "When This Cruel War Is Over" (Northern) and "Lorena" (Southern) were very popular love songs, as a rule sentimental songs were not in great favor. Some songs, such as "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More," were fairly popular, but were primarily rallying songs used to stimulate recruiting. Semireligious songs were used in some of the "song meetings" of the early war days, but were not, a veteran tells us, very kindly regarded; and "We Shall Meet But We Shall Miss Him" was a little too suggestive of tragedy to arouse much enthusiasm in men who saw death stalking daily among them. On the other hand, comic songs such as "Kingdom Coming," "The Bowld Soger Boy," and "Eating Goober Peas" (Southern) were very popular. Then, too, a great deal of fun was derived from singing bits of doggerel

that sprung spontaneously out of some incident in camp life and are now preserved only in the memory of some aged veteran or on the pages of his memoirs. In this section, therefore, only the best of those formal compositions which found favor with men in the ranks are included. These, with their soldier parodies, one or two old ballads, and a liberal sprinkling of verses that originated with the soldiers themselves make a fairly representative collection of the songs that were sung in both armies.

Long ago someone said that "more solid things do not show the complexion of the times as well as ballads." Poetry and song have ever been an emotional gage of a people and an index to the spirit of the times. But these old war songs reveal not only the spirit of the sixties but also the story of the soldier in both armies. In "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Maryland, My Maryland," and General Albert Pike's version of "Dixie," we see the Southern soldier's love of the South, his fierce resentment of any encroachment on his rights, and his determination to drive back the Northern invader. In the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The Battle-Cry of Freedom" we find the crusade spirit with which the men of the North first rallied to preserve the Union. All but one of these songs originated outside of the army, but the soldier sang them because they expressed what he himself felt.

As the first wave of feeling passed, and men settled down to the serious business of fighting, marching, sleeping in the mud and rain, and living on "sow-belly" and beans, their attention was more and more focused on the immediate details of their daily life. It was then that true soldier songs were born. In times of stress and good fortune alike, man finds emotional relief in song. The soldier is no exception; rather, he is the best proof of the rule. Was the hardtack wormy and indigestible? The Yank sang about it: "Hard Crackers, Come Again No More." Was the mule meat tough and the pea-bread sour? Johnny Reb at Vicksburg tightened his belt and made himself a song: "A Life on the Vicksburg Bluff." Did successive commanders march the Army of the Potomac all over Northern Virginia and accomplish nothing? The score wasevened in "We're the Boys of Potomac's Ranks."

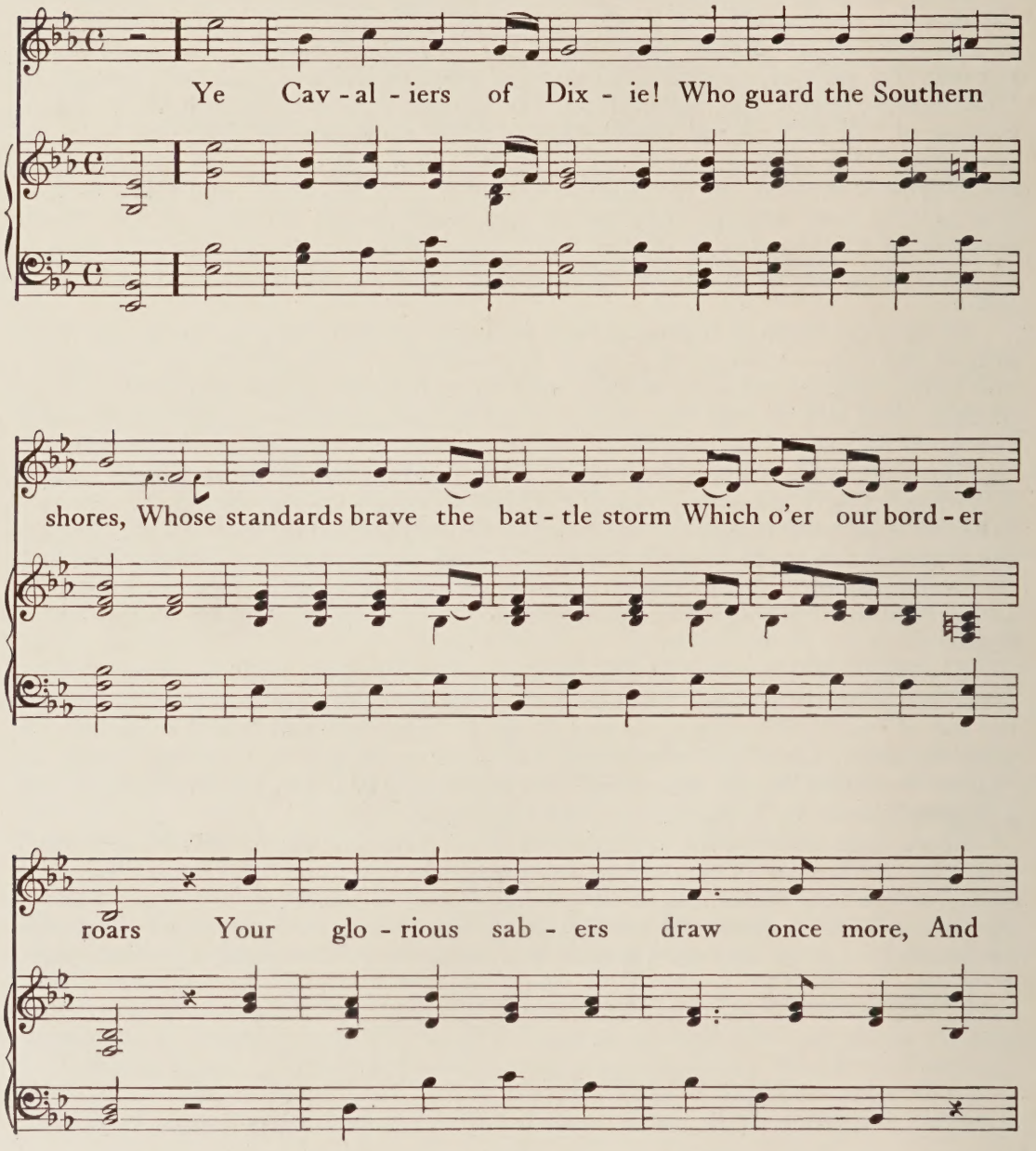
And so it went; in camp, on the march, and in prison the soldiers of both armies made and sang their songs. On a few epic occasions their voices were heard above the din of battle, shouting their war song like knights of old *; and sometimes on stilly evenings, when the two armies lay close together, the stirring strains of "Dixie" or "The Bonnie Blue Flag" floated across the lines and were answered by a mighty chorus of "The Battle-Cry of Freedom."

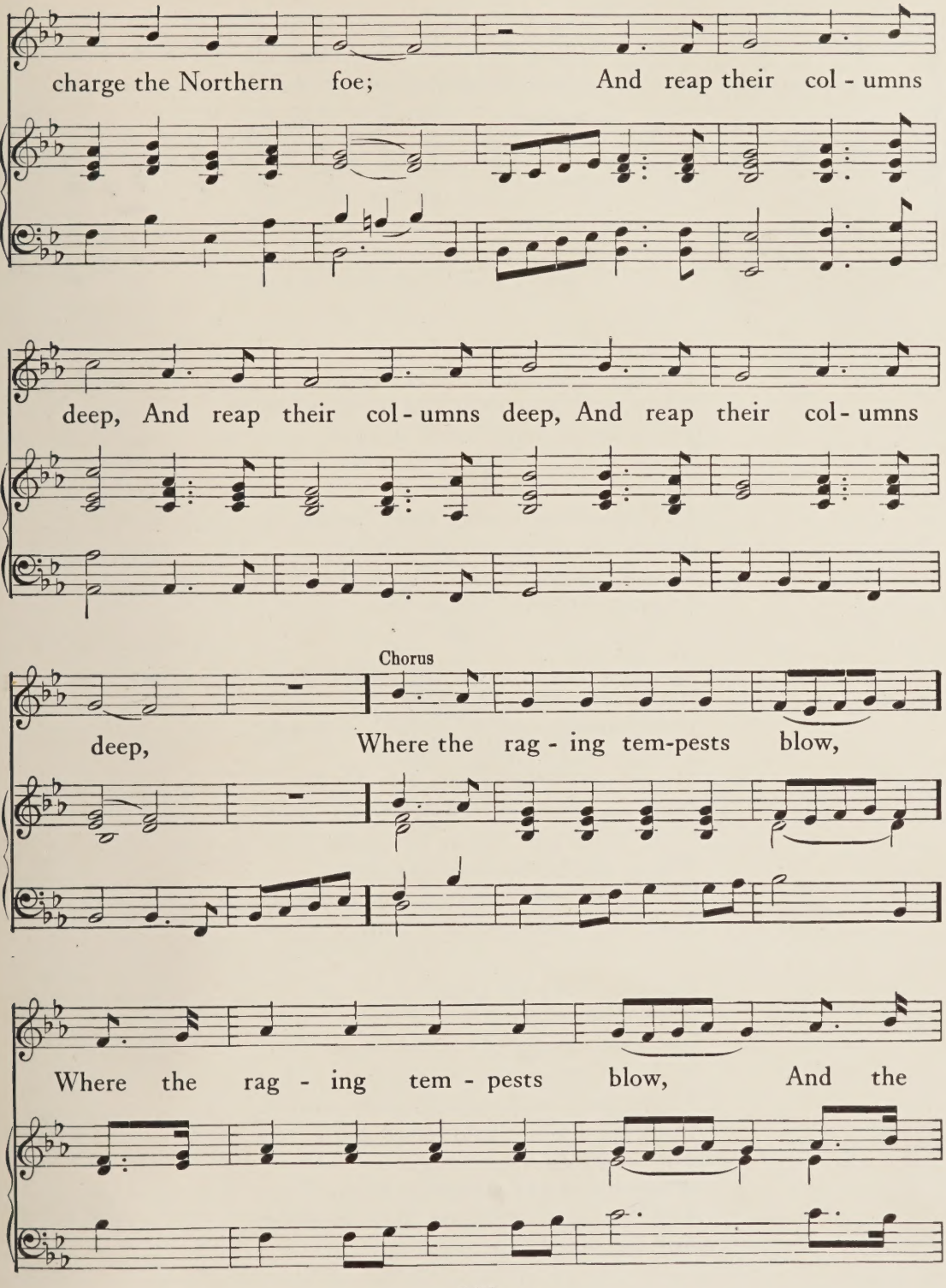
More than sixty years have passed since "Johnny" came "marching home," and Harry Allan of New Orleans first sang "I'm A Good Old Rebel." The joy of victory and the bitterness of defeat have long since been forgotten. Let us, therefore, preserve these old soldier songs. In war times they were the sunny side of a hard life; to us they are valuable and interesting relics from a glorious past.

Note: See introduction to "The Battle-Cry of Freedom."

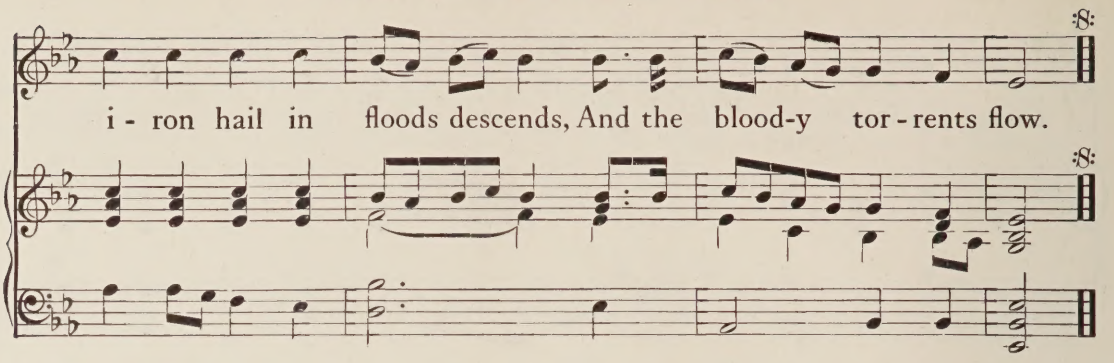
THE CAVALIERS OF DIXIE

This song, which was very popular with the Southern troops, was written by Benjamin F. Porter. It was sung to the old tune, "Ye Mariners of England," which was composed in the eighteenth century by John Wall Collcott, an English organist.


Ye Cav - al - iers of Dix - ie! Who guard the Southern
shores, Whose standards brave the bat - tle storm Which o'er our bord - er
roars Your glo - rious sab - ers draw once more, And


charge the Northern foe; And reap their col - umns
deep, And reap their col - umns deep, And reap their col - umns
Chorus
deep, Where the rag - ing tem-pests blow,
Where the rag - ing tem - pests blow, And the

THE CAVALIERS OF DIXIE



Ye Cavaliers of Dixie!
Though dark the tempest lower,
What arms will wear the tyrant's chains
What dastard heart will cower?
Bright o'er the night a sign shall rise
To lead to victory!
And your swords reap their hordes,
Where the battle tempests blow;
Where the iron hail in floods descends,
And the bloody torrents flow.

The South! she needs no ramparts,
No lofty towers to shield;
Your bosoms are her bulwarks strong,
Breastworks that never yield!
The thunders of your battle blades
Shall sweep the servile foe;
While their gore stains the shore,
Where the battle tempests blow;
Where the iron hail in floods descends,
And the bloody torrents flow.

The battle-flag of Dixie
With crimson field shall flame;
Her azure cross and silver stars
Shall light her sons to fame!
When peace with olive-branch returns,
That flag's white folds shall glow
Still bright on every height,
When storm has ceased to blow,
And the battle tempests roar no more;
Nor the bloody torrents flow.

THE CAVALIERS OF DIXIE

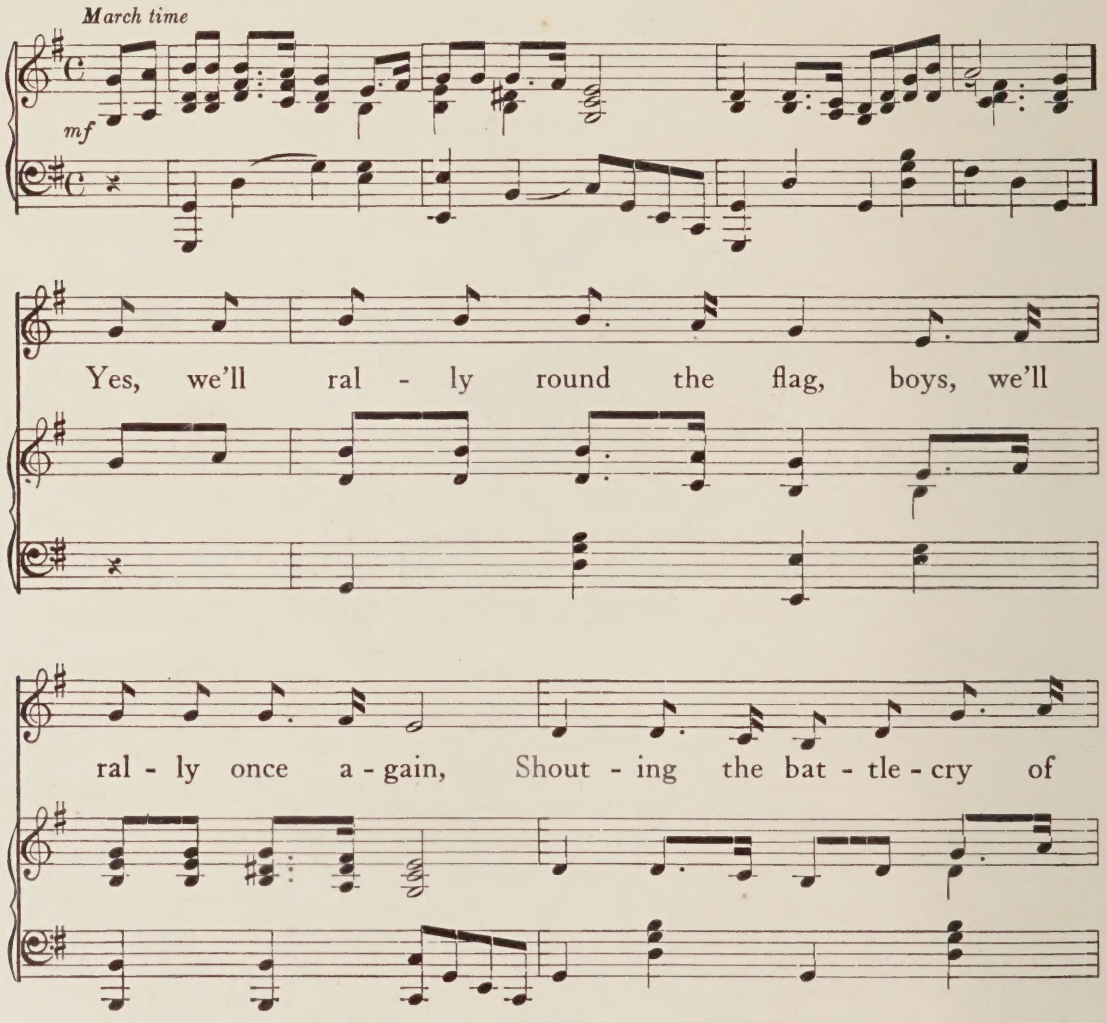
O, battle-flag of Dixie!
Long, long, triumphant wave!
Where'er the storms of battle roar,
Or victory crowns the brave!
The Cavaliers of Dixie!
In woman's song shall glow
The fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the battle tempests rage no more
Nor the bloody torrents flow.

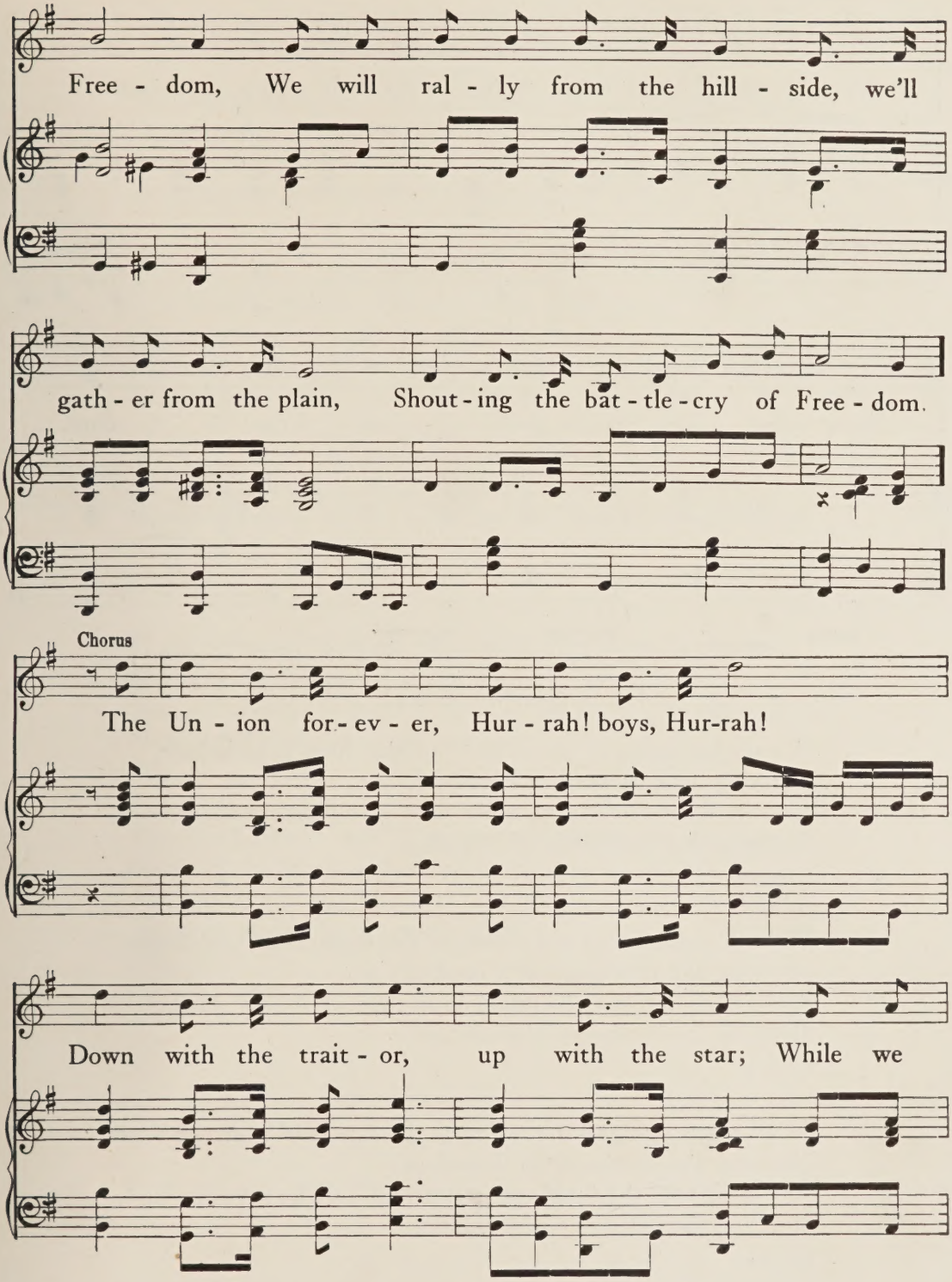
THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM

The words and music of this rallying song of the North were composed by George F. Root, who also wrote "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." It was sung for the first time in New York by those famous singers, the Hutchinson family. The following anecdote establishes its right to a place among soldier songs:

During the battle of the Wilderness in May, 1864, a brigade of the Ninth Corps broke the enemy's lines by assault, became exposed to a flank attack, and was driven back with great loss. Suddenly above the tumult of battle, a soldier in the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania was heard singing this song. The refrain was immediately caught up by his comrades. The rout was checked; ranks were reformed; the blue lines stiffened and held.

There were two well-known versions of this song. The one given here is the "rallying song"; following it is the "battle song."




Free - dom, We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
Chorus
The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hur-rah!
Down with the trait - or, up with the star; While we

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM

(*Rallying Song*)

We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM

(Battle Song)

We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus

The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
For we're marching to the field, boys, going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

We will meet the rebel host, boys, with fearless hearts and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus

If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And our comrades brave shall hear us, as they go rushing past,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus

Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And the vict'ry shall be ours, for we're rising in our might,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Concerning the popularity of "The Battle-Cry of Freedom" and its parodies, Brander Matthews says, "With that humor which never deserts the American, even in . . . war, the gentle words of 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' were . . . fitted to the tune, and many a regiment shortened a weary march or went gaily into action singing them." The text is from the "Acme Haversack" collection, which was used at G.A.R. reunions about forty years ago.

Mary had a little lamb,
'Twas always on the go.
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
So she staked it on a grassy slope
Along the Shenando',
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus

Hurrah for Mary! Hurrah for the lamb!
Hurrah for the sojers, who didn't care a damn,
For we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

And frequently she turned it loose
Upon the bank to play,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
The sojers eyed it from the shore
In a kleptomaniac way,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
Chorus

"What makes the men love mutton so?"
The colonel he did cry,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
"Cause mutton makes the whiskers grow,"
The sojers did reply,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
Chorus

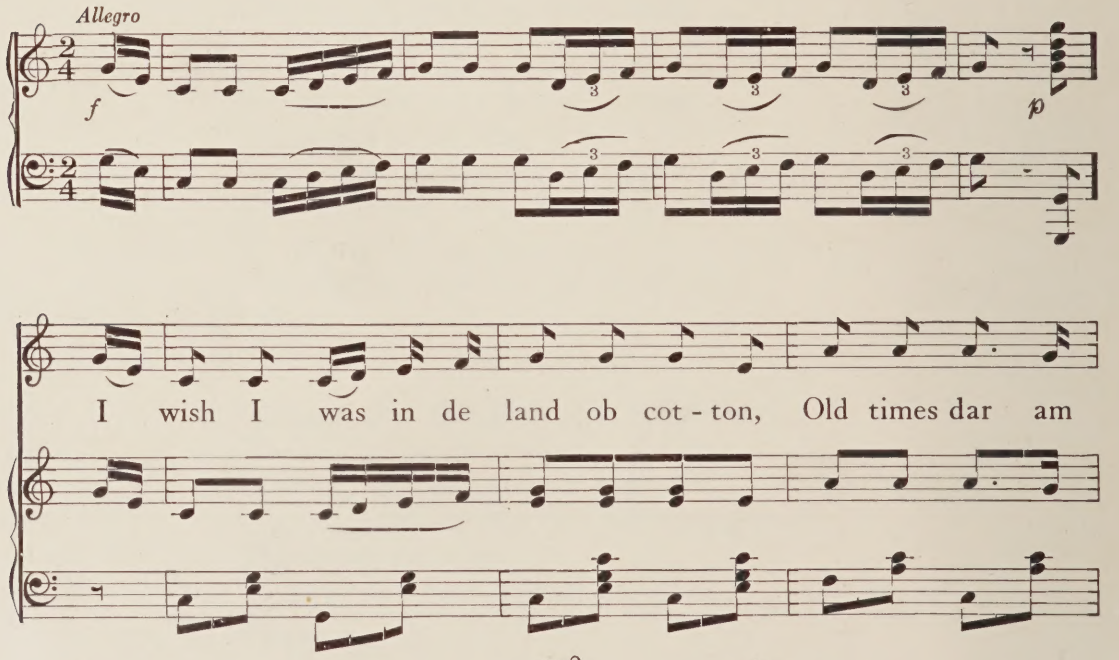
It swam across the Shenando',
Our pickets saw it too,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
And speedily it simmered down
Into a mutton stew,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
Chorus

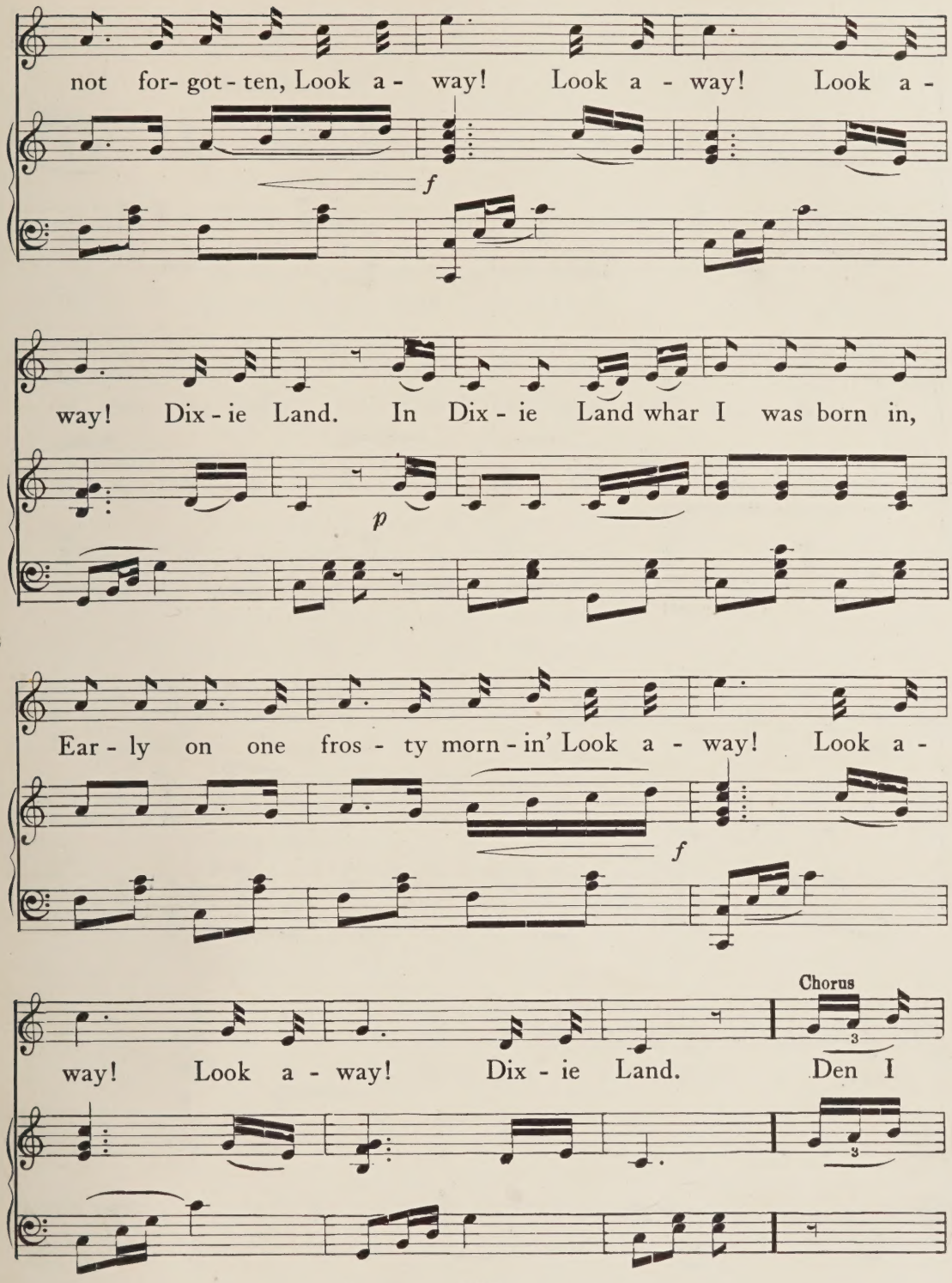
And Mary never more did see
Her darling little lamb,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
For the boys in blue they chawed it up,
And didn't give a damn,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
Chorus

DIXIE

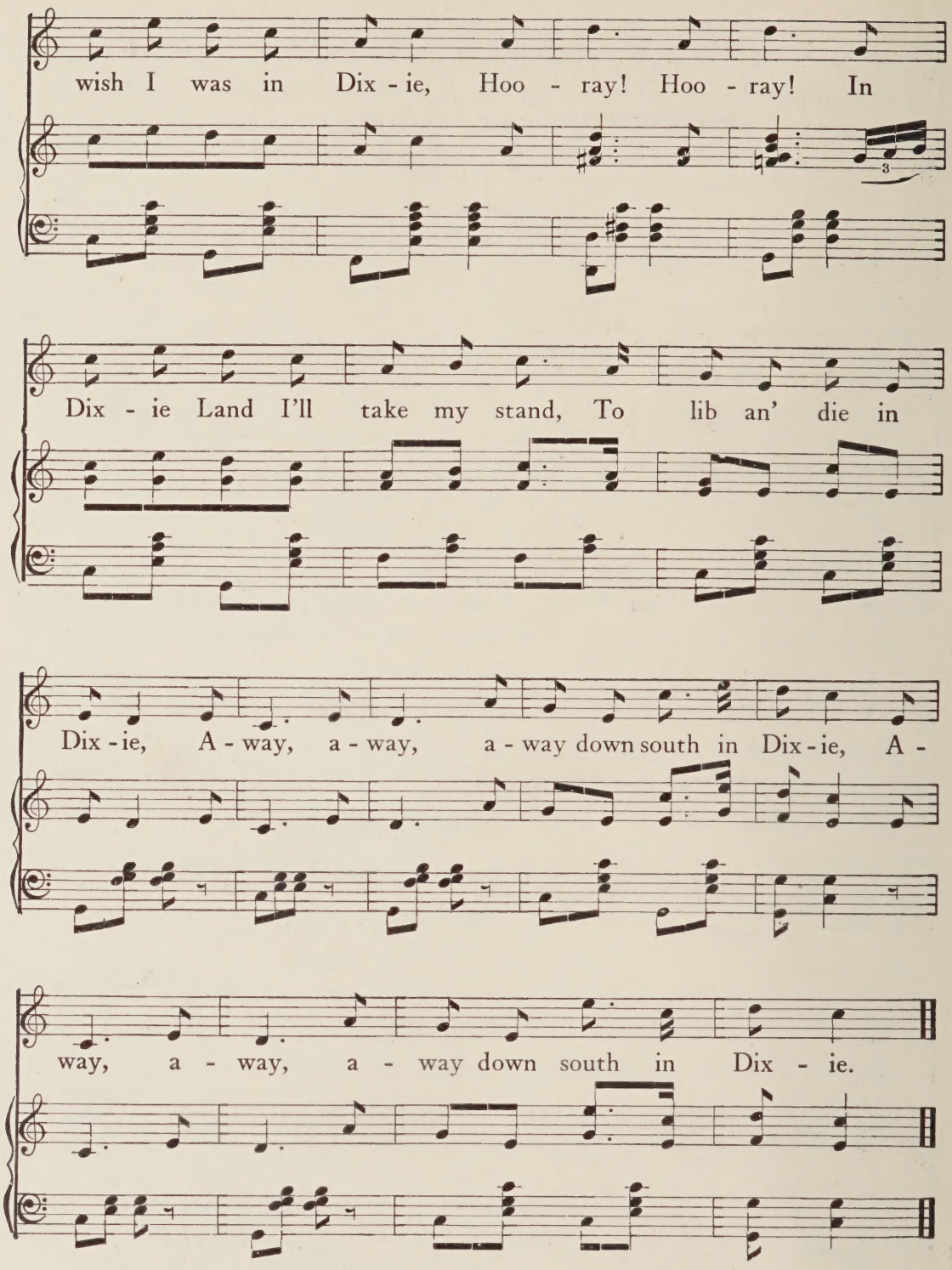
It is interesting to note that Dixie, which is the outstanding survivor of the songs of the Confederacy, was originally composed by an Ohio man in New York City, and that a subsequent version which was very popular in the South was written by a Boston-born general in the Confederate army. In 1859 Daniel Emmett, "father of Negro minstrelsy," wrote the original "Dixie," set it to an elaboration of what was probably an old English or Scotch tune, and had it sung by the Negroes of his troupe at the opening of each performance. The song attained immediate popularity, particularly in the South, where at least two other sets of words were adapted to the tune. One of these was by an anonymous author and did not become very widely known; the other, which at times vied with the original in popularity, was by General Albert Pike, who was born in Boston, fought with distinction in the Mexican War, and commanded a force of Cherokee Indians in the Confederate army.

The genesis of the word "Dixie" as a name for the South is a matter of interesting conjecture. "Dixie" is generally thought to be a variation of the name Dixon. However, Howard Futhey Brinton, in "Patriotic Songs of the American People," gives two other accounts of the word's probable origin. One is that before the war the Citizen's Bank of Louisiana issued large quantities of ten-dollar notes which were known as "Dix's," or "Dixies," and thus gave their name to the South. The other is that a Mr. Dixie, who was a large slave-holder on Manhattan in the early nineteenth century, moved to the South, much to the regret of his slaves, who were always longing for their former happy home back in "Massa Dixie's" land.




not for- got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
f
way! Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in,
p
Ear - ly on one fros - ty morn - in' Look a - way! Look a -
f
Chorus
way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Den I
3
3

DIXIE


wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In
Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand, To lib an' die in
Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, a - way down south in Dix - ie, A -
way, a - way, a - way down south in Dix - ie.

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"
Willyum was a gay deceaber;
Look away! etc.,
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder.
Look away! etc.
Chorus

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away! etc.,
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart.
Look away! etc.
Chorus

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.,
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song tomorrow.
Look away! etc.
Chorus

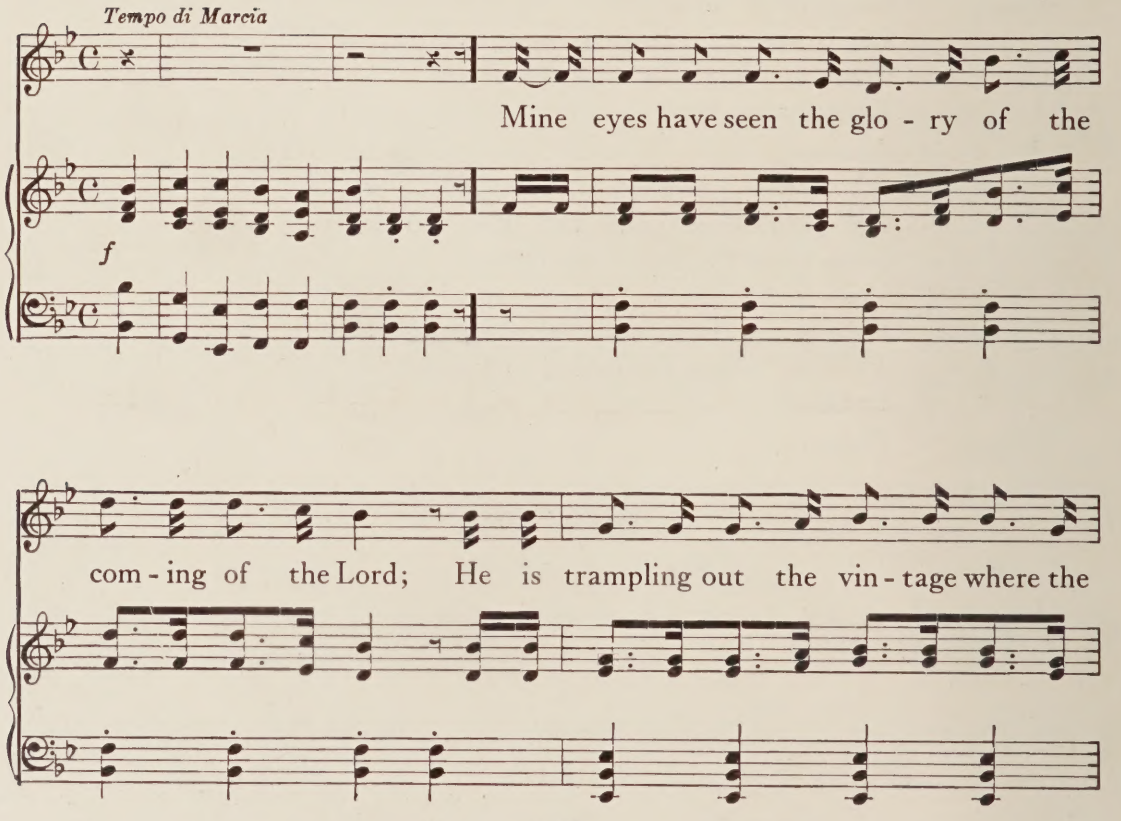
Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.,
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble.
Look away! etc.
Chorus

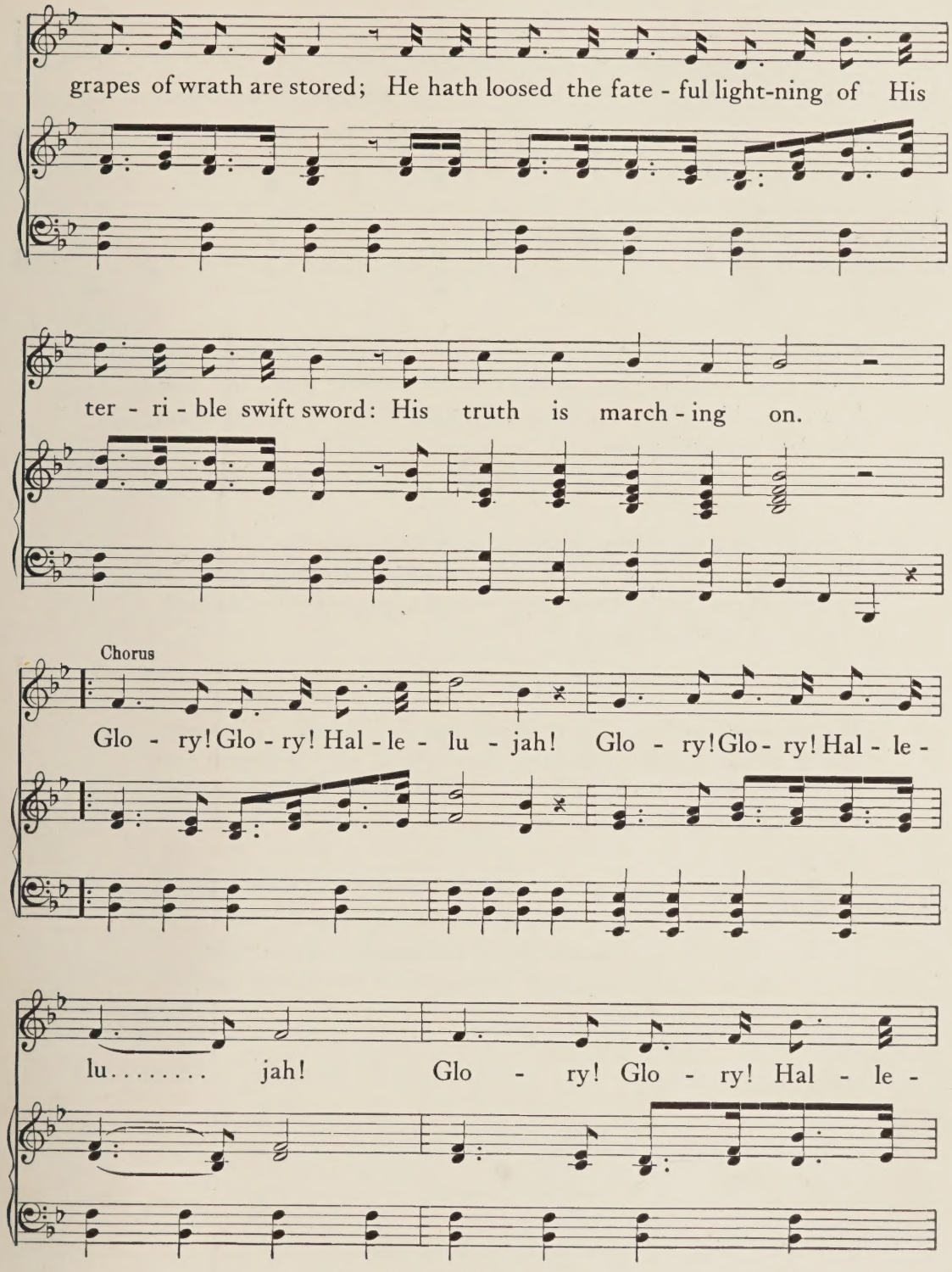
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

No song so breathes the crusade spirit of the North as does this fine and enduring war lyric of Julia Ward Howe. It was written in Washington in 1861, at a time when the city and surrounding country were an immense armed camp. It was first published in the Atlantic Monthly, but received little attention until an army chaplain who returned from a Southern prison told how he and his comrades had sung it there. It soon attained a popularity that did not end with the war. Schools, churches, and patriotic societies have sung it for more than sixty years.

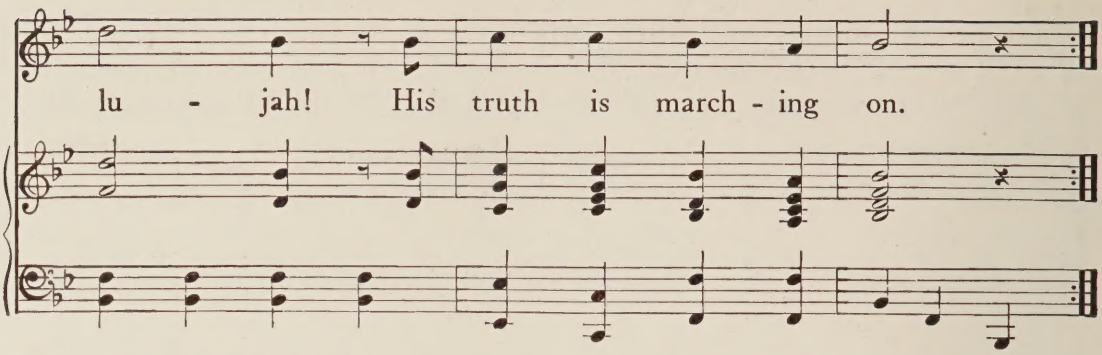
The colored soldiers had words of their own for this tune. Here is one stanza that they used to sing:

Oh, we're the bully soldiers of de "First Arkansaw,"
We are fighting for de Union, we are fighting for de law
We can hit a rebel furder dan a white man eber saw,
As we go marching on.




grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His
ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.
Chorus
Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -
lu..... jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC



I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

Chorus

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal";
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

Chorus

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

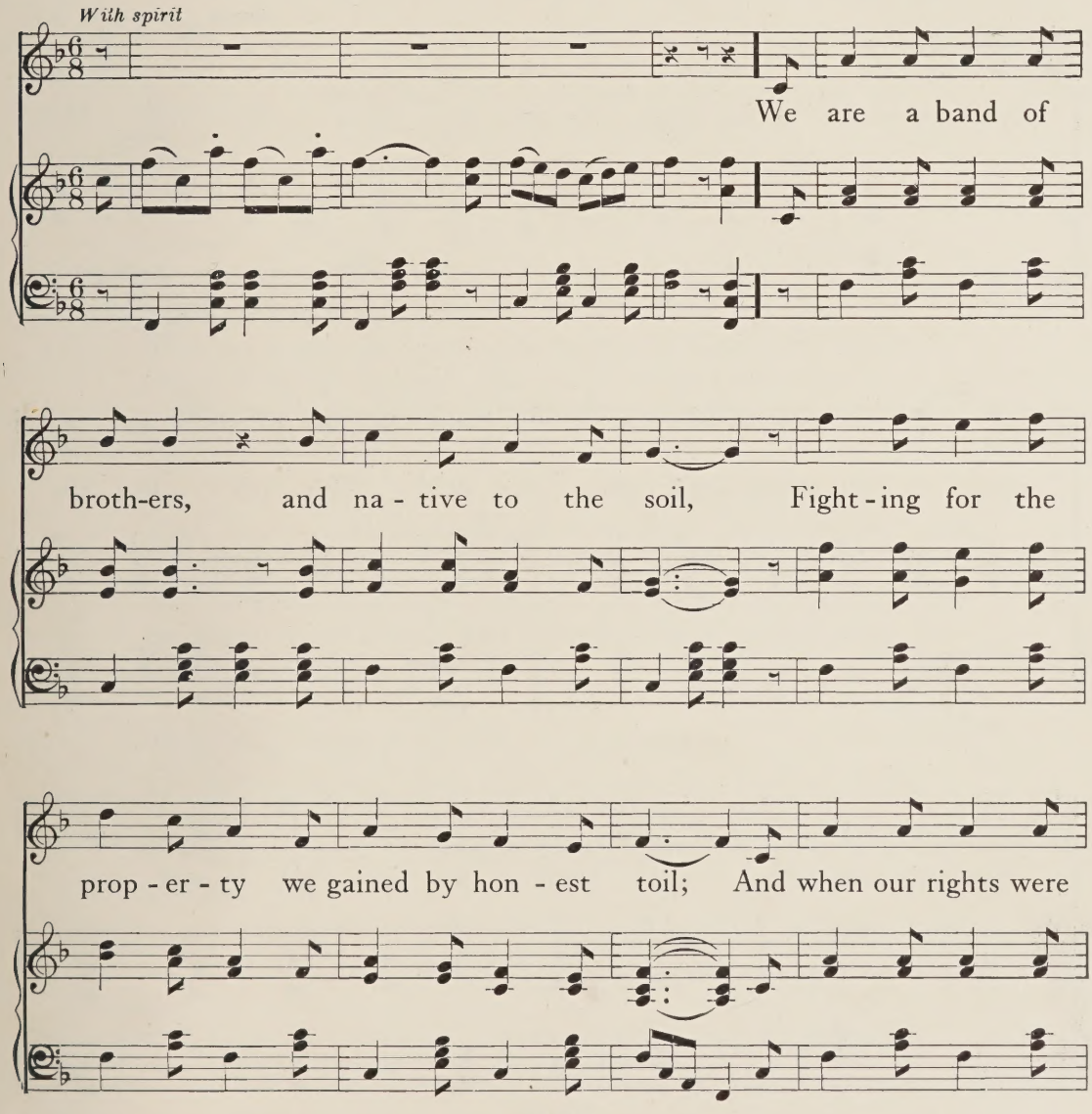
Chorus

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Chorus

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG

Of all the Southern war songs, "Dixie" alone surpassed "The Bonnie Blue Flag" in popularity. The song was composed by an Irish comedian, Harry McCarthy, who set it to an old Irish tune, "The Irish Jaunting Car." It was first sung by his sister in the Varieties Theatre in New Orleans in 1861. It spread rapidly throughout the South and the Confederate army. It is said that after the fall of New Orleans General Butler fined everyone who played or sang the song twenty-five dollars, while the publisher was arrested and fined five hundred dollars.


With spirit
We are a band of
broth-ers, and na - tive to the soil, Fight - ing for the
prop - er - ty we gained by hon - est toil; And when our rights were

threatened, the cry rose near and far. "Hur-rah for the
Chorus
Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a sin-gle star!" Hur-rah! Hur-
rah! for South-ern rights, hur-rah! Hur-rah for the
Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a sin-gle star.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and brethren kind were we, and just;
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.
Chorus

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand,
Then came Alabama and took her by the hand;
Next, quickly, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.
Chorus

Ye men of valor gather round the banner of the right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
With Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesmen rare,
We'll rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.
Chorus

And here's to brave Virginia, the Old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.
Chorus

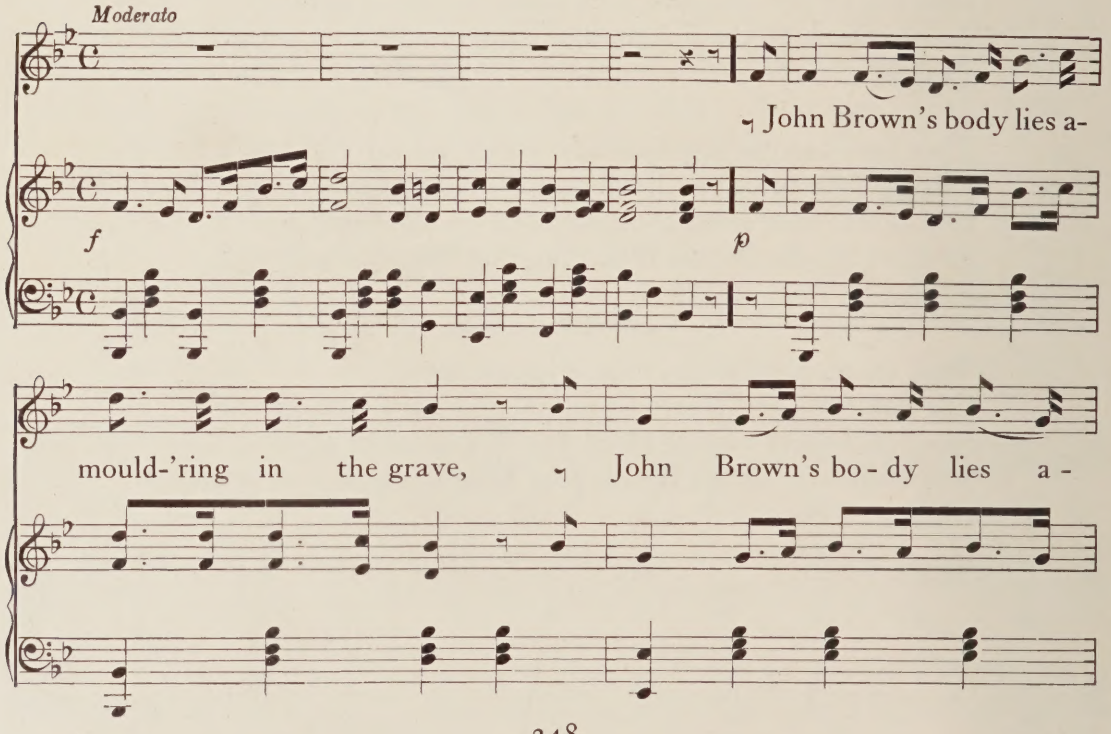
Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight, our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.
Chorus

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise a joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina, now have both gone out,
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven.
Chorus

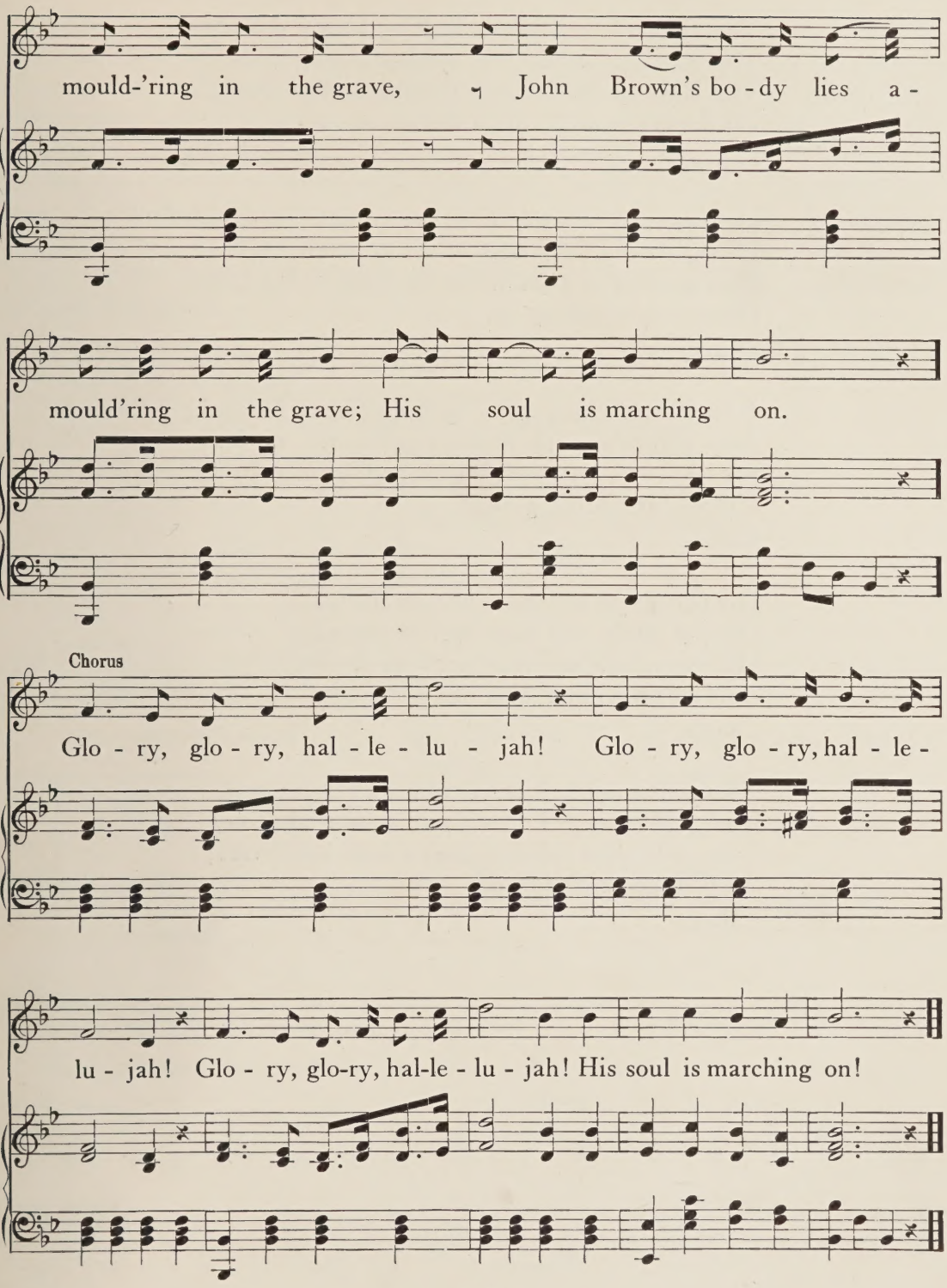
JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Were it not for this famous marching song of the North, in which an "almost religious enthusiasm is blended with the stirring tread" of martial music, John Brown's fame, as well as his body, might be moldering in the grave. Nevertheless, the song's origin is uncertain. The words and air have been credited to several different people. In reality the tune comes from an old Negro melody, several variations of which were used for war songs of this period. The words probably evolved in folk-song fashion. One story is that the song originated in a Boston street parade shortly after John Brown's execution. The tune was later adapted to the present first stanza by James E. Greenleaf, a Charlestown, Massachusetts, organist, and the song was first sung by the Boston Light Artillery in 1861. Another story, given to the newspapers years after the war by Mr. J. H. Jenkins, was that he and three other sergeants of the Boston Light Infantry Quartet composed the song and set it to a Negro camp-meeting melody. They sang the song to Mr. Gilmore, leader of a Boston band, who arranged it and had it played for the first time before the 12th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, to which many of the Boston Light Infantry had been transferred. Mr. Jenkins gives this example of the song's growth: When Sergeant John Brown of the quartet put his bulging knapsack on for the first time his comrades laughed at his ludicrous appearance, whereupon Brown tramped gaily up and down the company street singing an improvised stanza about "John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back."

Whatever its origin, this "Marseillaise of Emancipation" was tremendously popular with the Northern troops. White regiments sang it and used it as a marching tune; and at Poison Springs, Arkansas, six hundred colored soldiers joined in a mighty chorus of the song as they marched bravely into battle.



JOHN BROWN'S BODY


mould-'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a -
mould'ring in the grave; His soul is marching on.
Chorus
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -
lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! His soul is marching on!

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down;
On the grave of old John Brown.
Chorus

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord;
His soul is marching on.
Chorus

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back;
His soul is marching on.
Chorus

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way;
And they'll go marching on.
Chorus

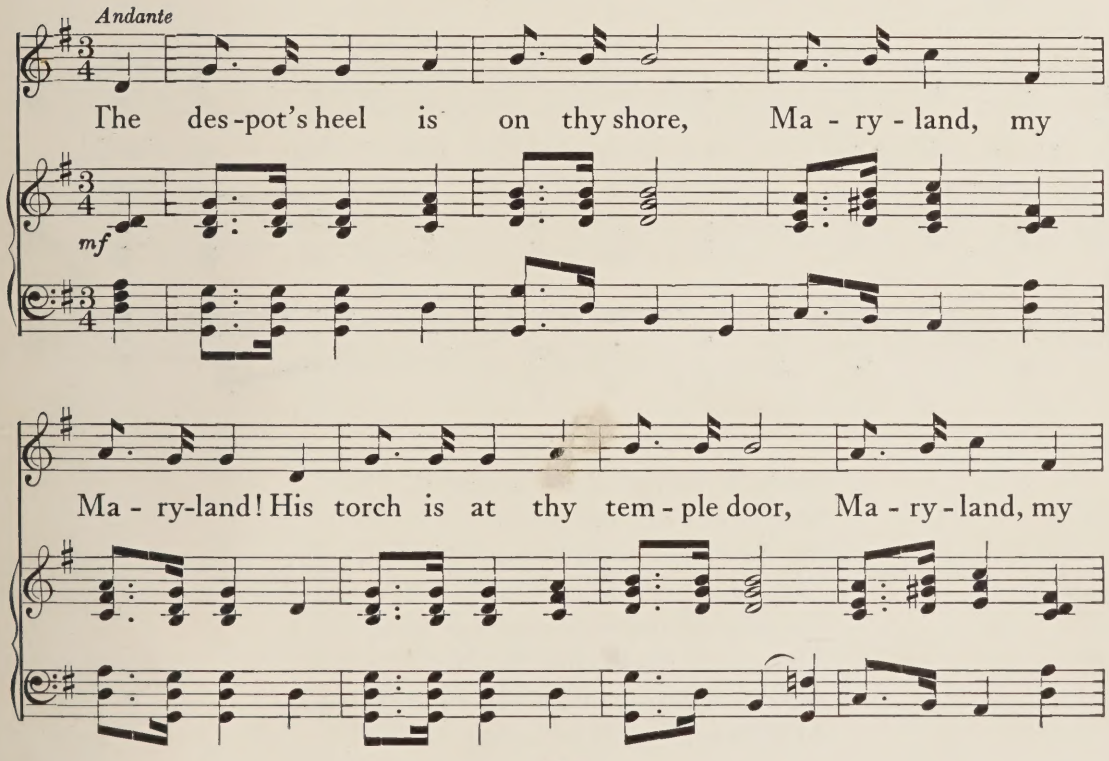
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree;
As they go marching on.
Chorus

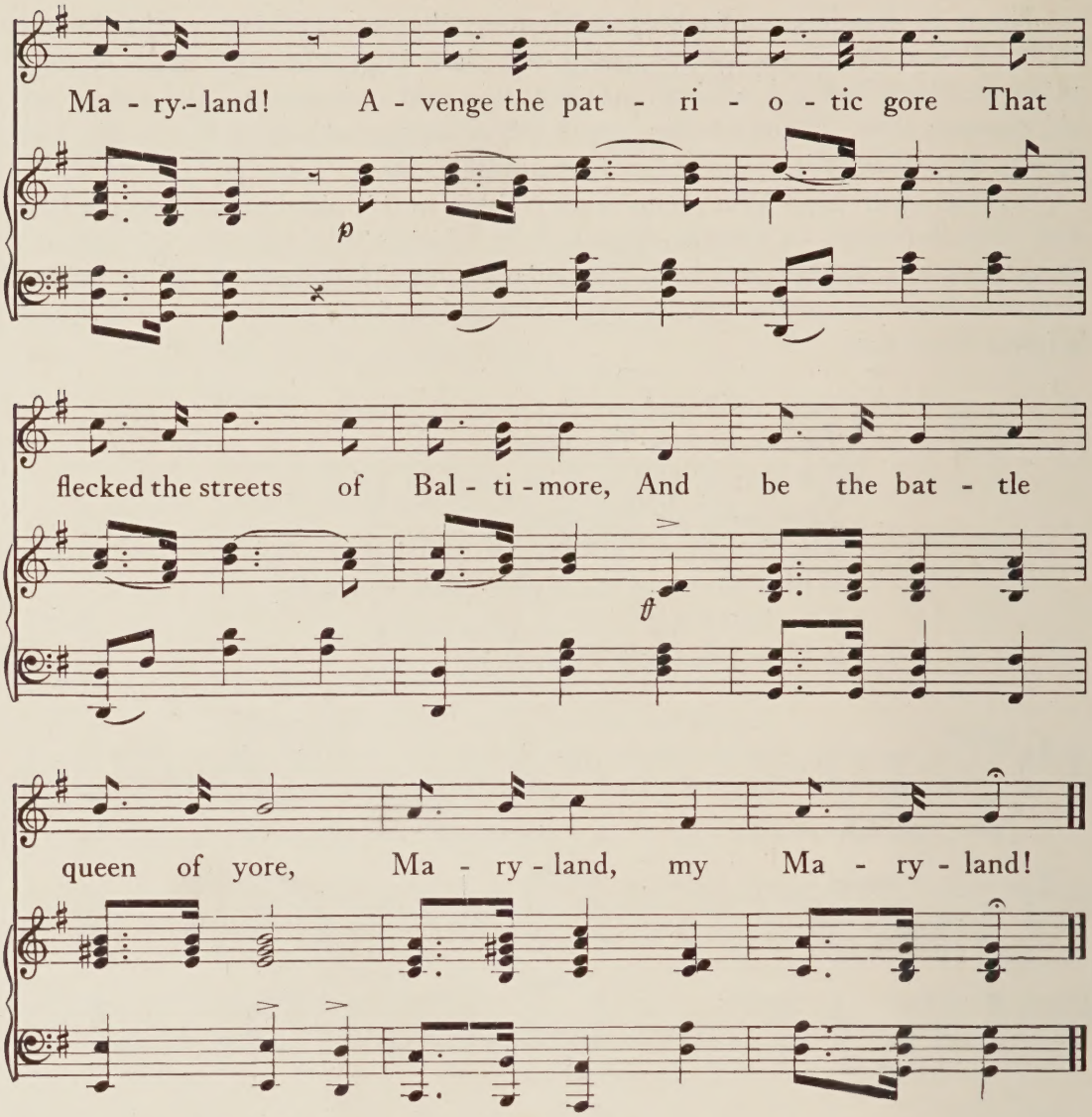
MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

James R. Randall, a native of Baltimore, who was working on the Sunday Delta in New Orleans, wrote this song one night in April, 1861, after reading about the street fighting in his native city. It is said to have been adapted to the old German tune, "Tannenbaum," by a Miss Carey, who sang it for the first time to an enthusiastic group at her home in Baltimore.

Several other Civil War songs were written to this old tune. One of the best was "The Infantry" by General Bee, C.S.A., which will be found in this volume. One stanza of a Yankee parody on "Maryland, My Maryland" is given below. It was written during the fighting near Memphis and sets forth the evils that had befallen Tennessee.

They steal and eat thy pork and beef,
Tennessee, my Tennessee!
For cotton, too, thou'rt come to grief,
Tennessee, my Tennessee!
Thy daughters fair they're courting strong,
With dance and marriage, cards and song,
Woe is the day! for all goes wrong
In Tennessee, my Tennessee!




Ma - ry-land! A - venge the pat - ri - o - tic gore That
p
flecked the streets of Bal - ti - more, And be the bat - tle
ff
queen of yore, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland, my Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland, my Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

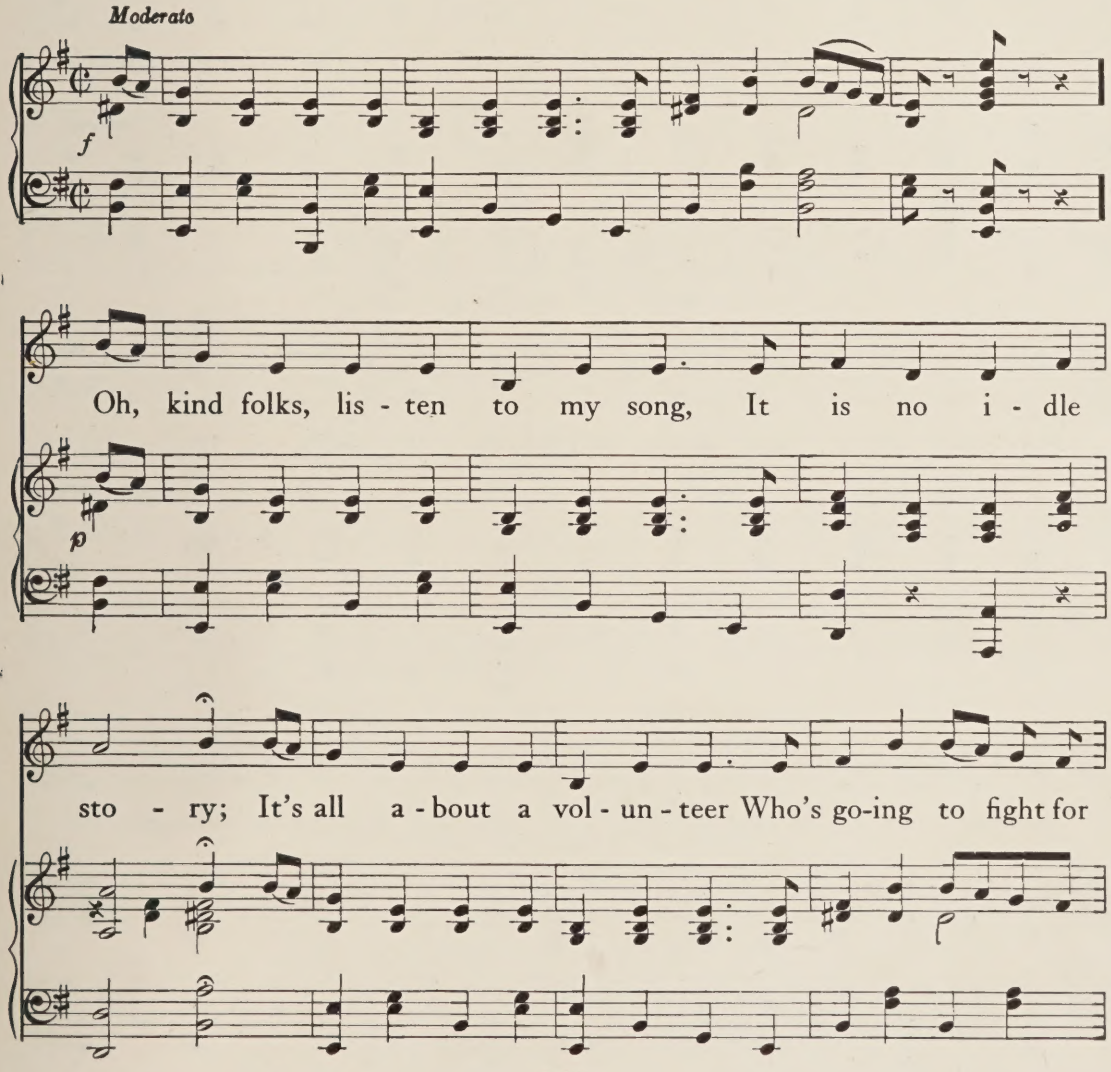
I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The "Old Line's" bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland

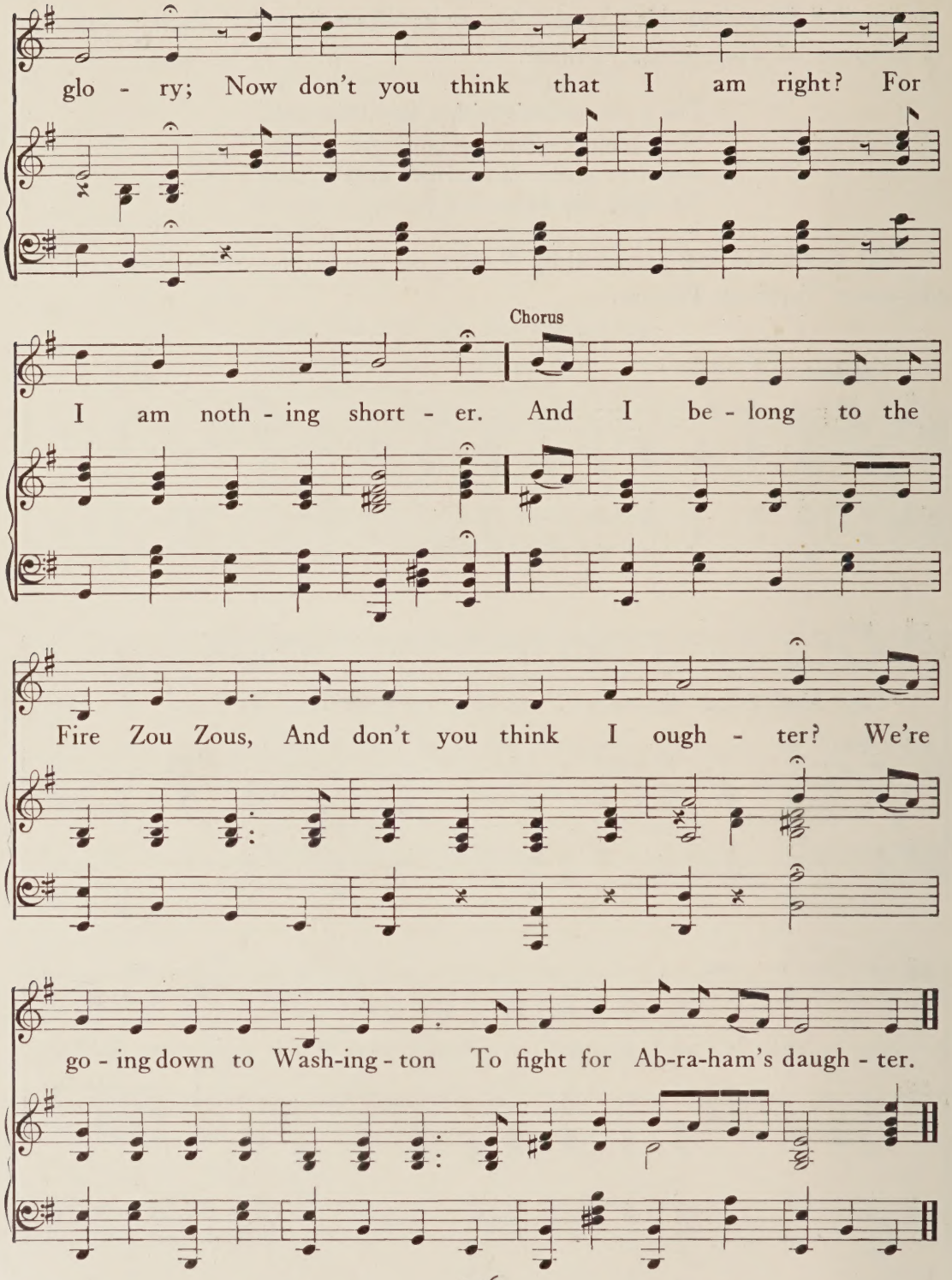
ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER

In Civil War days this was also known as "Raw Recruit." Various parodies on it appeared. Here is one of them:

I'm a raw recruit with a bran-new suit,
Nine hundred dollars bounty,
And I've come down from Darbytown
To fight for Oxford County.

The music was first arranged by N. C. Coe. The author of the song used the pen name "Septimus Winner."




glo - ry; Now don't you think that I am right? For
Chorus
I am noth - ing short - er. And I be - long to the
Fire Zou Zous, And don't you think I ough - ter? We're
go - ing down to Wash-ing - ton To fight for Ab-ra-ham's daugh - ter.

Oh, should you ask me who she am,
Columbia is her name, sir;
She is the child of Abraham,
Or Uncle Sam, the same, sir.
Now if I fight, why, ain't I right?
And don't you think I oughter?

2nd Chorus

The volunteers are pouring in
From every loyal quarter,
And I'm going 'long to Washington
To fight for Abraham's daughter.

They say we have no officers,
But, ah! they are mistaken;
And soon you'll see the rebels run
With all the fuss they're makin';
For there is one who just sprung up,
He'll show the foe no quarter.

3rd Chorus

(McClellan is the man I mean),
You know he hadn't oughter,
For he's gone down to Washington
To fight for Abraham's daughter.

We'll have a spree with Johnny Bull
Perhaps some day or other;
And won't he have his fingers full,
If not a deal of bother?
For Yankee boys are just the lads,
Upon the land or water.

4th Chorus

And won't we have a "bully" fight,
And don't you think we oughter
If he is caught at any time
Insulting Abraham's daughter?

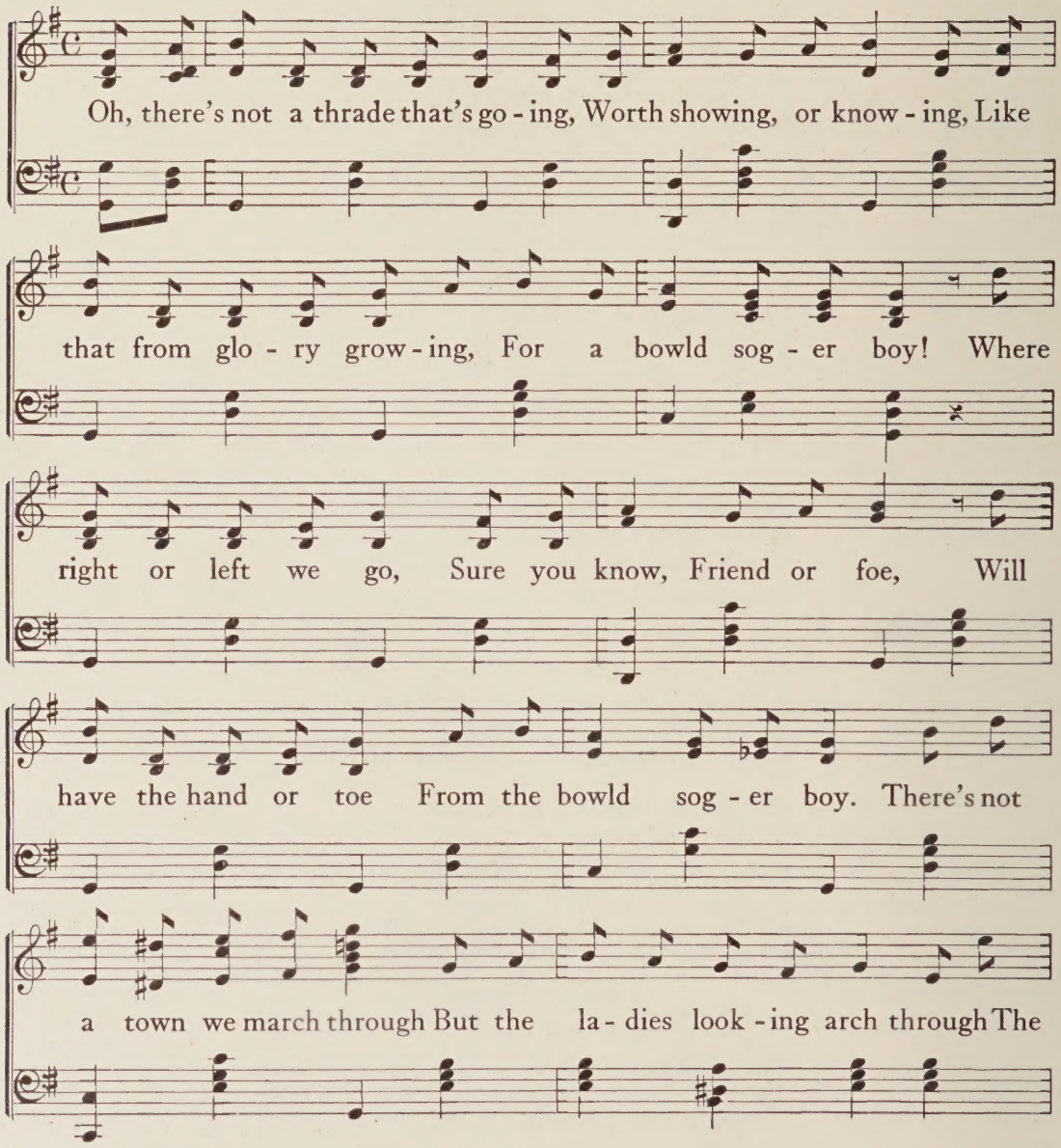
But let us lay all jokes aside,
It is a sorry question;
The man who would these states divide
Should hang for his suggestion.
One Country and one Flag, I say,
Who e'er the war may slaughter.

Last Chorus

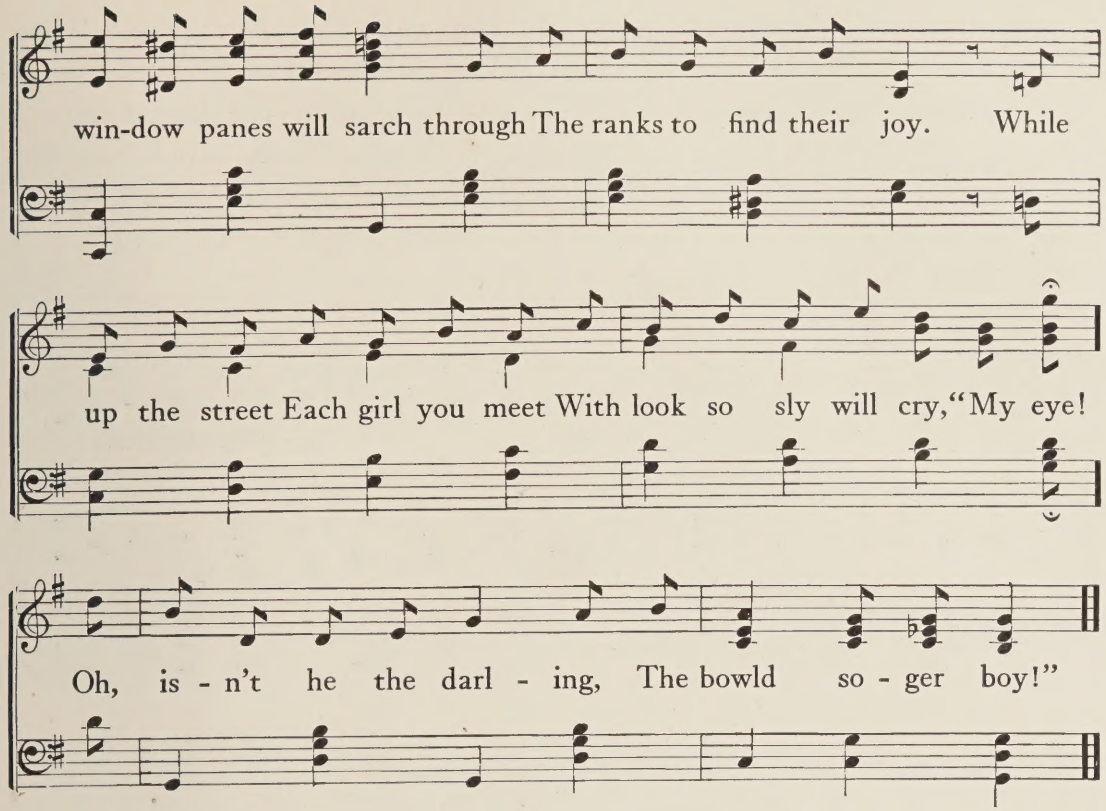
So I'm going as a Fire Zu-a,
And don't you think I oughter?
I'm going down to Washington
To fight for Abraham's daughter.

THE BOWLD SOGER BOY

For nearly a century this old piece has been known and played in the American Army. It was written by Samuel Lover, author of "Rory O'More." It was especially popular in the days when fifes and drums furnished the regimental marching music. In 1855 the Second Infantry marched out of Carlyle Barracks, Pa., and entrained for Fort Leavenworth while its musicians played this tune. During the Civil War it was popular in Northern regiments; and in 1864, with fifty of their comrades dead and wounded on the field of Newmarket, the Virginia Military Institute cadets marched proudly in review before Jefferson Davis in Richmond with their fifers and drummers playing "The Bowld Soger Boy."


Oh, there's not a thrade that's go - ing, Worth showing, or know - ing, Like
that from glo - ry grow - ing, For a bowld sog - er boy! Where
right or left we go, Sure you know, Friend or foe, Will
have the hand or toe From the bowld sog - er boy. There's not
a town we march through But the la - dies look - ing arch through The

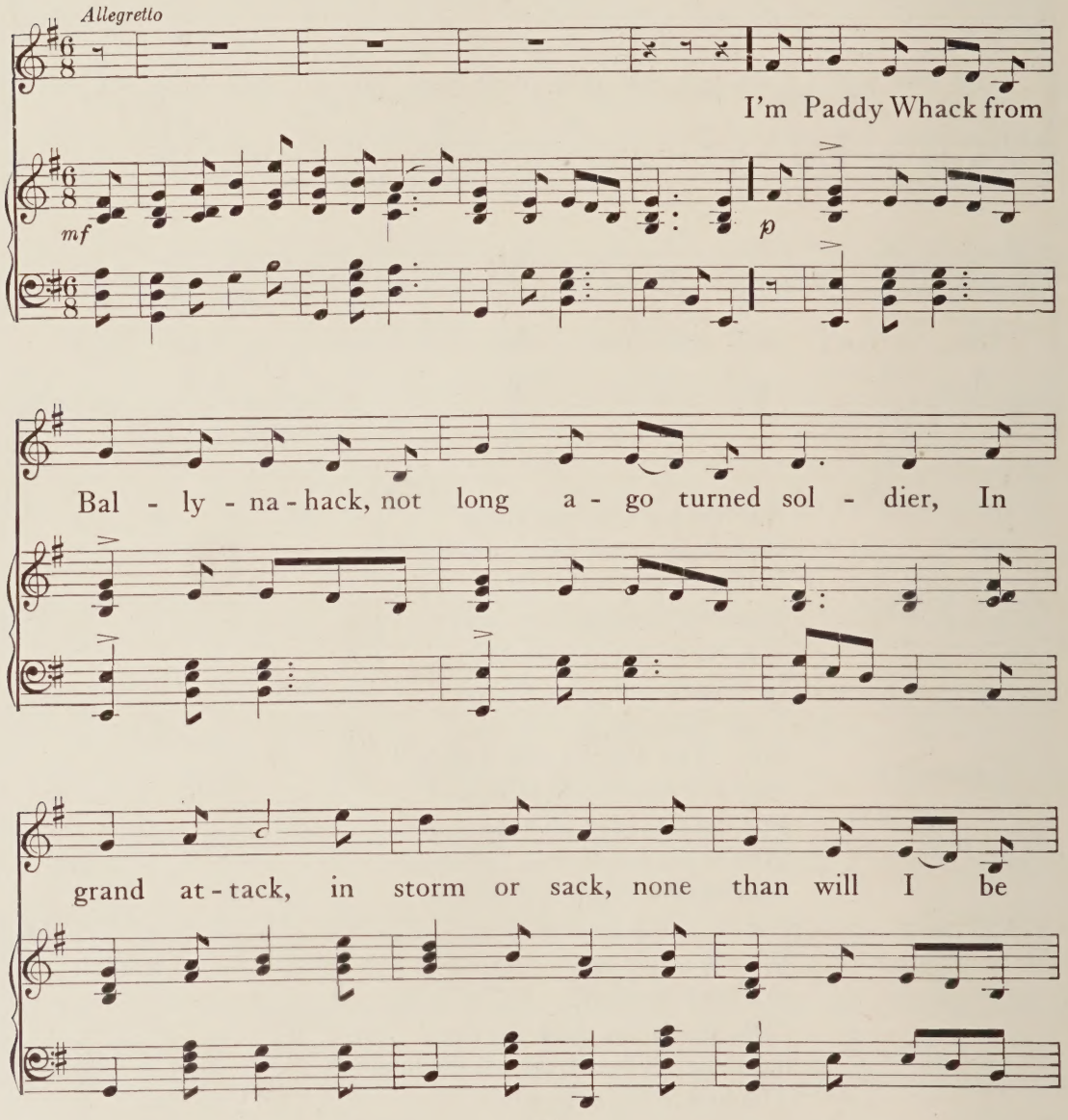
THE BOWLD SOGER BOY

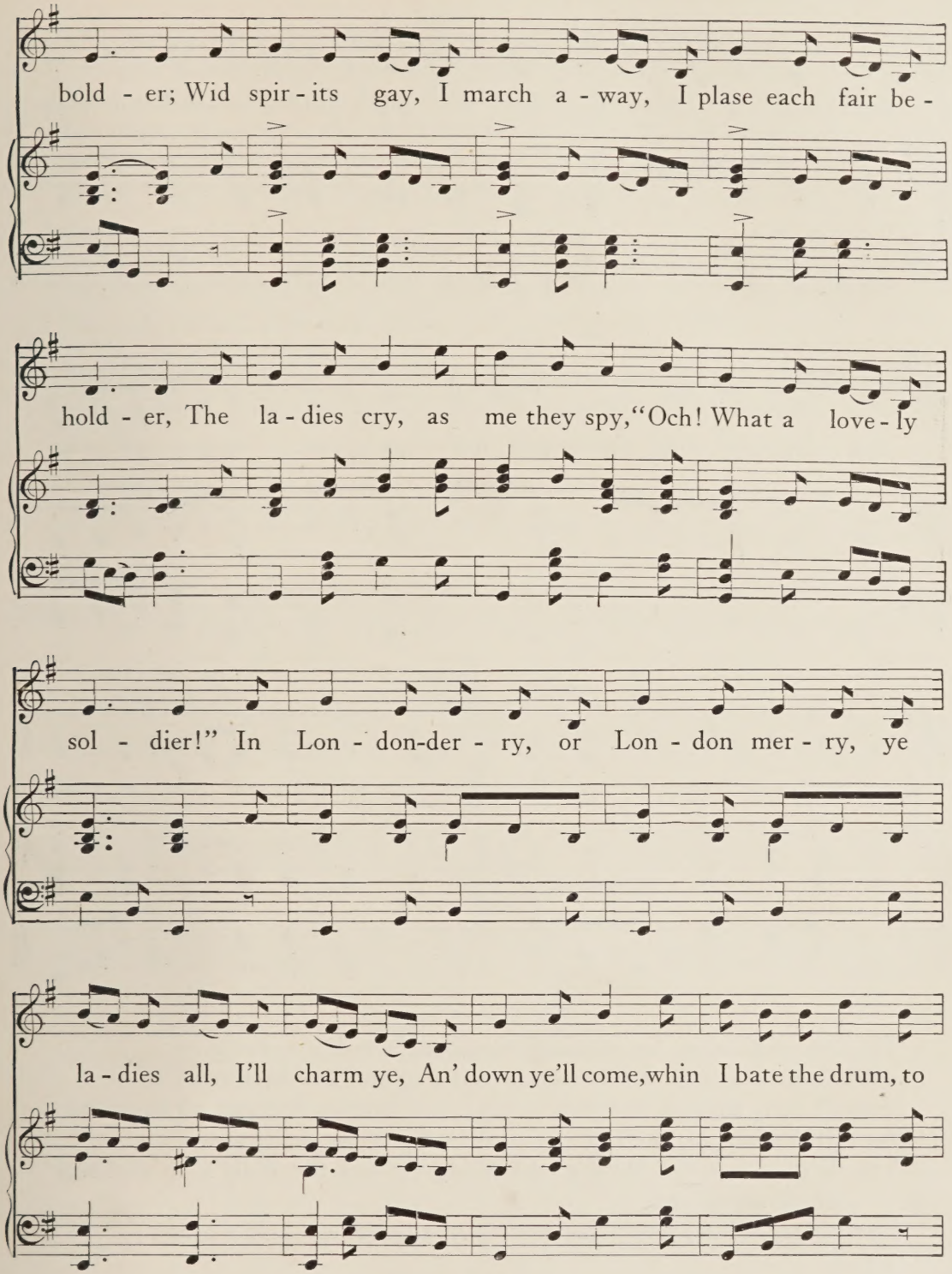

win-dow panes will sarch through The ranks to find their joy. While
up the street Each girl you meet With look so sly will cry, "My eye!
Oh, is - n't he the darl - ing, The bowld so - ger boy!"

But when we get the route
How they pout, and they shout,
While to the right about
Goes the bowld soger boy!
'Tis then that lassies fair,
In despair
Tear their hair.
But, "The Divil a one I care,"
Says the bowld soger boy.
For the world is all before us
Where the landladies adore us
And never refuse to score us,
But chalk us up with joy.
We taste her tap,
We tear her cap;
"Oh, that's the chap for me,"
Says she. "Oh, isn't he a darling,
The bowld soger boy."

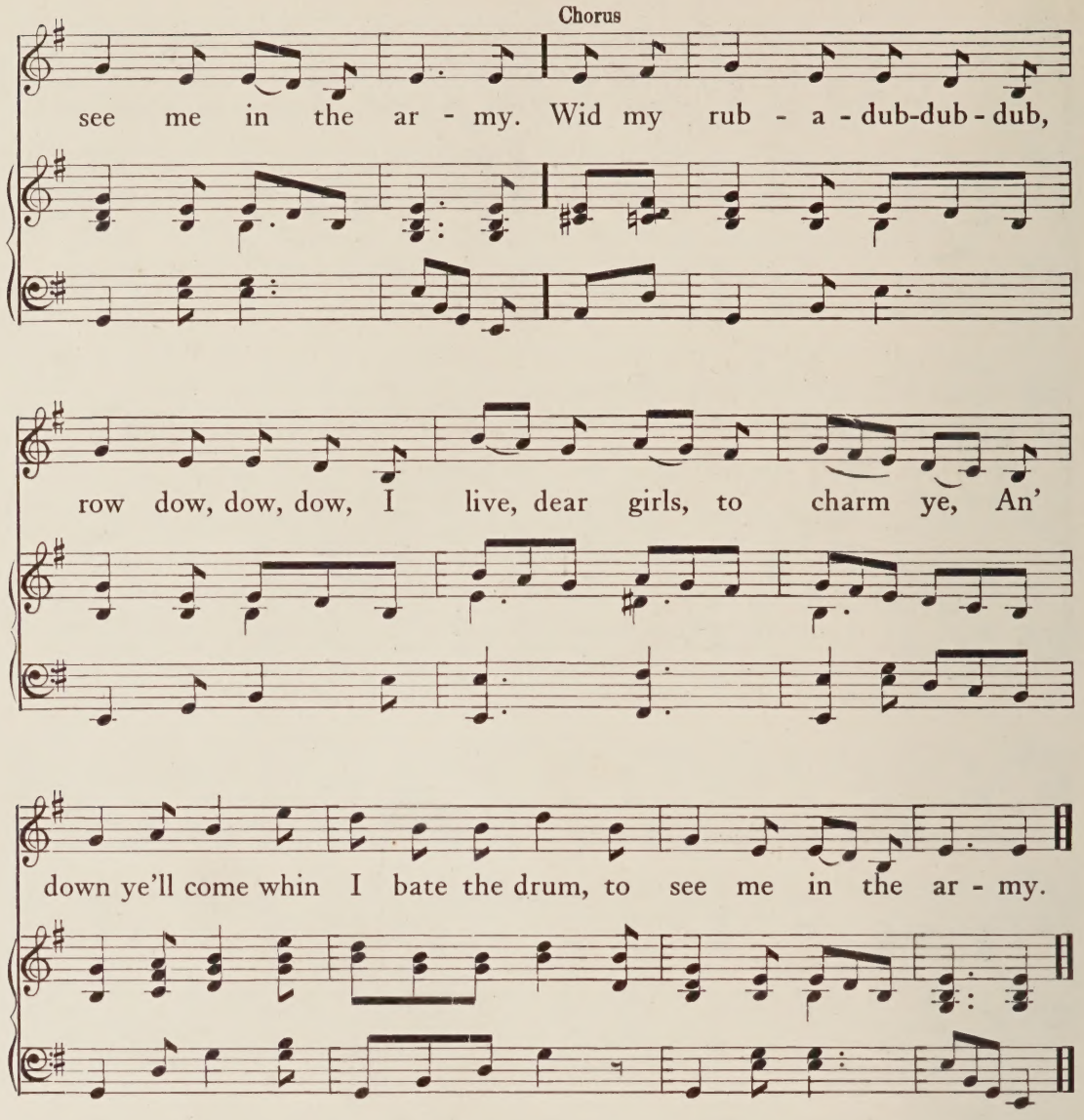
SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY

Shortly before the Civil War this old song, which is sung to the second part of the tune "Wha'll Be King But Charlie?" appeared in a book of popular songs. It was referred to as "new and highly popular." Though it was sung during and after the Civil War, it is now almost unknown. Paddy Whack, however, is with us always. Now, as ever, he is the joy and despair of commanding officers and sweethearts alike, wherever a colleen or a recruiting sergeant can be found.


Allegretto
I'm Paddy Whack from
mf
p
Bal - ly - na - hack, not long a - go turned sol - dier, In
grand at - tack, in storm or sack, none than will I be


bold - er; Wid spir - its gay, I march a - way, I plase each fair be -
hold - er, The la - dies cry, as me they spy, "Och! What a love - ly
sol - dier!" In Lon - don-der - ry, or Lon - don mer - ry, ye
la - dies all, I'll charm ye, An' down ye'll come, whin I bate the drum, to

SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY


Chorus
see me in the ar - my. Wid my rub - a - dub-dub - dub,
row dow, dow, dow, I live, dear girls, to charm ye, An'
down ye'll come whin I bate the drum, to see me in the ar - my.

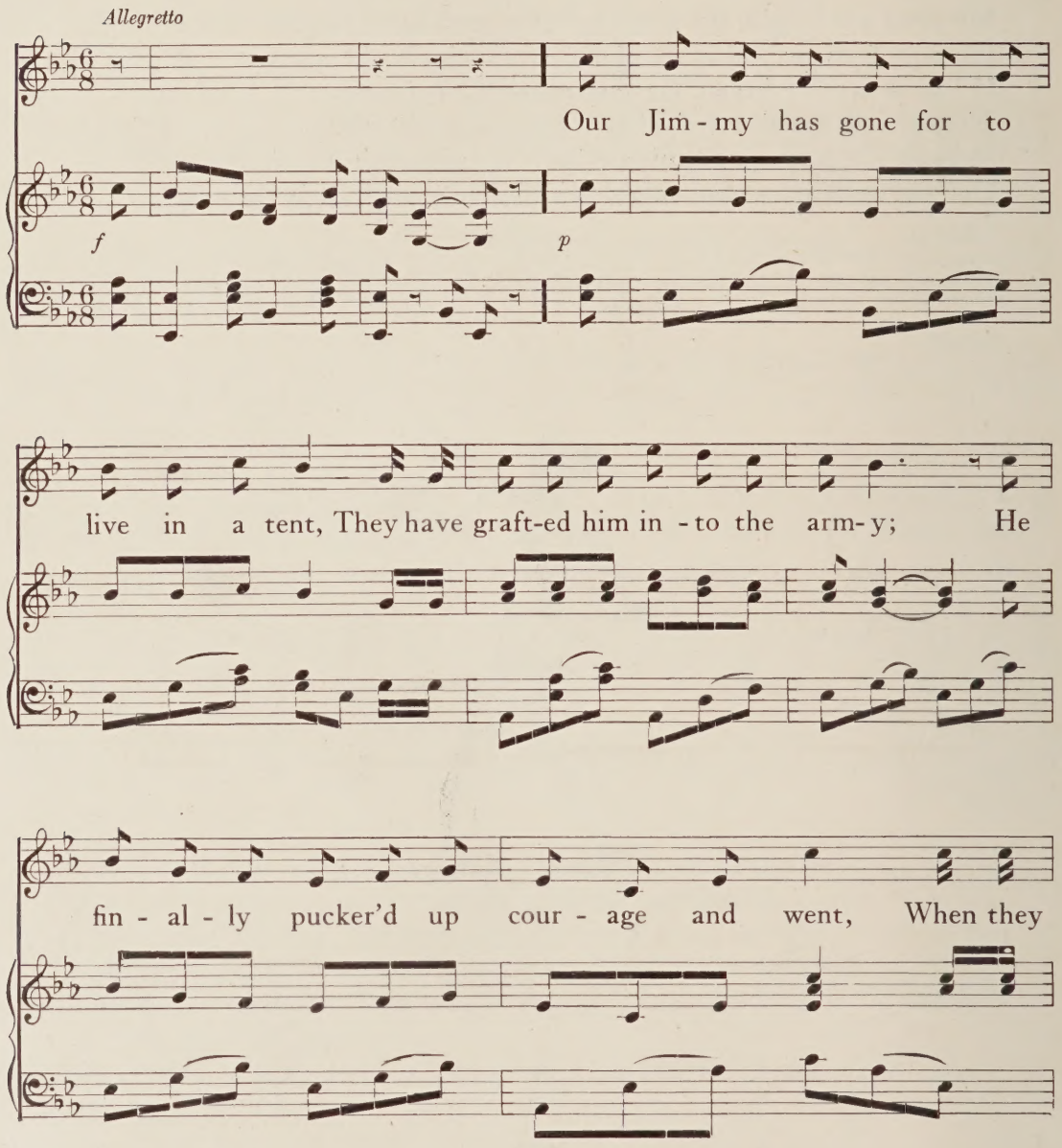
The lots of girls my train unfurls would make a dacent party,
There's Katy Lynch, a tidy wench, and Peg and Sue McCarty;
There's Sally Maggs, and Judy Braggs, and Martha Scraggs, all storm me;
And Molly Magee, she's after me, since I've been in the army.
The Kitty's and the Dolly's, the Bridget's and the Polly's, in numbers would alarm ye;
Even Mrs. White, that's lost her sight, admires me in the army.
Chorus

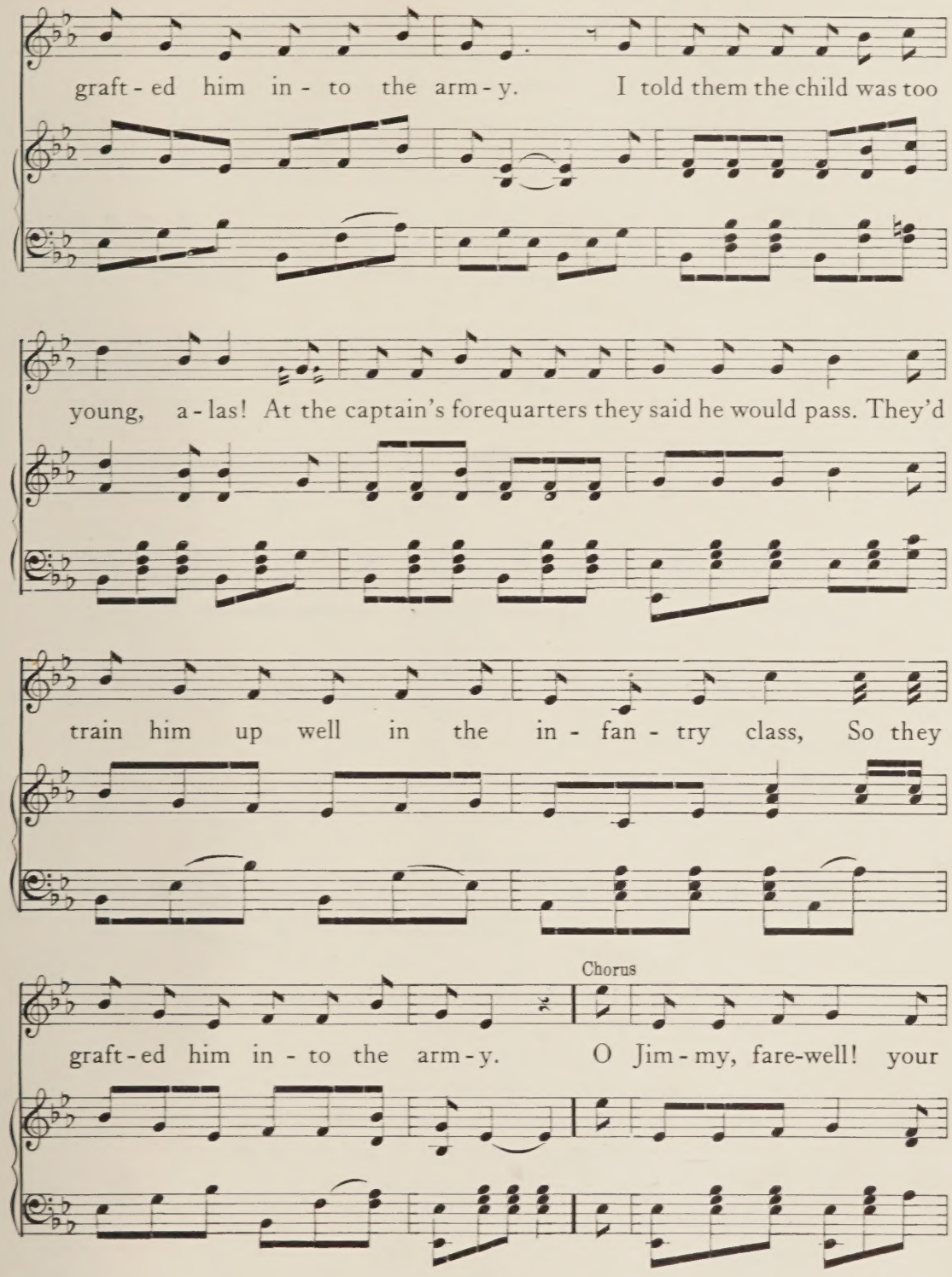
The roaring boys, they made a noise, and whacked me like the divil,
And now become before me dumb, or else they're mighty civil.
There's Murphy Rourke, that often broke my head, now daresn't dare me,
But bows and scrapes, and off he sneaks, since I've been in the army.
An' if one neglect to pay me respect, another tips the blarney,
Wid, "Whist, my friend, an' don't offend a gintleman in the army."
Chorus

My arms are bright, my heart is light, good humor seems to warm me,
I'm now become, wid every chum, a favorite in the army.
If I go on as I've begun, my comrades all inform me,
They plainly see that I shall be a Gineral in the army.
Delightful notion, to get promotion! Ye ladies thin I'll charm ye;
For it's my belief, commander-in-chief, I soon shall be in the army.
Chorus

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY

Malapropic as is this comic song of the Civil War, it nevertheless has a touch of pathos in spots that causes a tear to vie with the smiles. Its author, Henry C. Work of Connecticut, also wrote such Civil War favorites as "Kingdom Come," "Marching Through Georgia," "Wake Nicodemus," and "Babylon Is Fallen," all of which were very popular with the Union soldiers.


Allegretto
Our Jim - my has gone for to
f
p
live in a tent, They have graft-ed him in - to the arm- y; He
fin - al - ly pucker'd up cour - age and went, When they


graft - ed him in - to the arm - y. I told them the child was too
young, a - las! At the captain's forequarters they said he would pass. They'd
train him up well in the in - fan - try class, So they
Chorus
graft - ed him in - to the arm - y. O Jim - my, fare-well! your

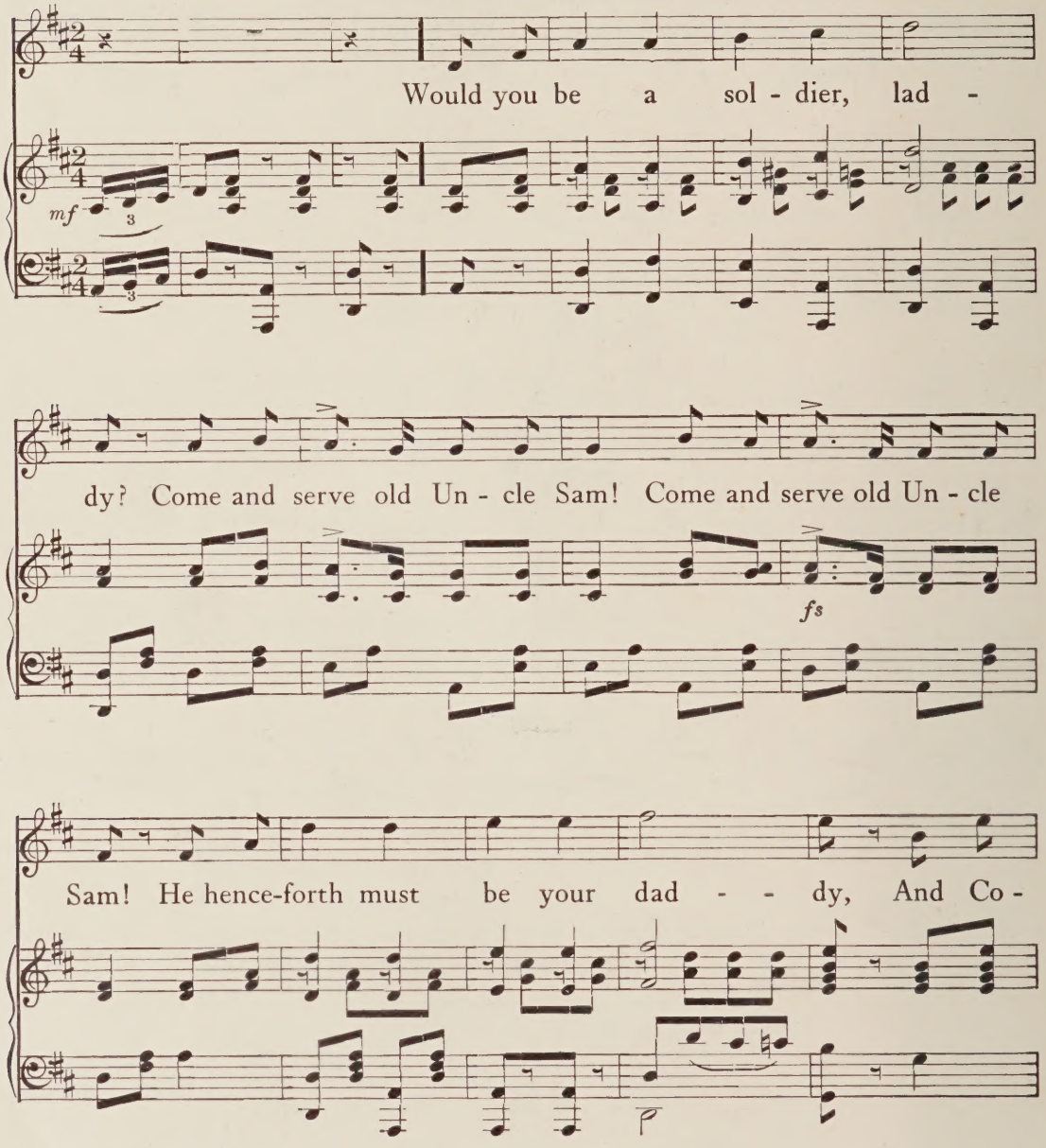
Dressed up in his unicorn—dear little chap—
They grafted him into the army;
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap,
But they grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear—
The very same buttons—the patch and the tear—
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran-new pair
When they grafted him into the army.

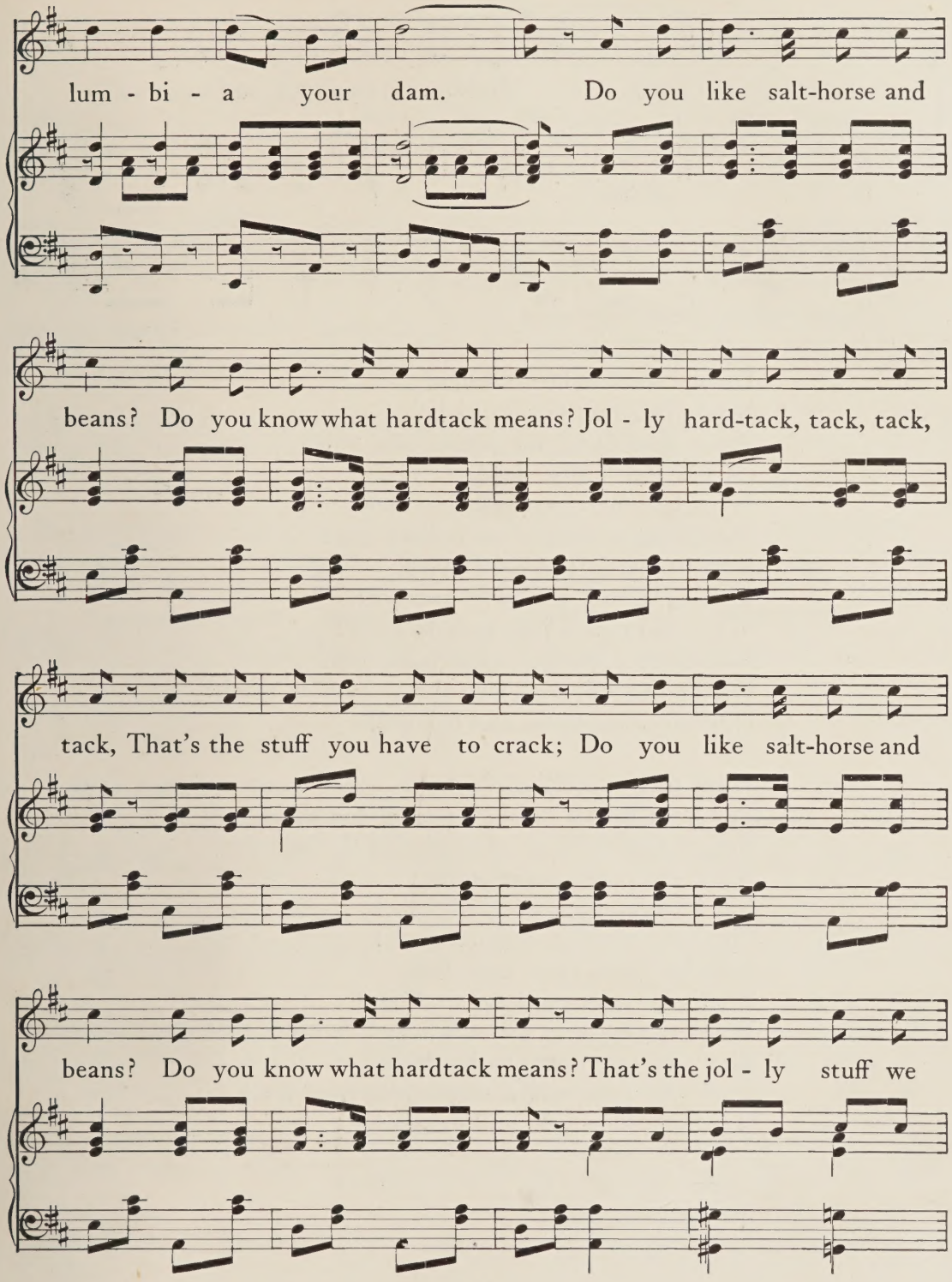
Chorus

Now in my provisions I see him revealed—
They have grafted him into the army;
A picket beside the contented field,
They have grafted him into the army.
He looks kinder sickish—begins to cry—
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh, what if the ducky should up and die,
Now they've grafted him into the army?
Chorus

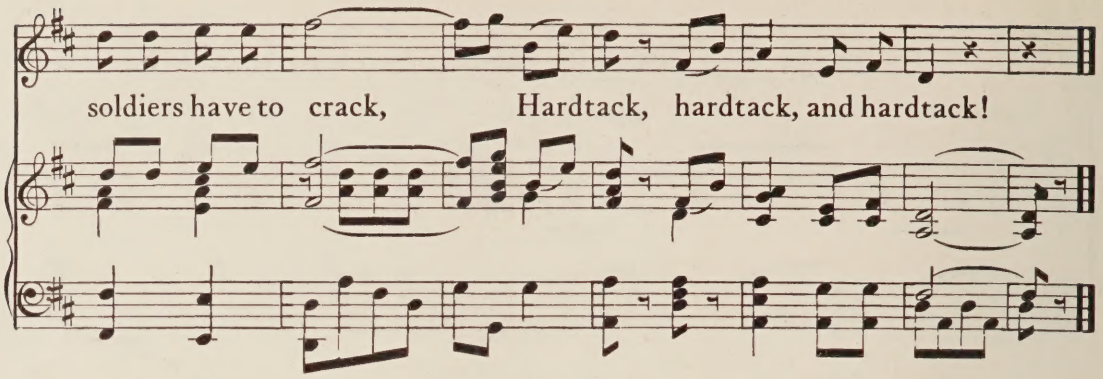
WOULD YOU BE A SOLDIER, LADDY?

In 1863 this was published anonymously in F. J. Child's "War Songs for Freemen," a book that was distributed free to the Union soldiers.


Would you be a sol - dier, lad -
mf
dy? Come and serve old Un - cle Sam! Come and serve old Un - cle
fs
Sam! He hence-forth must be your dad - - dy, And Co -
p


lum - bi - a your dam. Do you like salt-horse and
beans? Do you know what hardtack means? Jol - ly hard-tack, tack, tack,
tack, That's the stuff you have to crack; Do you like salt-horse and
beans? Do you know what hardtack means? That's the jol - ly stuff we

WOULD YOU BE A SOLDIER, LADDY?

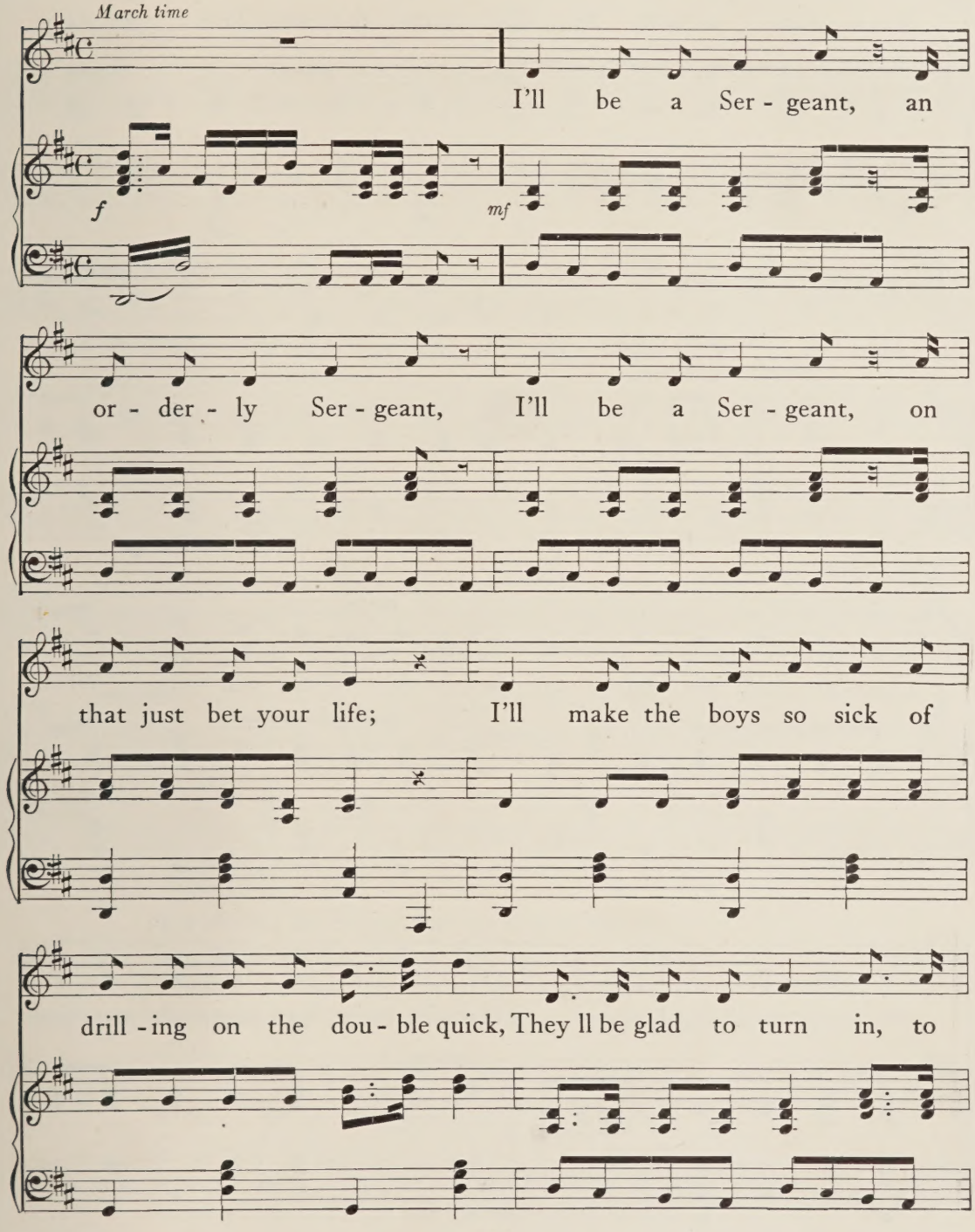


Do you want to be a soldier?
Now's the time to put in play
What your good old granny told you
Of the Revolution day!
What had their brave jaws to chew?
Sometimes nothing,—what have you?
Jolly hardtack, tack, tack, tack,
That's the stuff you have to crack;
What had their brave jaws to chew?
Sometimes nothing,—what have you?
What's the jolly stuff we soldiers have to crack?
Hardtack, hardtack, and hardtack!

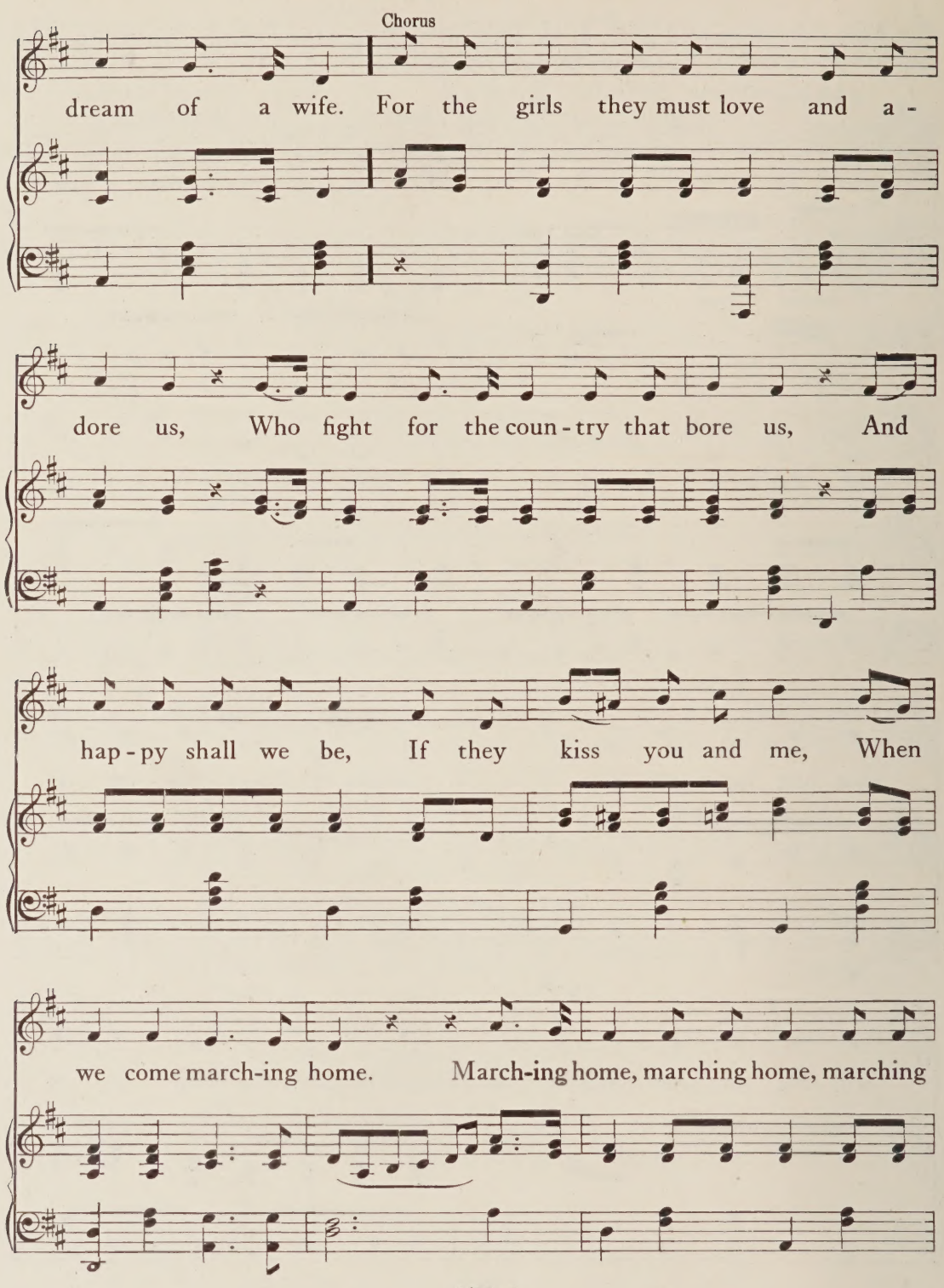
Want to be a soldier, do you?
You must march through swamp and sludge,
And, though balls go through and through you,
Blaze away, and never budge!
But when muskets go crack, crack,
Bite your cartridge and hardtack!
Jolly hardtack, tack, tack, tack,
That's the stuff you have to crack;
When the muskets go crack, crack,
Bite your cartridge and hardtack!
That's the jolly stuff we soldiers have to crack,
Hardtack, hardtack, and hardtack!

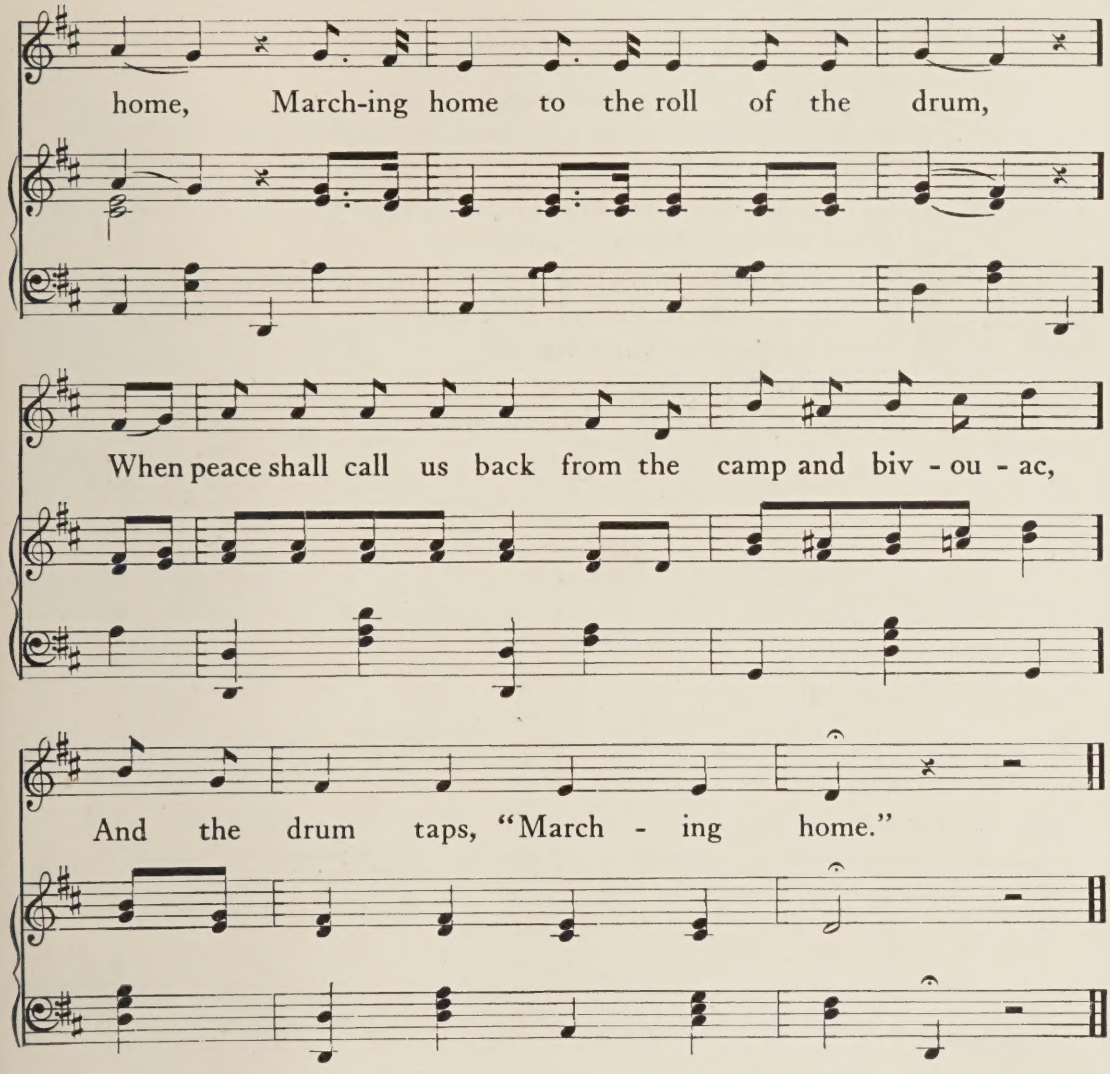
I'LL BE A SERGEANT

This, too, appeared in F. J. Child's "War Songs for Freemen" in 1863. The author preferred to be known by his initials alone, "H.A.W."


March time
I'll be a Ser - geant, an
f
mf
or - der - ly Ser - geant, I'll be a Ser - geant, on
that just bet your life; I'll make the boys so sick of
drill - ing on the dou - ble quick, They ll be glad to turn in, to

I'LL BE A SERGEANT


Chorus
dream of a wife. For the girls they must love and a -
dore us, Who fight for the coun - try that bore us, And
hap - py shall we be, If they kiss you and me, When
we come march-ing home. March-ing home, marching home, marching


home, March-ing home to the roll of the drum,
When peace shall call us back from the camp and biv - ou - ac,
And the drum taps, "March - ing home."

She sha'n't be Cap'n, that must not happen,
She sha'n't be Cap'n, but play the second fife;
We can bear the colors best; she shall wear them on her breast,
Salute us, and "dress," and in short be our wife.
Chorus

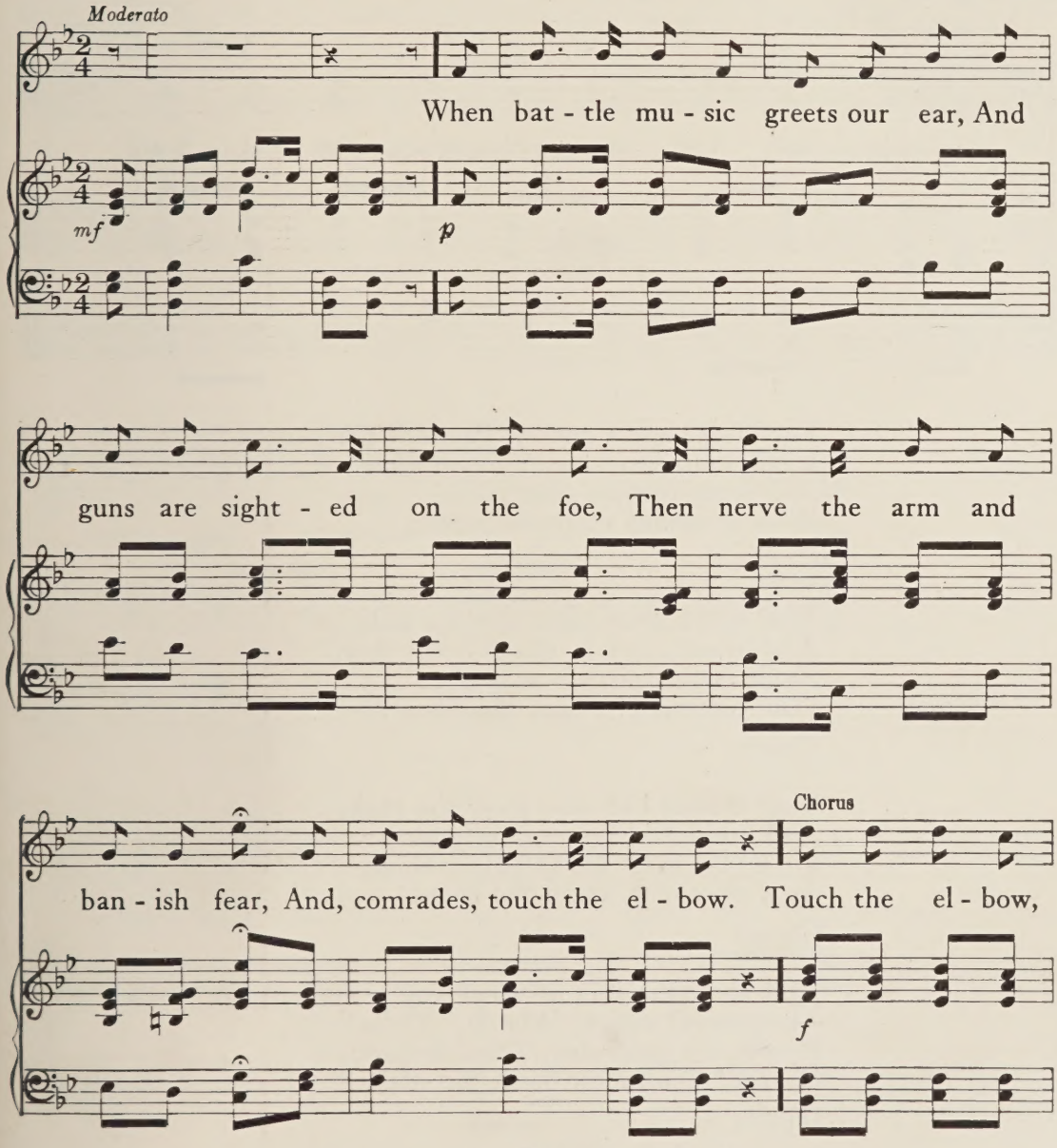
Should I be Col'nel, gazetted in the Journal,
O, should I be Col'nel, to lead in the strife,
For her sake, so proud I'd be, and let ev'ry rebel see,
How a man can fight for his flag and a wife!

Final Chorus

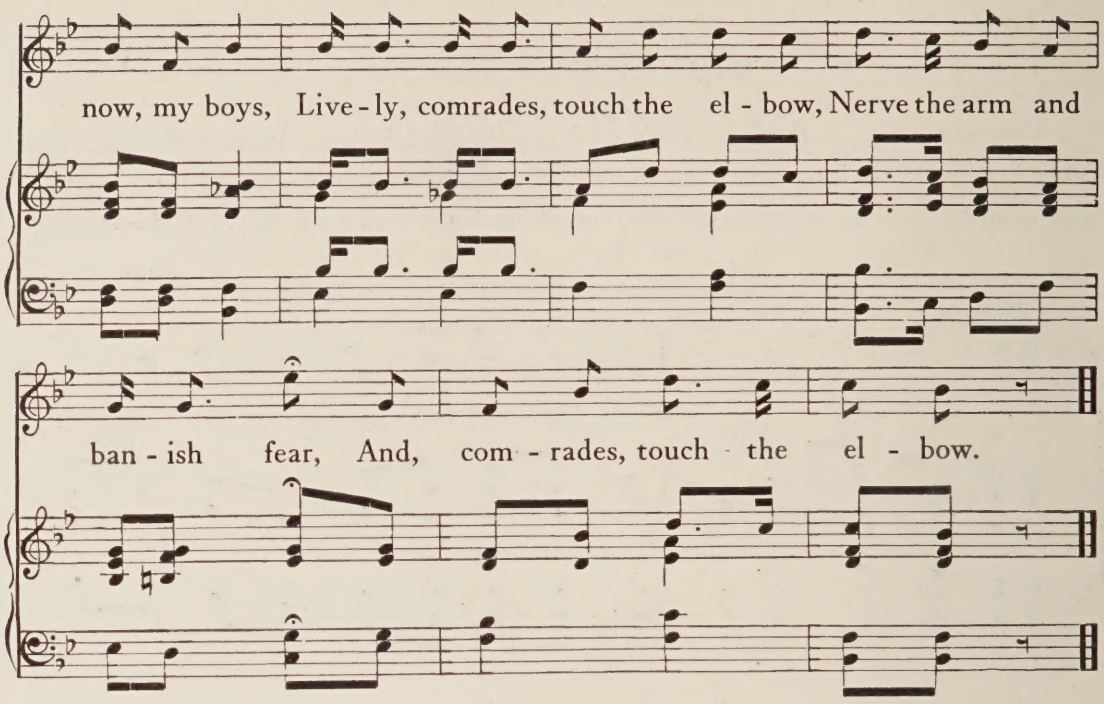
For, dear girls! we soldiers adore you;
Make us brave through your love, we implore you!
Then happy shall we be
To bend the suppliant knee,
When we come marching home.
Marching home, marching home, marching home,
Marching home to the roll of the drum.
Then, freed from war's alarms,
To you we'll yield our arms,
When the drum taps, "Marching Home!"

TOUCH THE ELBOW

This song was written in 1862 at Fort Federal Hill by Private Barnes, who later became a major-general in the California National Guard. In later years it was adopted as the regimental song of New York's famous Seventh Regiment.


Moderato
When bat - tle mu - sic greets our ear, And
mf
p
guns are sight - ed on the foe, Then nerve the arm and
Chorus
ban - ish fear, And, comrades, touch the el - bow. Touch the el - bow,
f

TOUCH THE ELBOW



For Home and Country, Patriot's fire
Kindles our hearts with fervid glow,
And every foeman must retire
When Freemen touch the elbow.

Chorus

Tho' many brave men bite the sod,
And crimson hearts' blood freely flow,
Shout as our spirits soar above:
"On, comrades! Touch the elbow!"

Chorus

Tho' cannon ball may plow the rank,
And through it cast a deadly glow;
Fill up the space the ball made blank,
And, comrades, touch the elbow!

Chorus

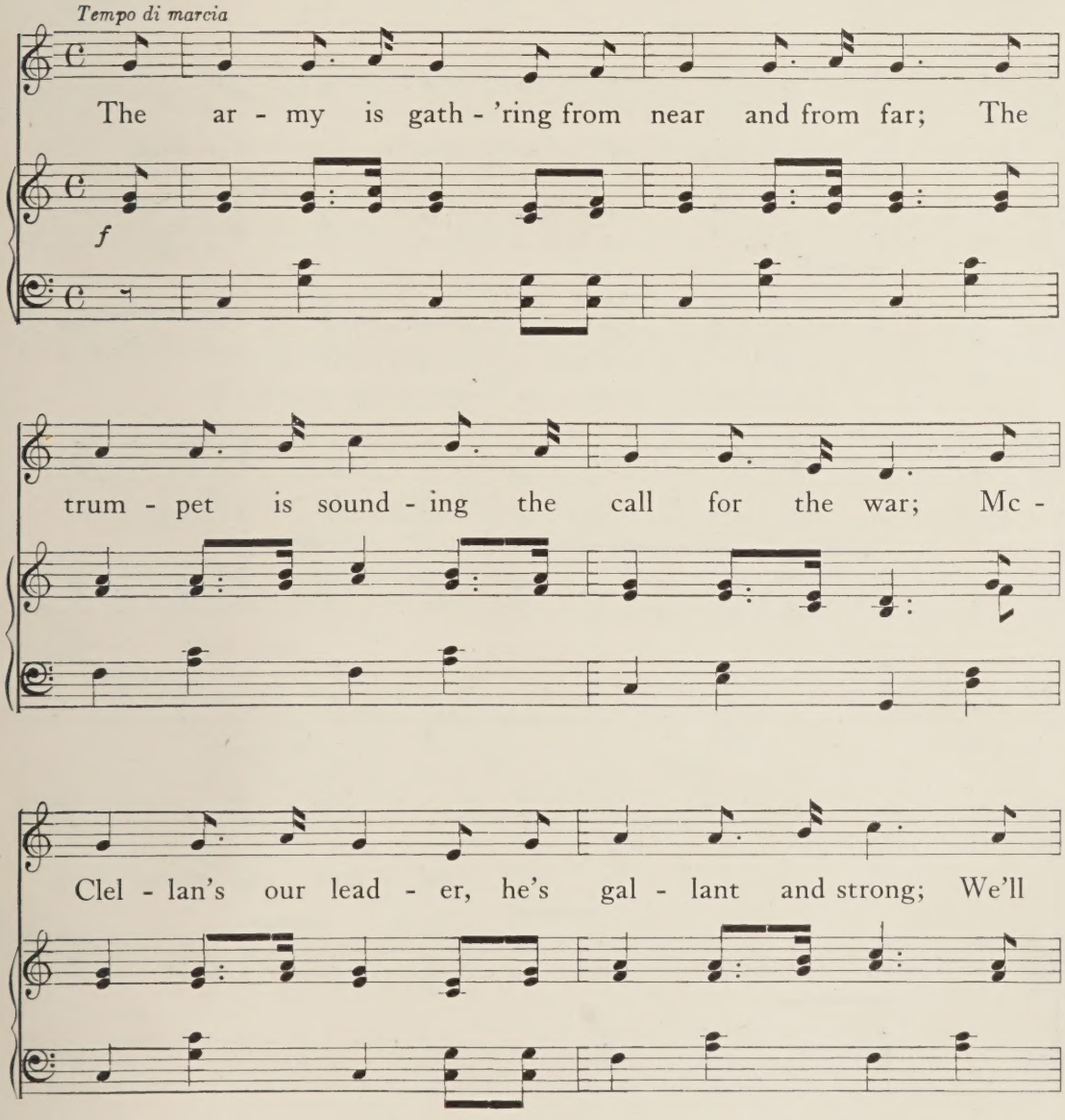
Now show the stuff of which you're made,
The general signal, "March," Hallo!
Double the quick-step, Third Brigade,—
Charge! Comrades, touch the elbow!

Chorus

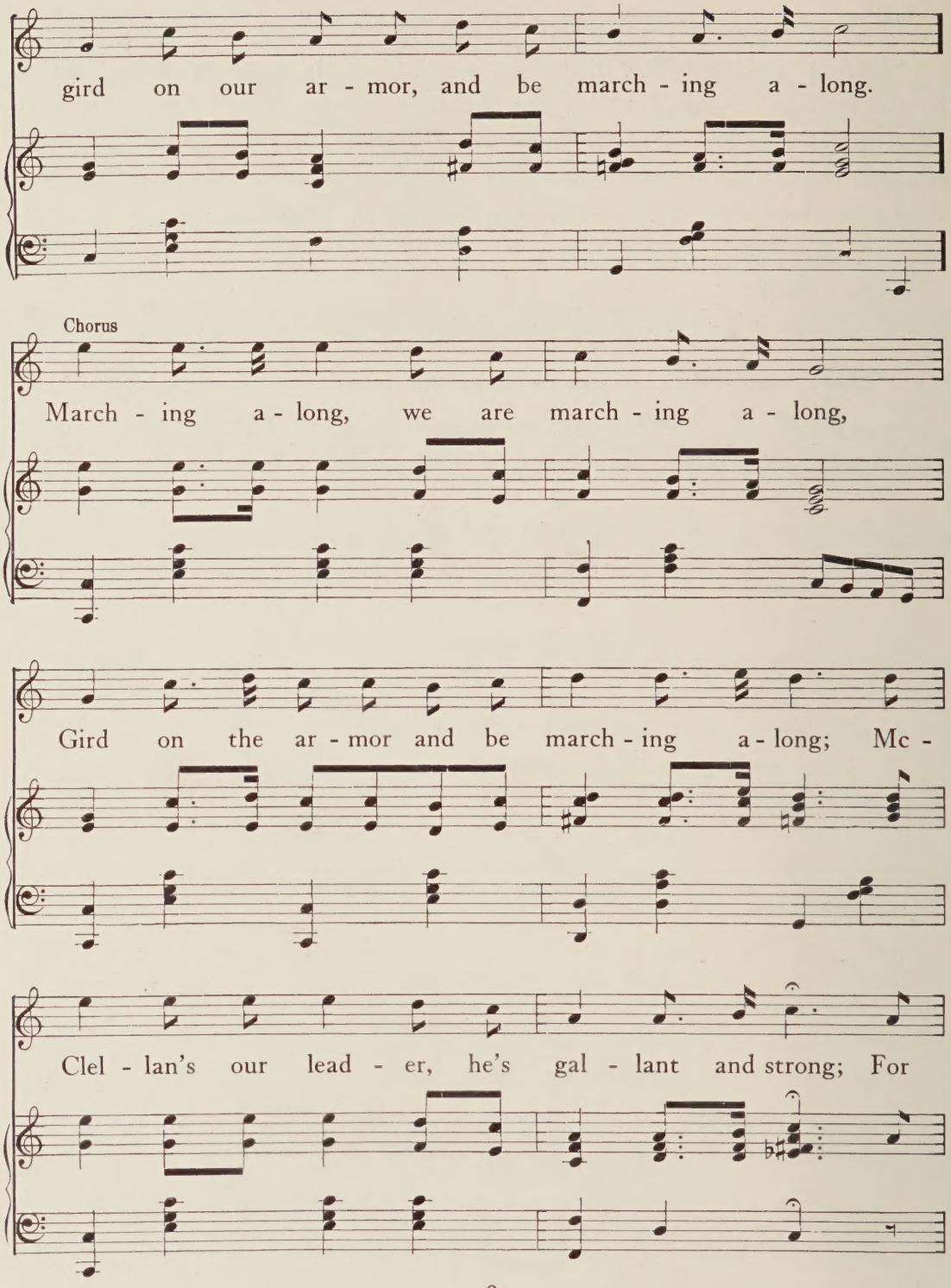
MARCHING ALONG

In "American War Ballads and Lyrics" George Carey Eggleston says:

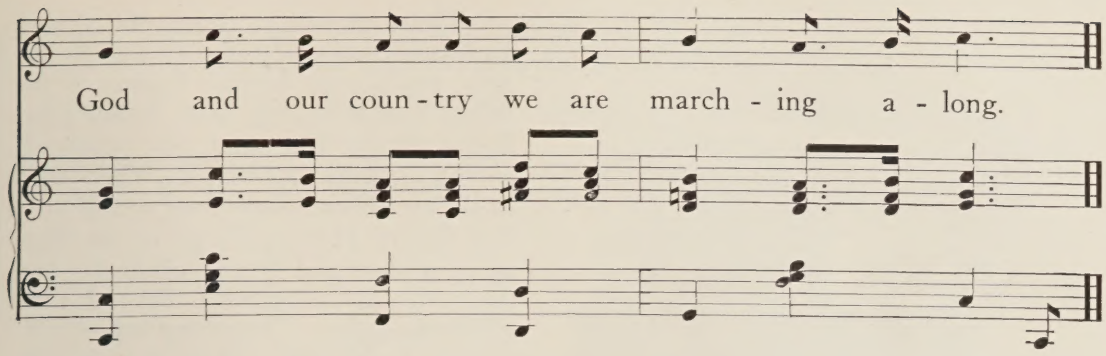
"During the Civil War this song was frequently sung upon the march by the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. Except 'When This Cruel War Is Over' and the doggerel about 'John Brown's Body,' there was scarcely any song so often heard. The name of the leader was changed, from time to time, to accord with the facts." The author was William B. Bradburg.


Tempo di marcia
The ar - my is gath - 'ring from near and from far; The
f
trum - pet is sound - ing the call for the war; Mc -
Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong; We'll

MARCHING ALONG


gird on our ar - mor, and be march - ing a - long.
Chorus
March - ing a - long, we are march - ing a - long,
Gird on the ar - mor and be march - ing a - long; Mc -
Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong; For

MARCHING ALONG



The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver, or turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song;
With courage and faith we are marching along.
Chorus

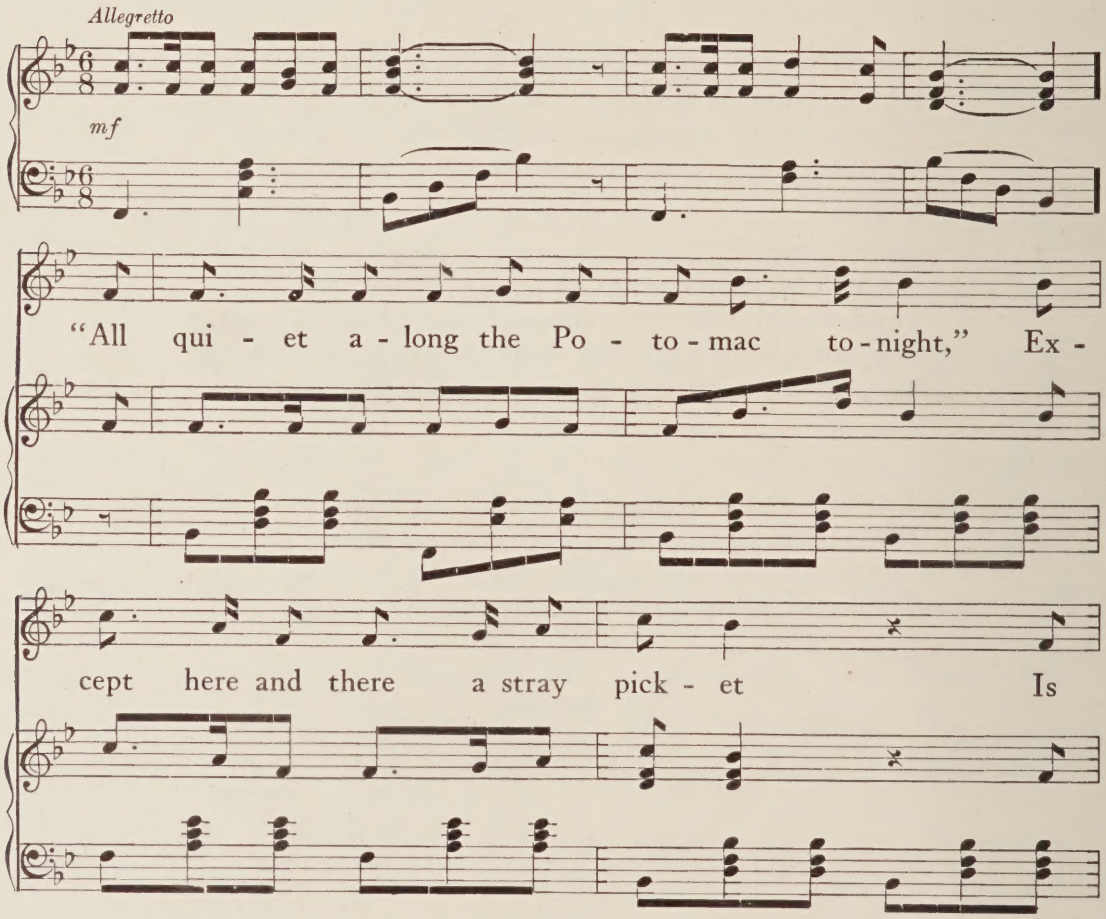
Our wives and our children we leave in your care;
We feel you will help them with sorrow to bear:
'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope 't won't be long:
We'll keep up our heart as we're marching along.
Chorus

We sigh for our country, we mourn for our dead;
For them now our last drop of blood we will shed;
Our cause is the right one—our foe's in the wrong;
Then gladly we'll sing as we're marching along.
Chorus

The flag of our country is floating on high;
We'll stand by that flag till we conquer or die;
McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong;
We'll gird on our armor and be marching along.
Chorus

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT

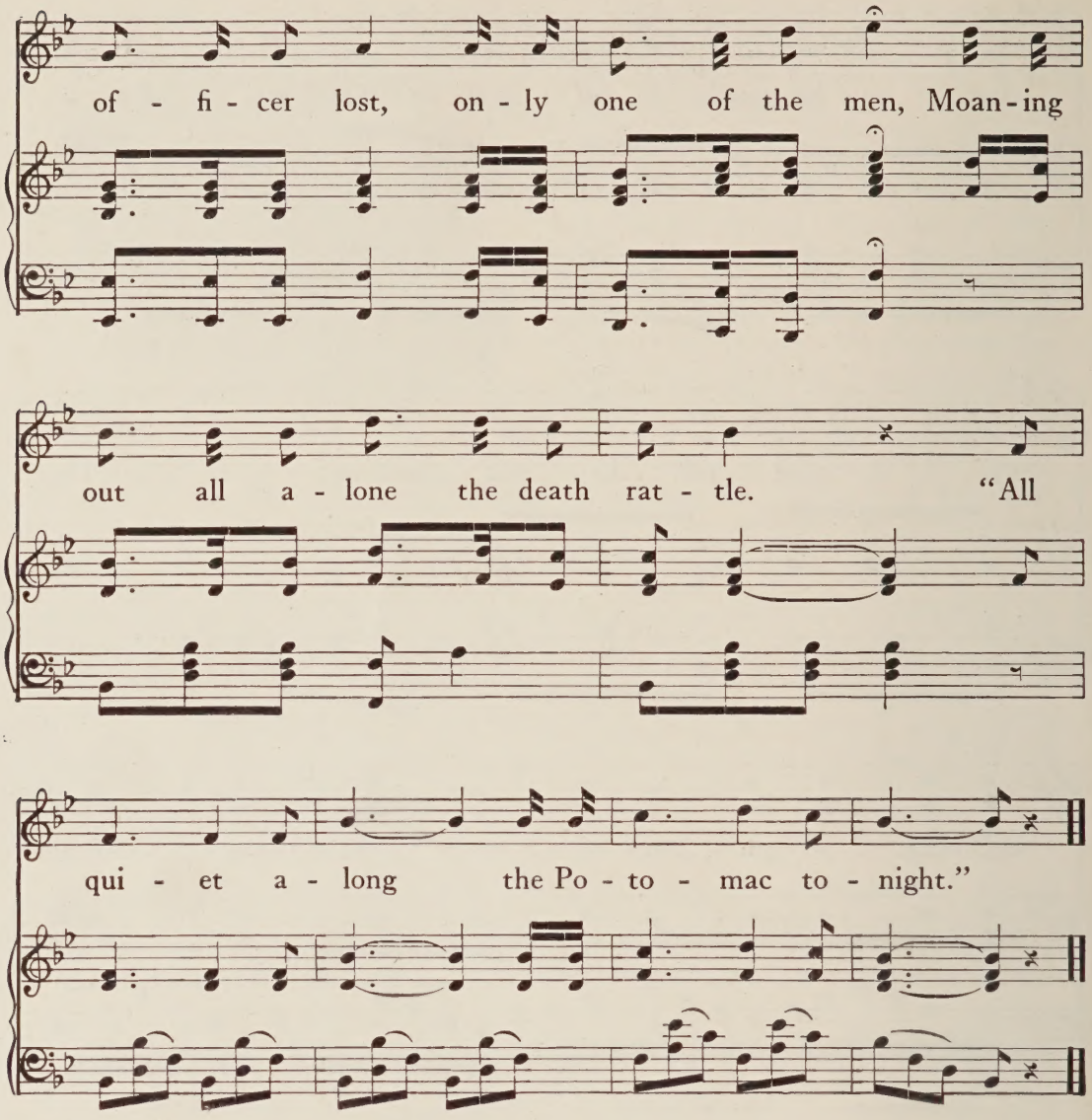
There are many claimants to the authorship of this song. It was probably written by Major Lamar Fontaine, C.S.A., or by Mrs. Ethel Lyn Beers. Major Fontaine, who received eleven wounds and lost his right leg, said that he wrote the song near Fairfax Court House, Virginia, in August, 1861, and gave copies to his comrades in Company I, Second Virginia Cavalry. The song was first printed in Harper's Weekly with the story that it had been found on a dead picket. Mrs. Beers claimed that she wrote it after reading so often the news, "All quiet along the Potomac." The music has been credited to Henry Coyle, band leader of the First Connecticut Artillery, and also to J. Dayton of the same band.



ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT

shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro, By a
ri - fle - man hid in the thick - et; 'Tis
noth - ing, a pri - vate or two now and then Will not
count in the news of the bat - tle: Not an

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT



"All quiet along the Potomac tonight,"
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
And the light of the camp-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Thro' the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT

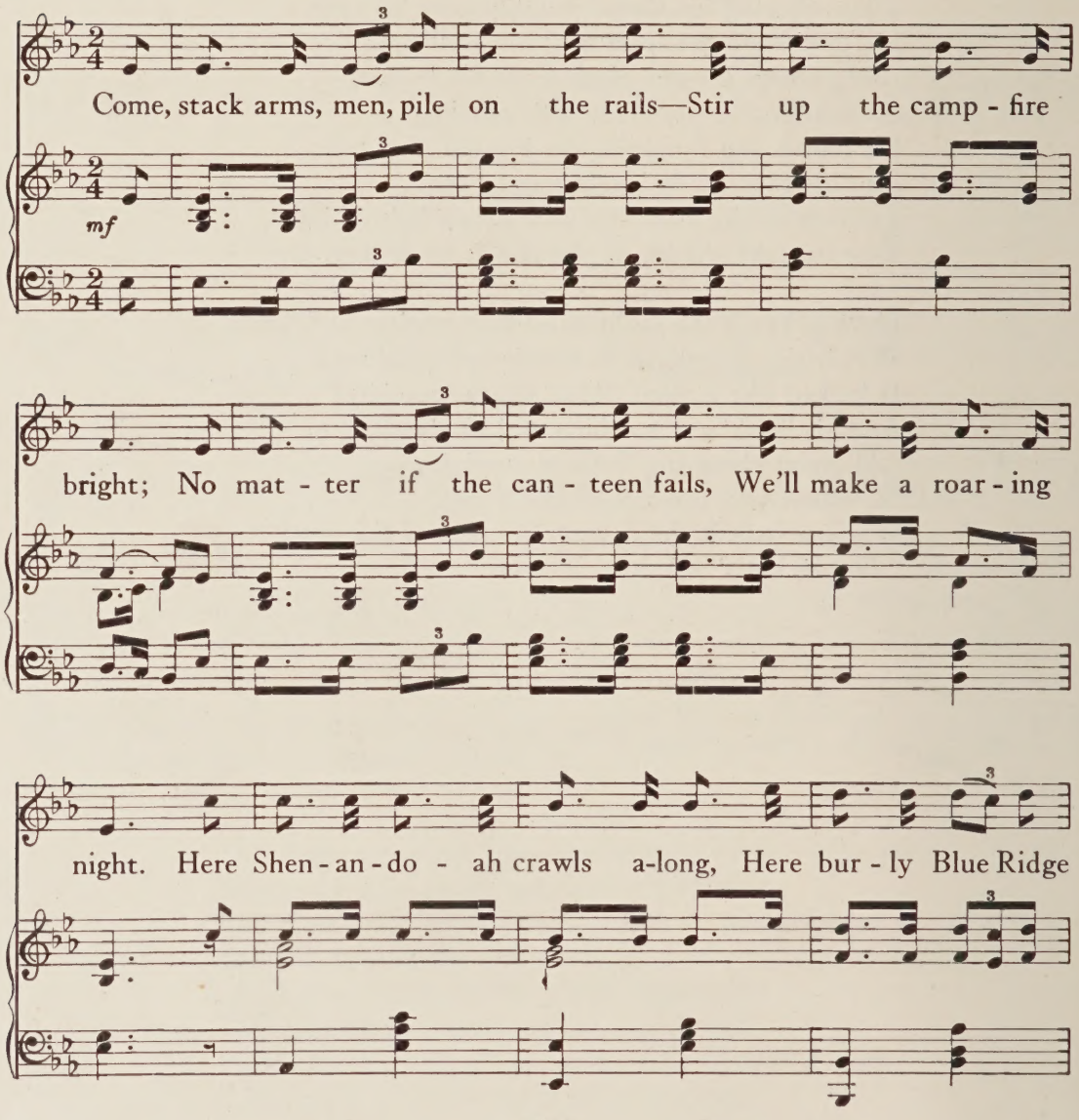
There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
And their mother—"May Heaven defend her."

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off the tears that are welling;
And gathers his gun close up to his breast,
As if to keep down the heart's swelling.
He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
And his footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes thro' the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.

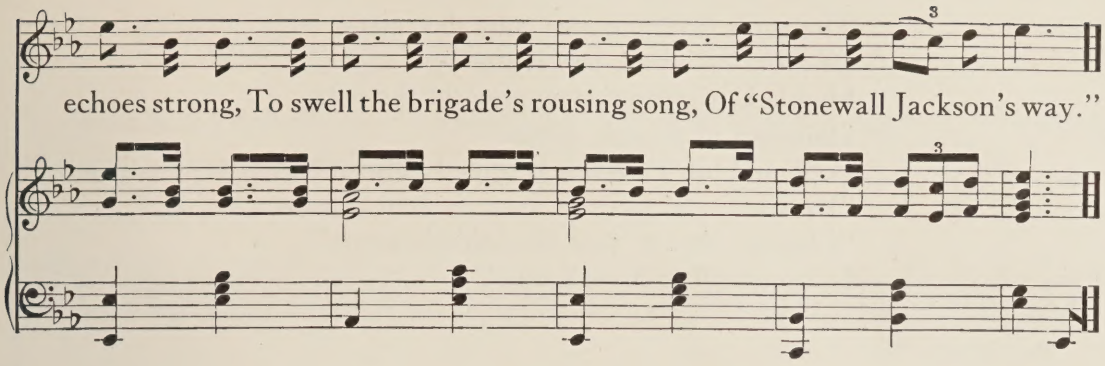
Hark! Was it the night wind that rustles the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle! "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And his life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight."
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
"The Picket's" off duty forever.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S WAY

These verses were found on a blood-stained paper which was taken from the body of a dead soldier in the Stonewall Brigade after hard fighting in the Shenandoah Valley. Their authorship, long unknown, is now attributed to Mr. J. W. Palmer. In the song we have a splendid picture of the great leader and devout Christian who was so idolized by his men. What a pity that he was accidentally shot by his own troops while he was riding through the picket-lines near Chancellorsville!


Come, stack arms, men, pile on the rails—Stir up the camp - fire
mf
bright; No mat - ter if the can - teen fails, We'll make a roar - ing
night. Here Shen - an - do - ah crawls a-long, Here bur - ly Blue Ridge

"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S WAY



We see him now—the old slouched hat
Couched o'er his eye askew—
The shrewd, dry smile—the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true;
The "Blue Light Elder" knows 'em well:
Says he, "That's Bank's, he's fond of shell;
Lord, save his soul! we'll give him—" well
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old "Blue Light's" going to pray;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! It's his way!
Appealing from his native sod,
"Hear us, Almighty God!
Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,
Amen!" That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady! The whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him ere the dawn!
That's Stonewall Jackson's way!

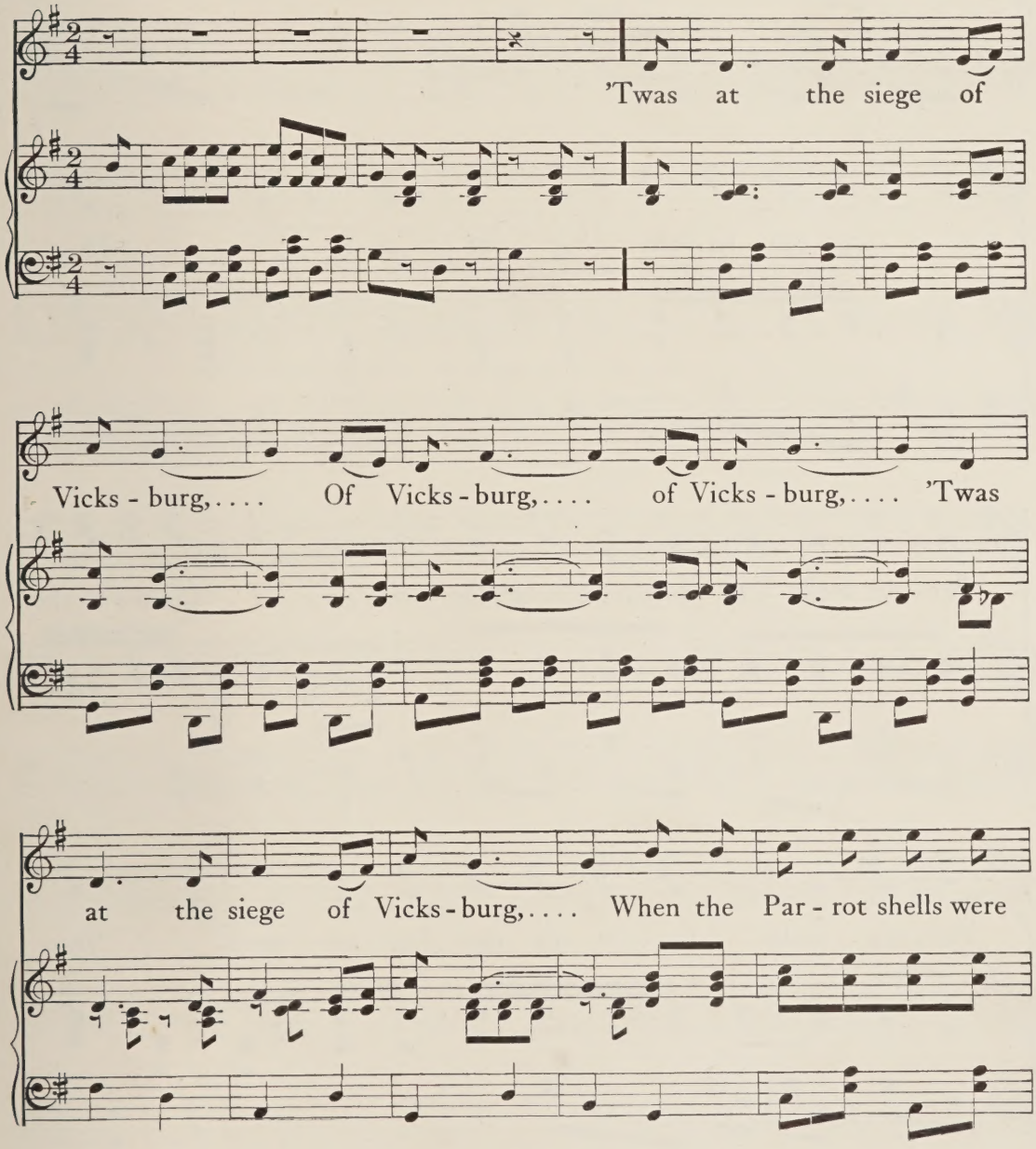
"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S WAY

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning—and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before;
"Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
"Charge, Stuart! pay off Ashby's score,"
Is Stonewall Jackson's way!

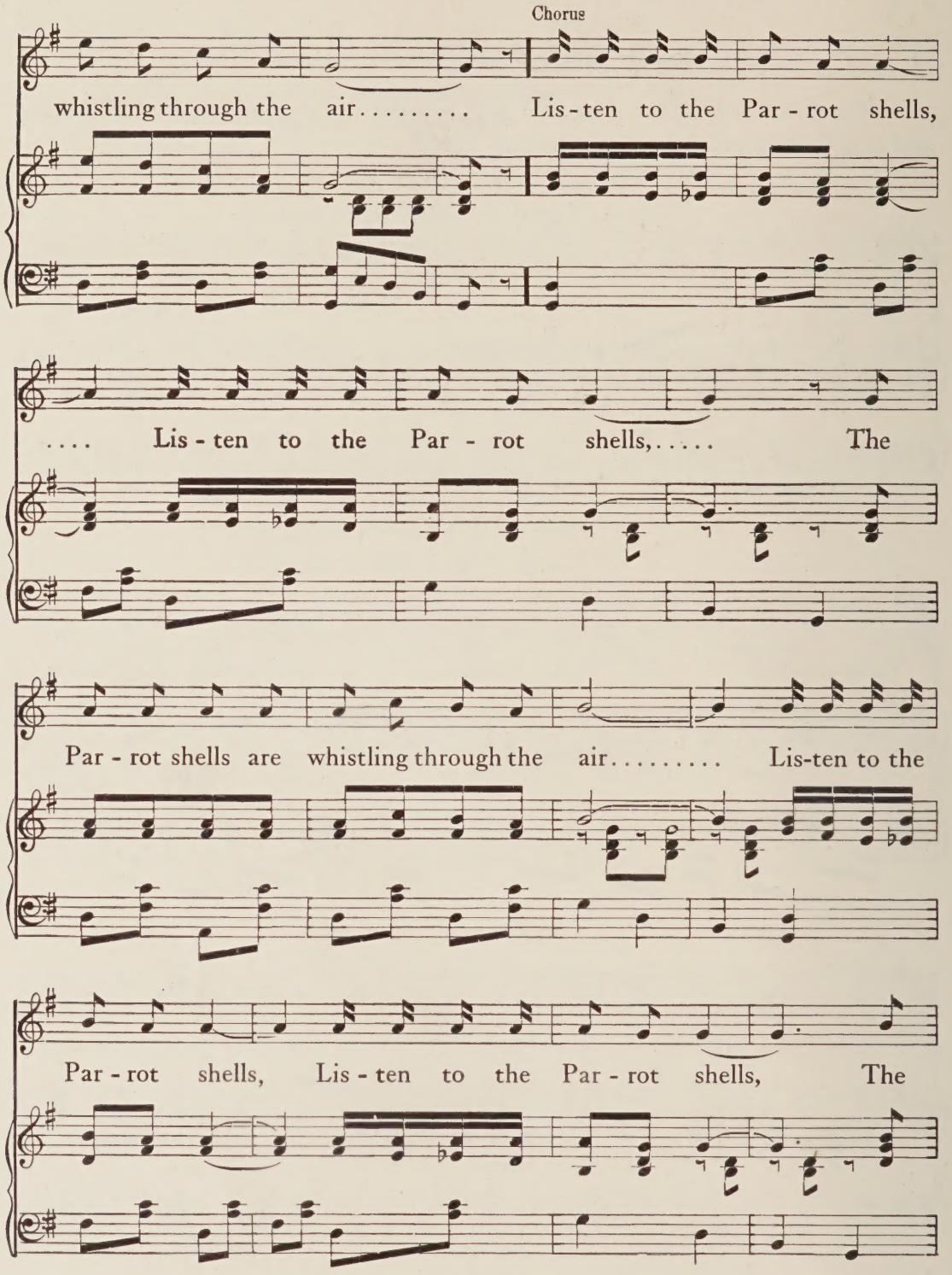
Ah! maiden, wait, and watch, and yearn,
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah! widow, read—with eyes that burn—
That ring upon thy hand!
Ah! wife, sew on, hope on, and pray!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn—
The foe had better ne'er been born,
That gets in Stonewall's way.

'TWAS AT THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

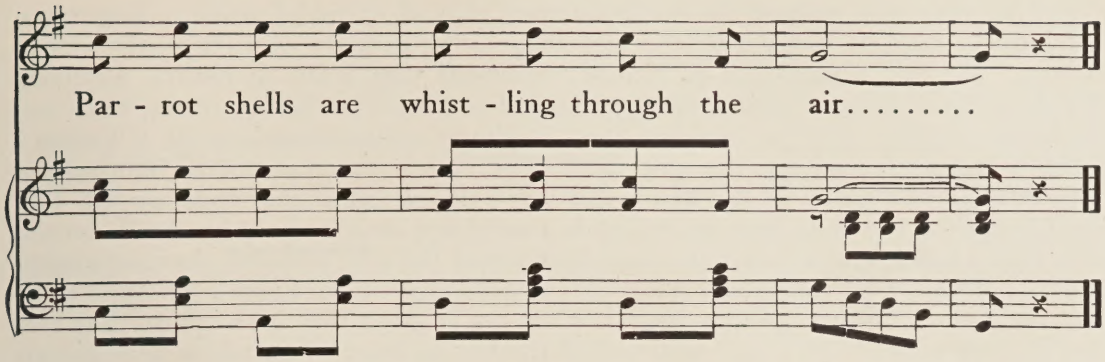
Here is a Confederate song that was written during the siege of Vicksburg and sung to the tune of "The Mocking Bird."



'TWAS AT THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG


Chorus
whistling through the air..... Lis-ten to the Par-rot shells,
.... Lis-ten to the Par-rot shells,..... The
Par-rot shells are whistling through the air..... Lis-ten to the
Par-rot shells, Lis-ten to the Par-rot shells, The

'TWAS AT THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

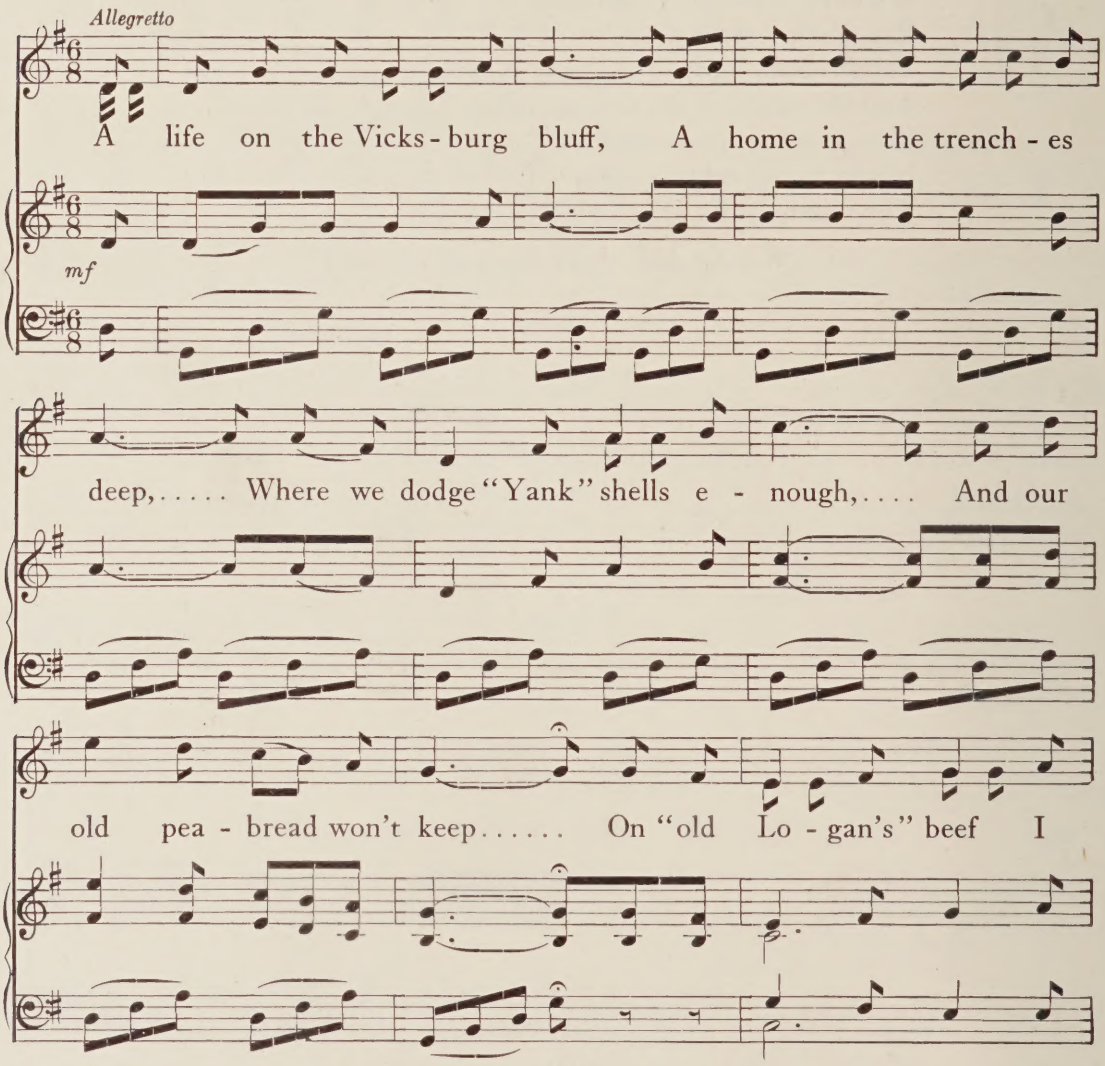


Oh, well will we remember,
Remember, remember,
Tough mule meat, June sans November;
And the minnie-balls that whistled through the air—
Listen to the minnie-balls,
Listen to the minnie-balls,
The minnie-balls are singing in the air.

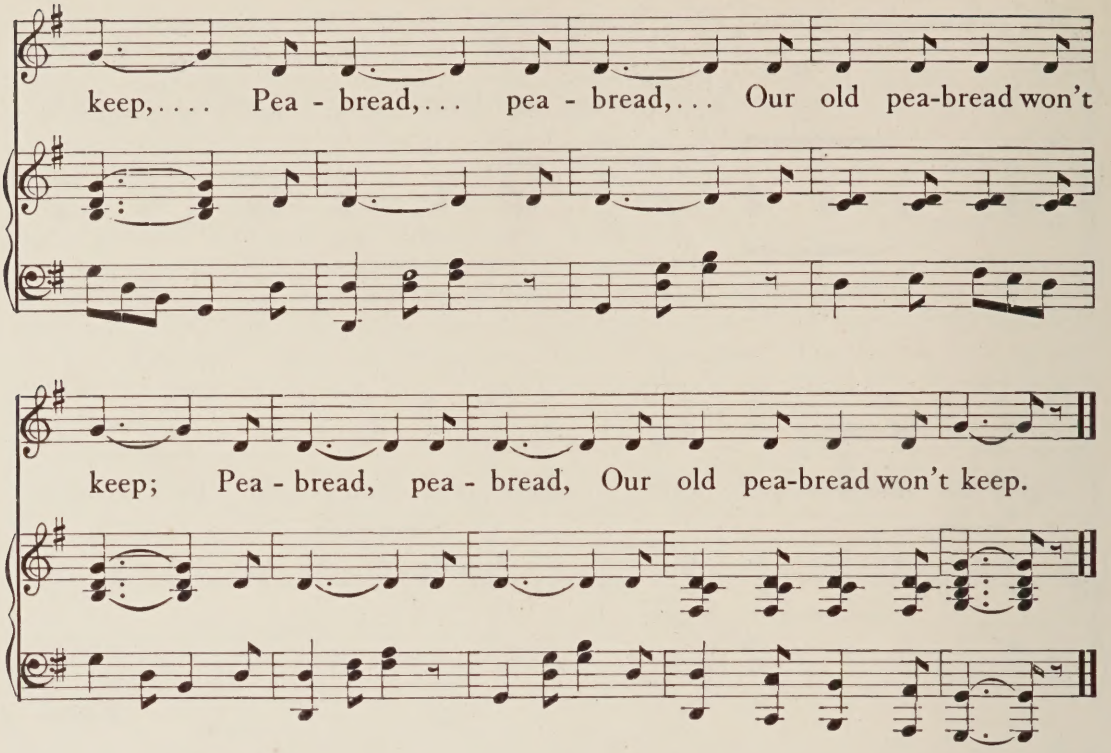
(*Repeat last three lines as refrain*)

A LIFE ON THE VICKSBURG BLUFF

This song was written by A. Dalsheimer, Co. K, Third Louisiana Regiment, during the siege of Vicksburg, and was sung to the tune of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." It gives a humorous picture of conditions that were, in reality, anything but humorous. When Pemberton surrendered to Grant on July 4, 1863, the Confederate supplies were so depleted that a skimpy ration of mule meat ("Logan's beef") and pea-bread was the only food. The mule meat was not so bad, says a veteran, but the inside of the pea-bread was a doughy mass that soon soured. The half-famished garrison was immediately issued five days' rations by the Federals. On July 11 the Third Louisiana marched out of the city, paroled. As they passed some Yankees who were destroying earthworks, one of the Southerners burst out defiantly with, "Shovel, damn you! It's all you're good for! You can do that better than fighting!" "Dry up," said one of the Union men. "You rebels have grown wonderful sassy on Uncle Sam's grub!" Completely silenced, the Confederate moved on.


Allegretto
A life on the Vicks - burg bluff, A home in the trench - es
mf
deep,..... Where we dodge "Yank" shells e - nough,.... And our
old pea - bread won't keep..... On "old Lo - gan's" beef I

pine, For there's fat on his bones no more;... Oh!
give me some pork and brine, And truck from a sut - ler's store.
Chorus
A life on the Vicks - burg bluff, A home in the trench - es
deep,..Where we dodge "Yank" shells enough, And our old pea-bread won't



Old Grant is starving us out,
Our grub is fast wasting away,
Pemb' don't know what he's about,
And he hasn't for many a day,
So we'll bury "old Logan" tonight,
From tough beef we'll be set free;
We'll put him far out of sight,
No more of his meat for me.
Chorus

Texas steers are no longer in view,
Mule steaks are now "done up brown,"
While pea-bread, mule roast and mule stew,
Are our fare in Vicksburg town;
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the Yanks and their gunboats rave;
A life in a bomb-proof for me,
And a tear on "old Logan's" grave.
Chorus

Like a rebel caged I pine,
And I dodge when the cannons roar;
But give me corn dodgers and swine,
And I'll stay forever more.
Once more in the trench I stand,
With my own far-ranging gun;
Should the fray come hand to hand,
I'll wager my rations I run.
Chorus

The trench is no longer in view;
The shells have begun to fall;
'Tis a sound I hate—don't you?
Into my rat-hole I'll crawl.
The bullets may whistle by,
The terrible bombs come down;
But give me full rations, and I
Will stay in my hole in the ground.
Chorus

A LIFE IN THE SOLDIERS' CAMP

During the Civil War, Beadle and Co. of New York published a number of small paper-covered songsters for use by the Union troops. In their "Dime Union Song Book No. 2," published in 1861, appears this song by "Jos. O'C.," Company D, Anderson Zouaves. The air, "A Life on an Ocean Wave," is the same one used for "A Life on the Vicksburg Bluff." Though American in origin, it has been adopted as the marching tune of the British Marine Light Infantry.

A life in the soldiers' camp,
A home in the snow-white tent,
Where we hear the sentry tramp,
And merry hours are spent;
Where glory waits the brave,
On the bloody battle-field,
And the Stars and Stripes shall wave,
O'er Zouaves that never yield.

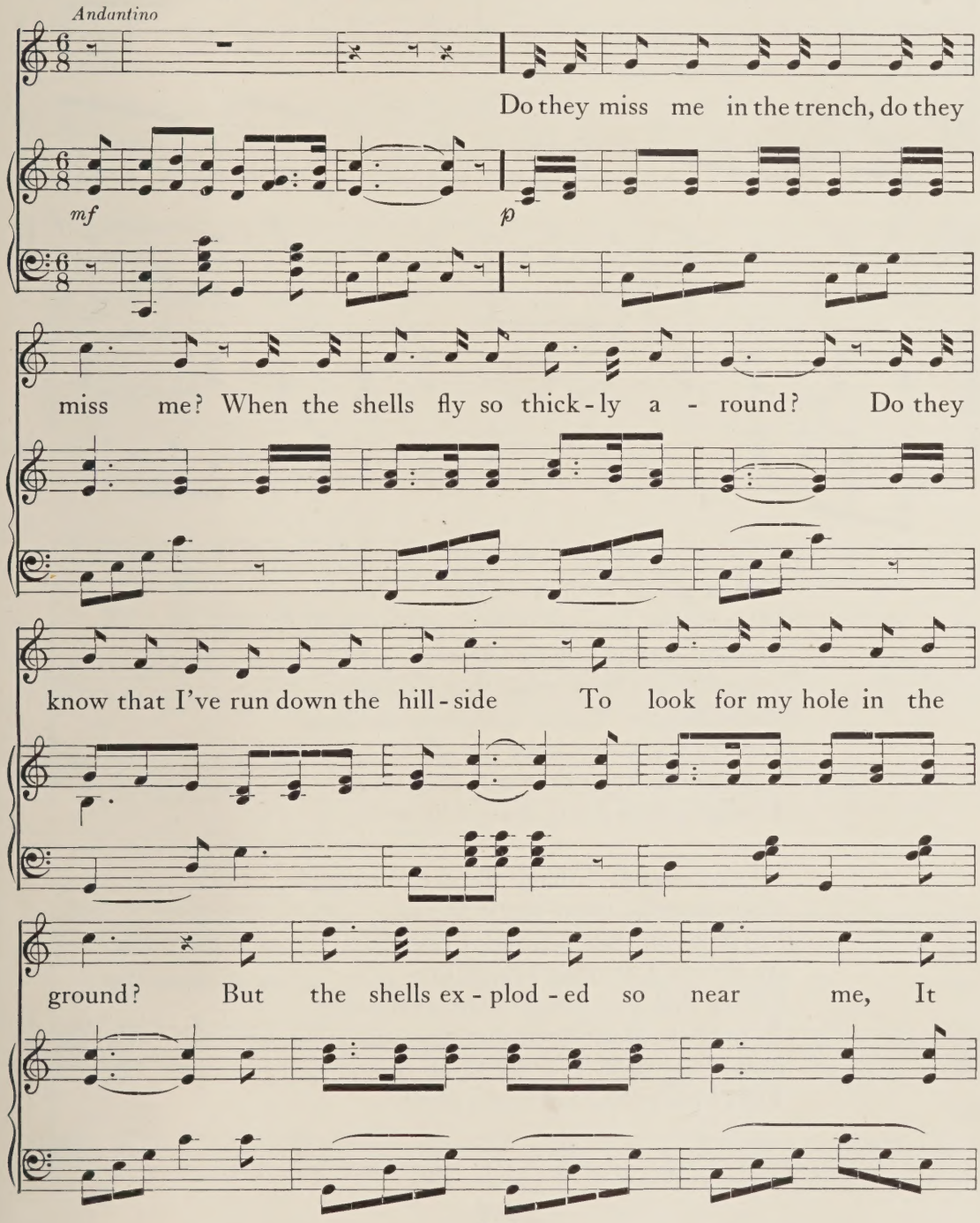
Come, shoulder your musket, boys,
And off to the field of strife;
Leave home, and all its joys,
And fly to a soldier's life—
With knapsack on your back,
And canteen by your side—
To follow the foeman's track,
Is the brave young Zouave's pride.

The camp is the place for me,
When my country calls me there,
To fight for the Flag of the Free,
I'd live on homeliest fare;
When the tattoo beats at night,
And the reveille in the morn,
And the Zouave's heart is light
As soon as the day is born.

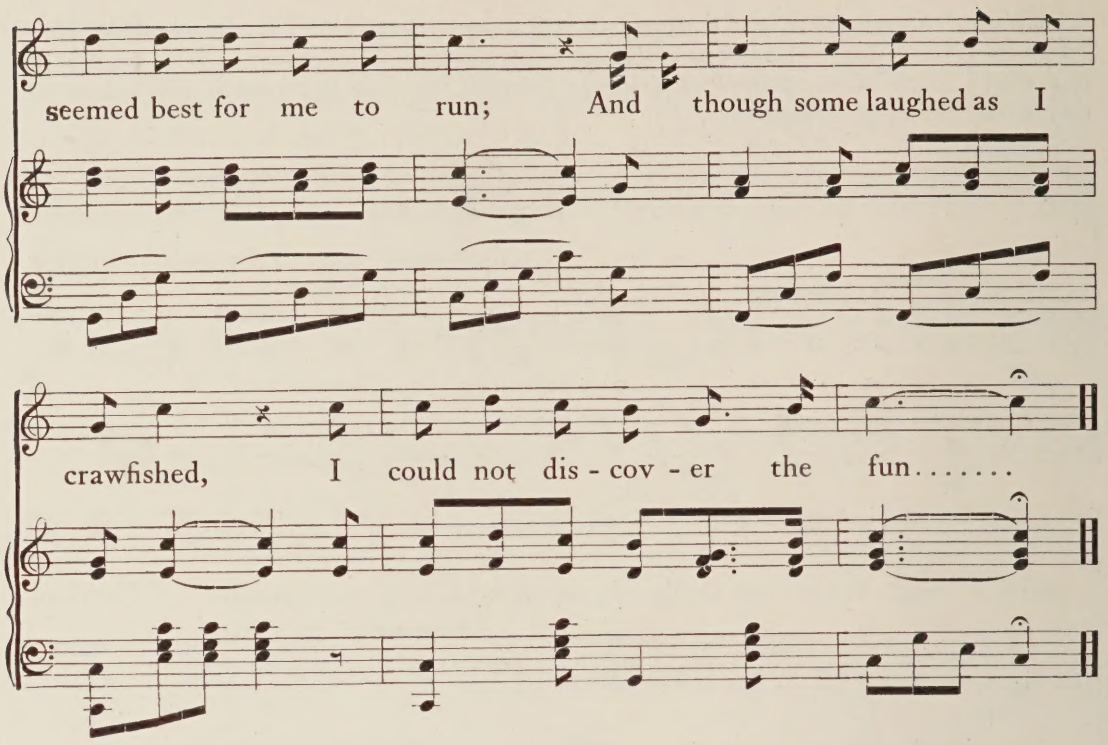
Then farewell, home and friends
For I've joined the volunteers;
I'll be with him who defends
Our Flag, and never fears.
I'm off for the Zouave's camp,
I'm bound for Freedom's Wars;
On the rebel flag I'll tramp,
And fight for the Stripes and Stars.

DO THEY MISS ME IN THE TRENCHES?

J. W. Naff of the Third Louisiana Regiment wrote this parody on "Do They Miss Me at Home," during the siege of Vicksburg. The intentions he amusingly expressed in the last stanza were never carried out, for the author was killed the day after penning these lines.


Andantino
Do they miss me in the trench, do they
mf
p
miss me? When the shells fly so thick-ly a - round? Do they
know that I've run down the hill-side To look for my hole in the
ground? But the shells ex-plod-ed so near me, It

DO THEY MISS ME IN THE TRENCHES?

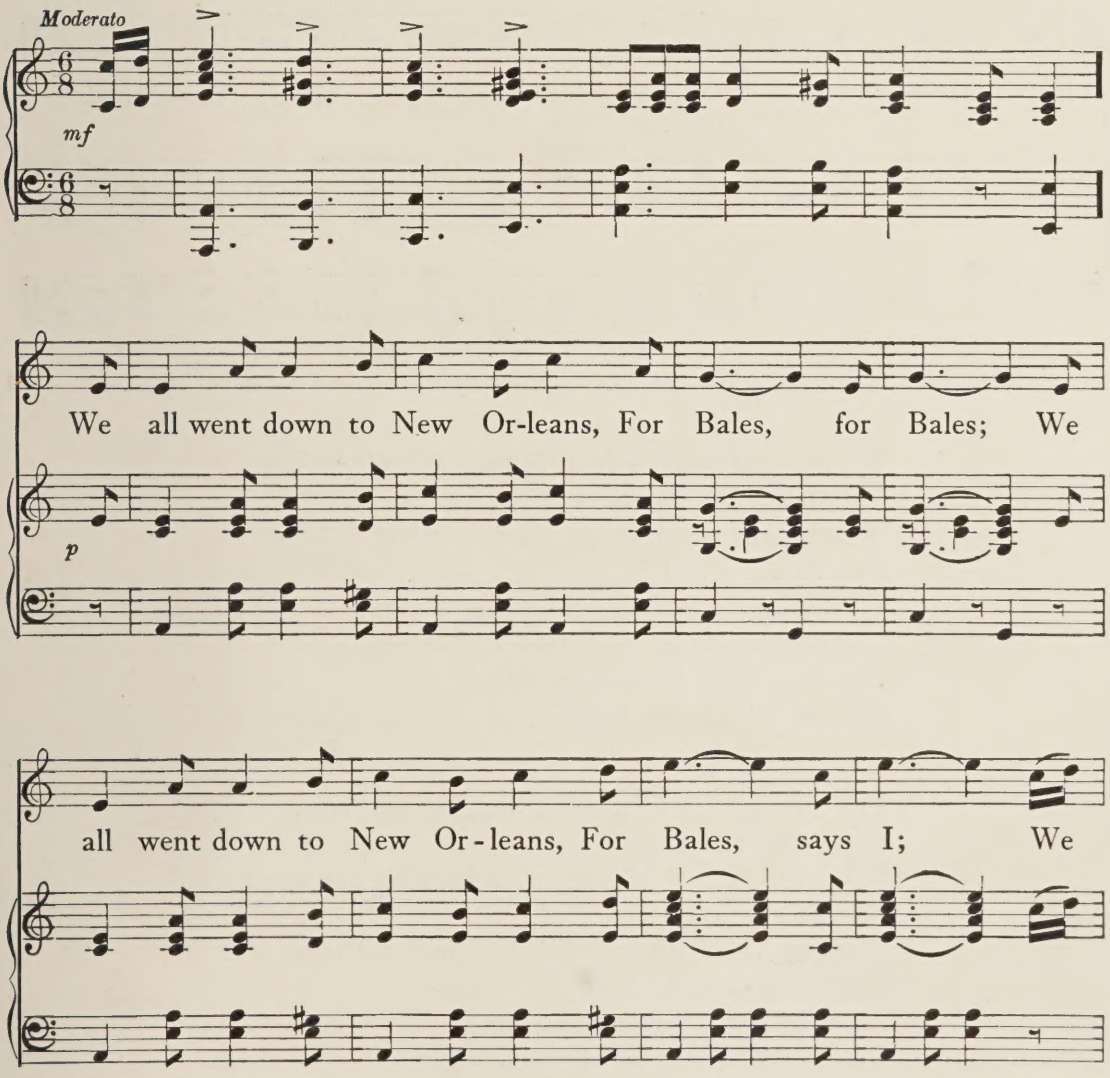


I often get up in the trenches,
When some Yankee is near out of sight,
And fire a round or two at him,
To make the boys think that I'll fight.
But when the Yanks commence shelling,
I run to my home down the hill;
I swear my legs never will stay there,
Though all may stay there who will.

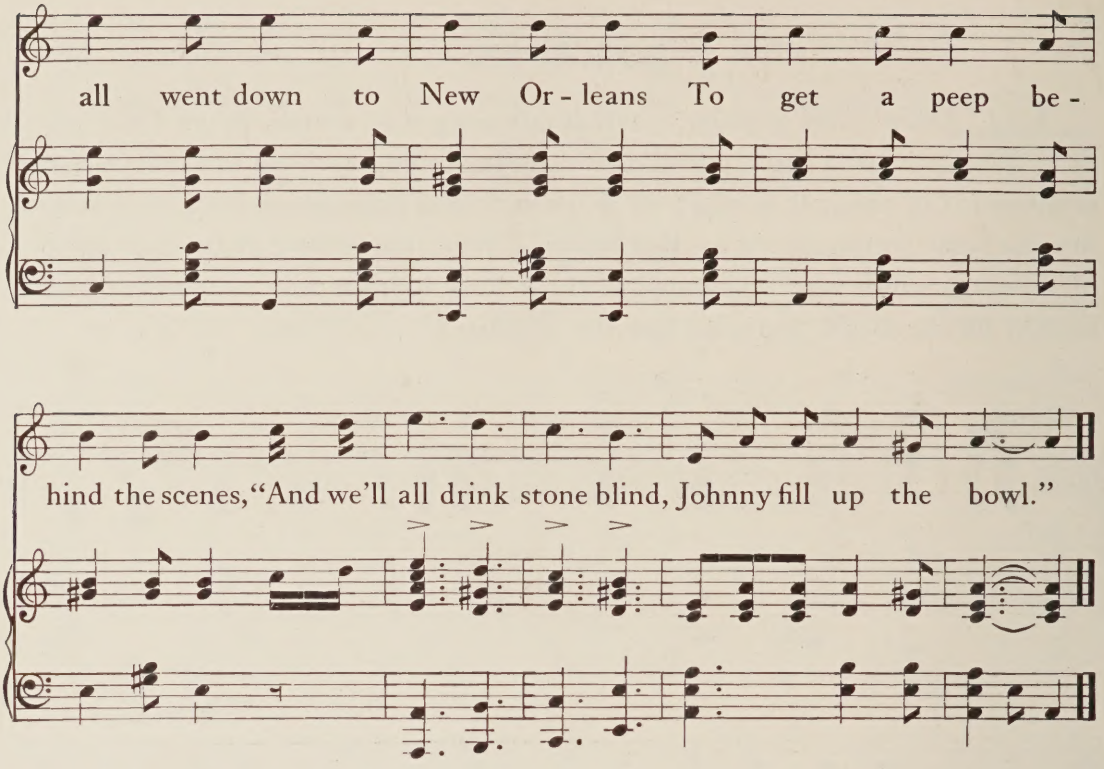
I'll save myself through the dread struggle,
And when the great battle is o'er,
I'll claim my full rations of laurels,
As always I've done heretofore.
I'll say that I've fought them as bravely
As the best of my comrades who fell,
And swear most roundly to all others
That I never had fears of a shell.

FOR BALES

Like "Dixie," this popular Confederate song was written by an Ohio man. A. E. Blackmar, who had established a music-publishing business in New Orleans, composed it in 1864. It is based on an unsuccessful attempt of the Union forces to seize some cotton stored up Red River. I have seen a copy of the first edition of the song, which was "Dedicated to those Pure Patriots who were afflicted with Cotton on the Brain and who saw the Elephant."



FOR BALES



We thought when we got in the "Ring,"
For Bales, for Bales;
We thought when we got in the "Ring"
For Bales, says I;
We thought when we got in the "Ring,"
Greenbacks would be a dead sure thing,
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny fill up the bowl."

The "Ring" went up, with bagging and rope,
For Bales, for Bales;
Upon the "Black Hawk" with bagging and rope,
For Bales, says I;
Went up "Red River" with bagging and rope,
Expecting to make a pile of "soap,"
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny fill up the bowl."

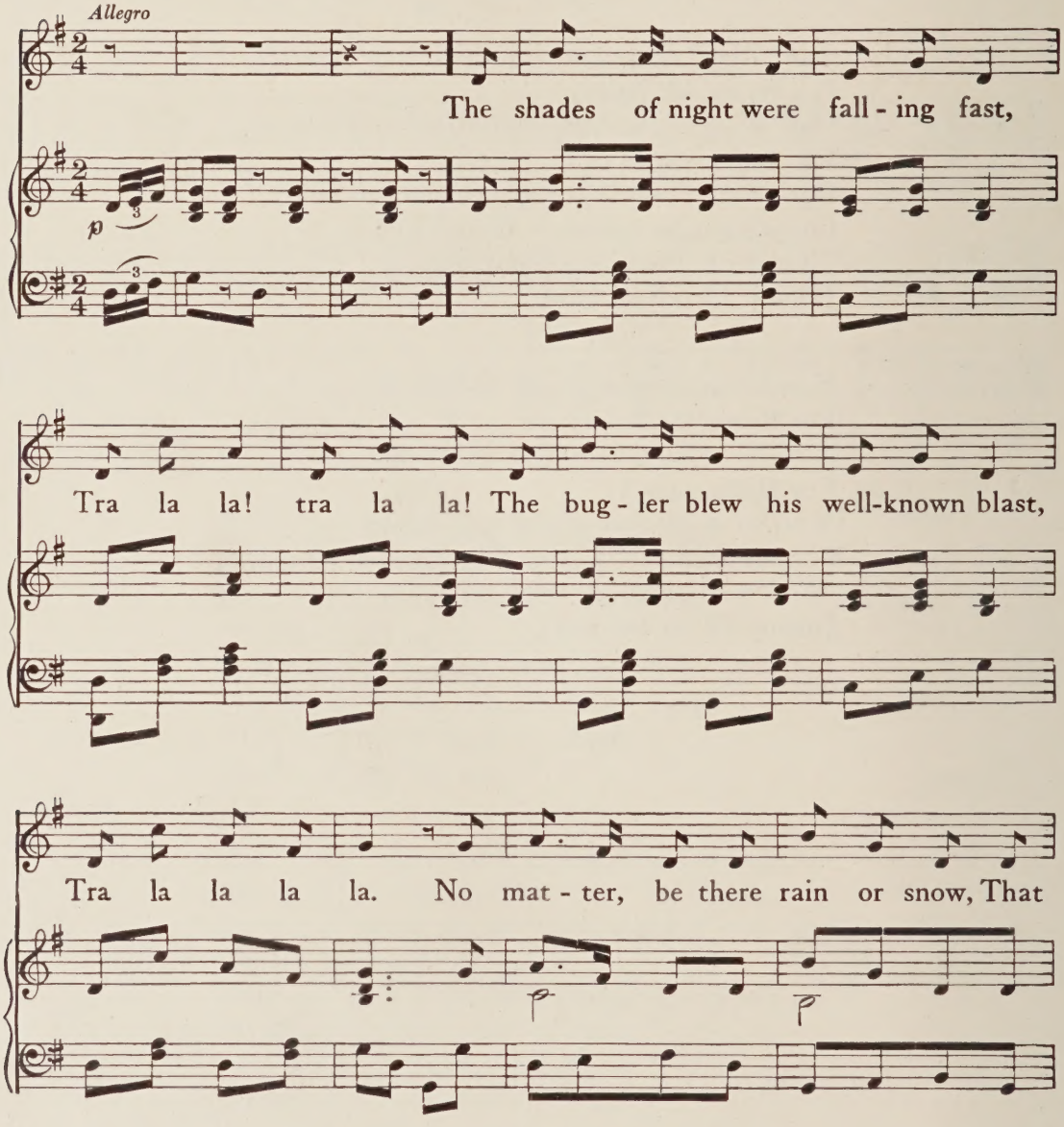
But Taylor and Smith, with ragged ranks,
For Bales, for Bales;
But Taylor and Smith, with ragged ranks,
For Bales, says I;
But Taylor and Smith, with ragged ranks,
Burned up the cotton and whipped old Banks,
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny fill up the bowl."

Our "Ring" came back and cursed and swore,
For Bales, for Bales;
Our "Ring" came back and cursed and swore,
For Bales, says I;
Our "Ring" came back and cursed and swore,
For we got no cotton at Grand Ecore,
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny fill up the bowl."

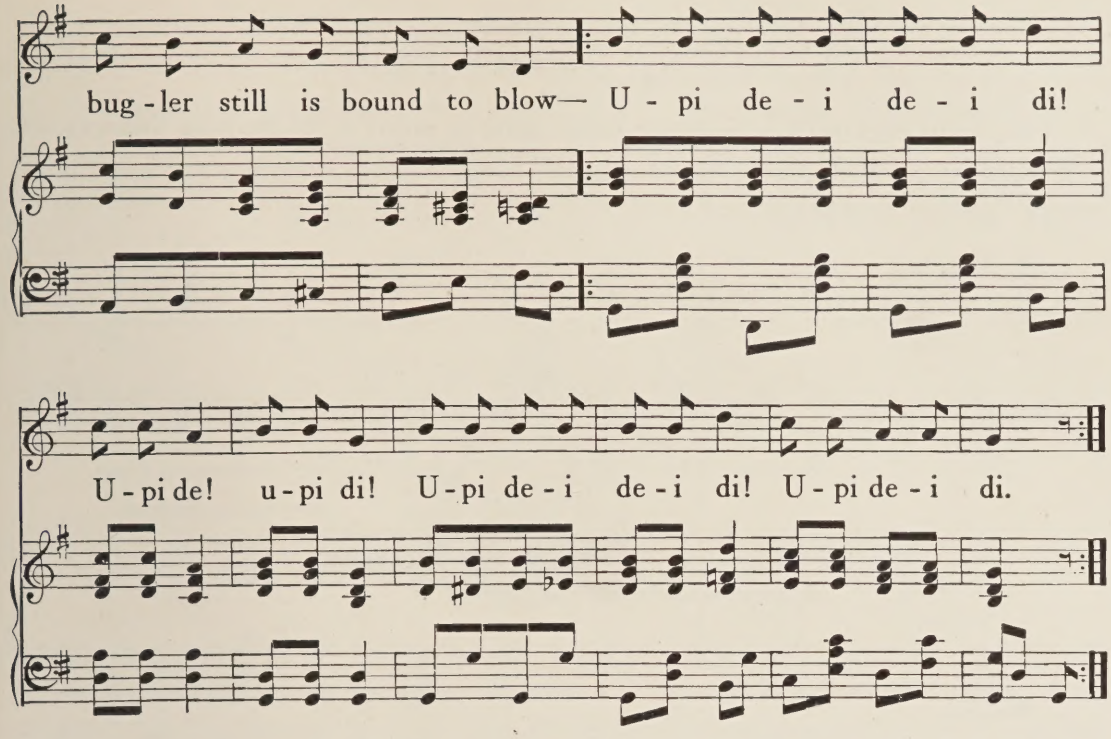
Now let us all give praise and thanks,
For Bales, for Bales;
Now let us all give praise and thanks,
For Bales, says I;
Now let us all give praise and thanks,
For the victory(?) gained by General Banks,
"And we'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny fill up the bowl."

UPI DEI DI

Apparently buglers were no more popular with the "Rebs" of the sixties than they were with the "Yanks" of seventeen; for this song, sometimes called "That Bugler," was sung in the Washington Artillery of New Orleans early in the war. It was written by A. G. Knight. The tune, which was arranged by A. E. Blackmar, is from an old song of the same name as this one, and has also been used by the British Army.


Allegro
The shades of night were fall - ing fast,
Tra la la! tra la la! The bug - ler blew his well-known blast,
Tra la la la la. No mat - ter, be there rain or snow, That

UPI DEI DI

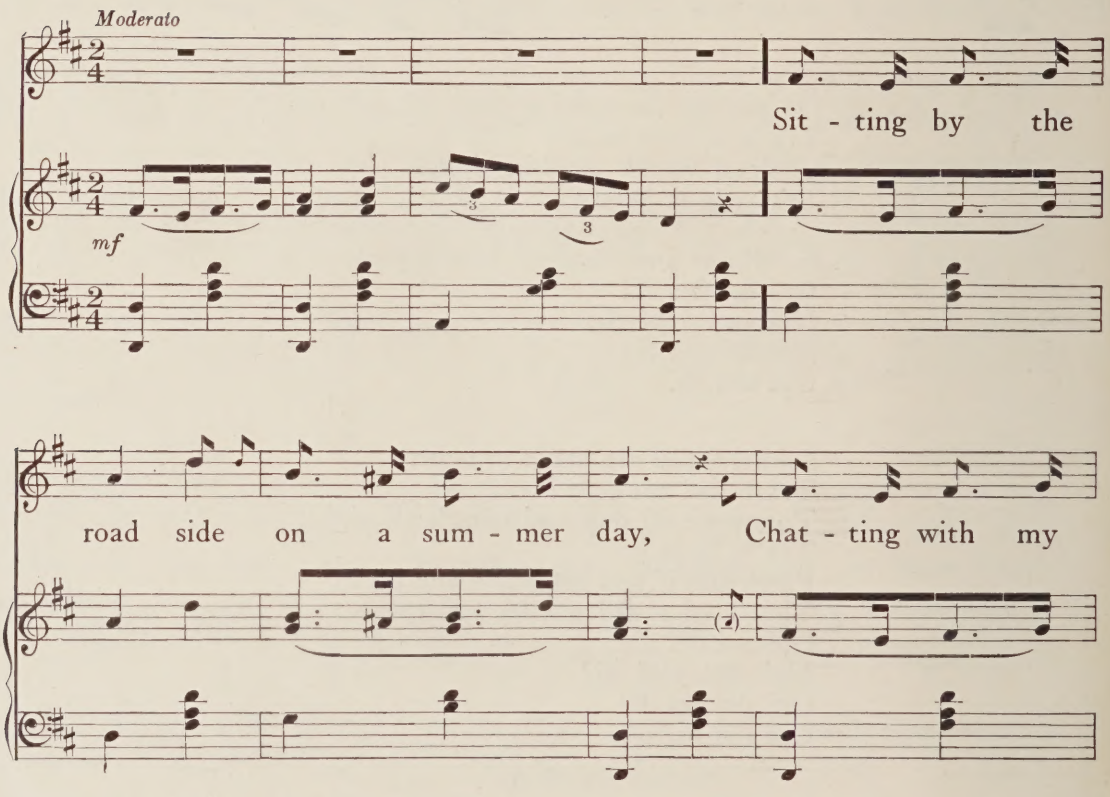


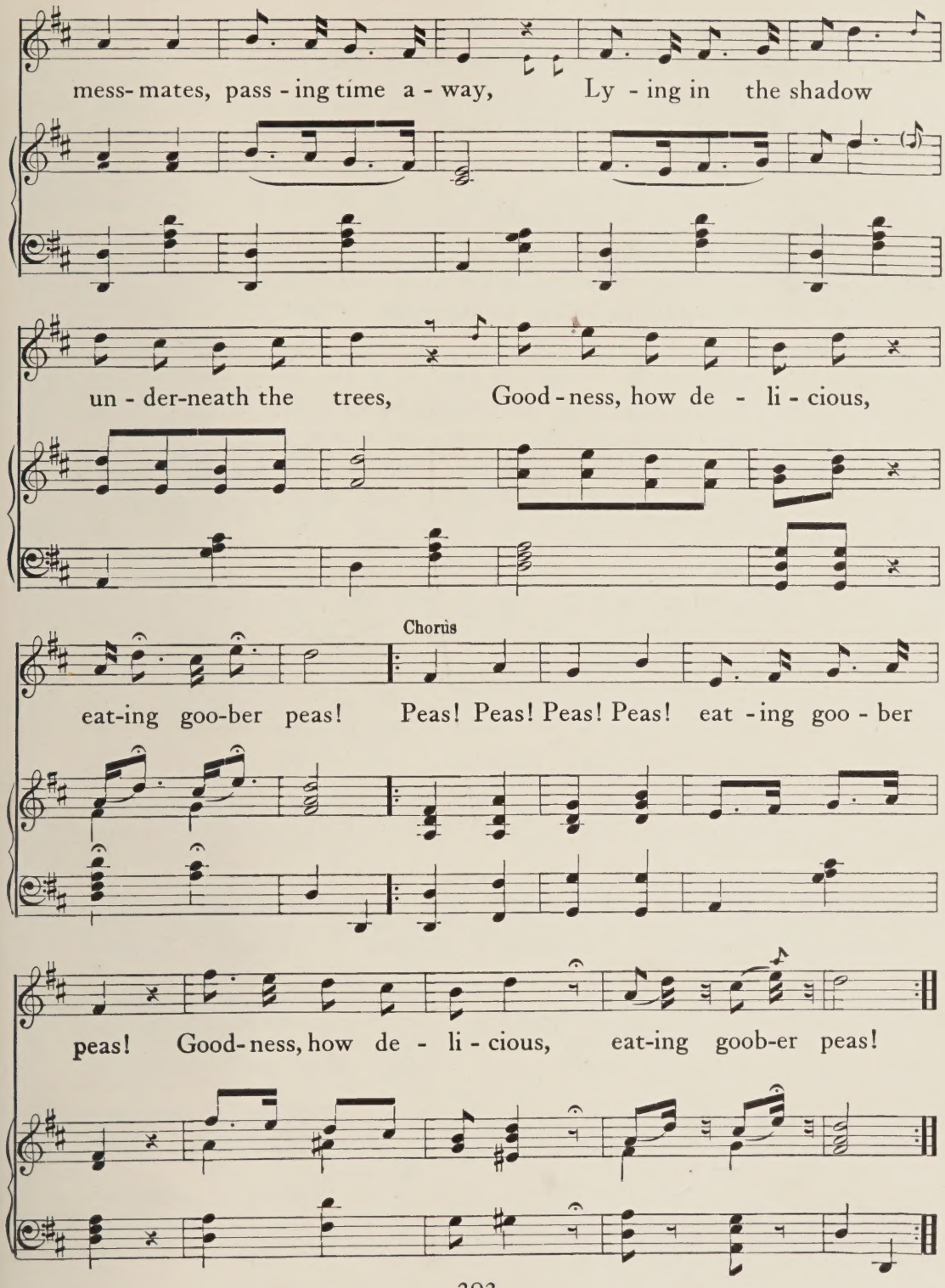
On the fire he spied a pot,
Tra la la! tra la la!
Choicest viands smoking hot,
Tra la la la la.
Says he, "You shan't enjoy that stew,"
So "Boots and Saddles" loudly blew—
Upi dei dei di!
Upi de! Upi di!
Upi dei dei di!
Upi dei di.

Soldiers, you are made to fight,
Tra la la! tra la la!
To starve all day and march all night,
Tra la la la la.
Perchance if you get bread and meat,
That bugler will not let you eat—
Upi dei dei di!
Upi de! Upi di!
Upi dei dei di!
Upi dei di.

EATING GOOBER PEAS

The air of this old Confederate song, quite as much as its amusing lines, earns it a place in our collection. "Goober peas" are peanuts; Georgians are sometimes called "goober grabbers."




mess-mates, pass-ing time a-way, Ly-ing in the shadow
un-der-neath the trees, Good-ness, how de-li-cious,
Chorus
eat-ing goo-ber peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! eat-ing goo-ber
peas! Good-ness, how de-li-cious, eat-ing goob-er peas!

EATING GOOBER PEAS

When a horseman passes the soldiers have a rule,
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister here's your mule";
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,
Is wearing out your Grinders, eating goober peas!
Chorus

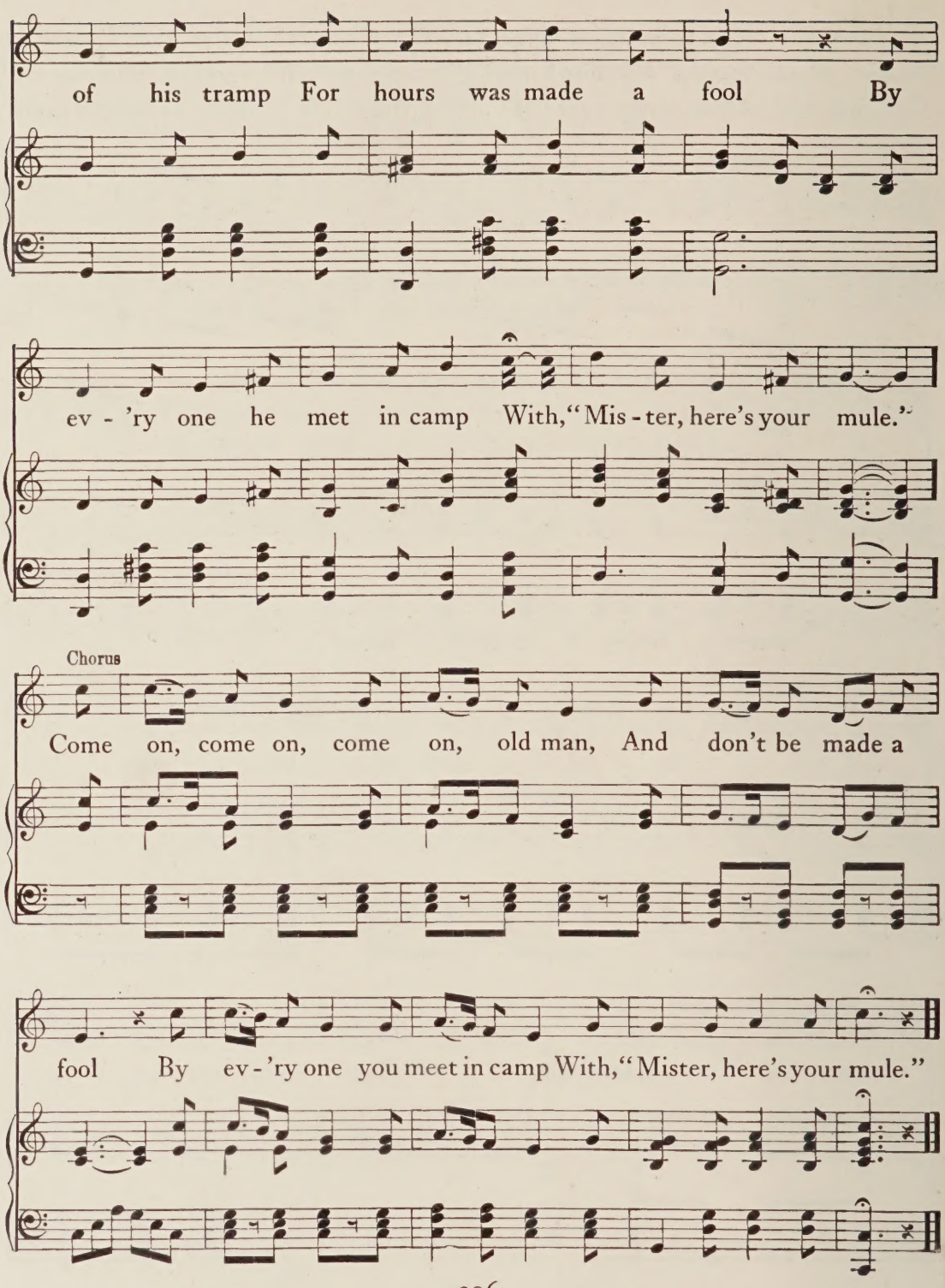
Just before the battle the Gen'ral hears a row,
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now."
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
The Georgia Militia, eating goober peas!
Chorus

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough;
I wish this war was over, when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts, and gobble goober peas!
Chorus

HERE'S YOUR MULE

Here is a comic song based on an incident in camp. It shows that a sense of humor, which Brander Matthews says is an inherent quality of the American soldier, was not lacking, even under the trying conditions of the Confederate army.

A far - mer came to camp one day, With milk and eggs to
sell, Up - on a mule that oft would stray To
where no one could tell. The far - mer tir - ed


of his tramp For hours was made a fool By
ev - 'ry one he met in camp With, "Mis - ter, here's your mule."
Chorus
Come on, come on, come on, old man, And don't be made a
fool By ev - 'ry one you meet in camp With, "Mister, here's your mule."

His eggs and chickens all were gone,
Before the break of day;
The mule was heard of all along,
That's what the soldiers say,
And still he hunted all day long,
Alas! a witless tool,
Whilst ev'ry man would sing the song,
Of, "Mister, here's your mule."

Chorus

The soldiers run in laughing mood,
On mischief were intent;
They lifted muley on their back,
Around from tent to tent,
Thro' this hole and that, they pushed
His head and made a rule
To shout with hum'rous voices all,
"I say! Mister, here's your mule."

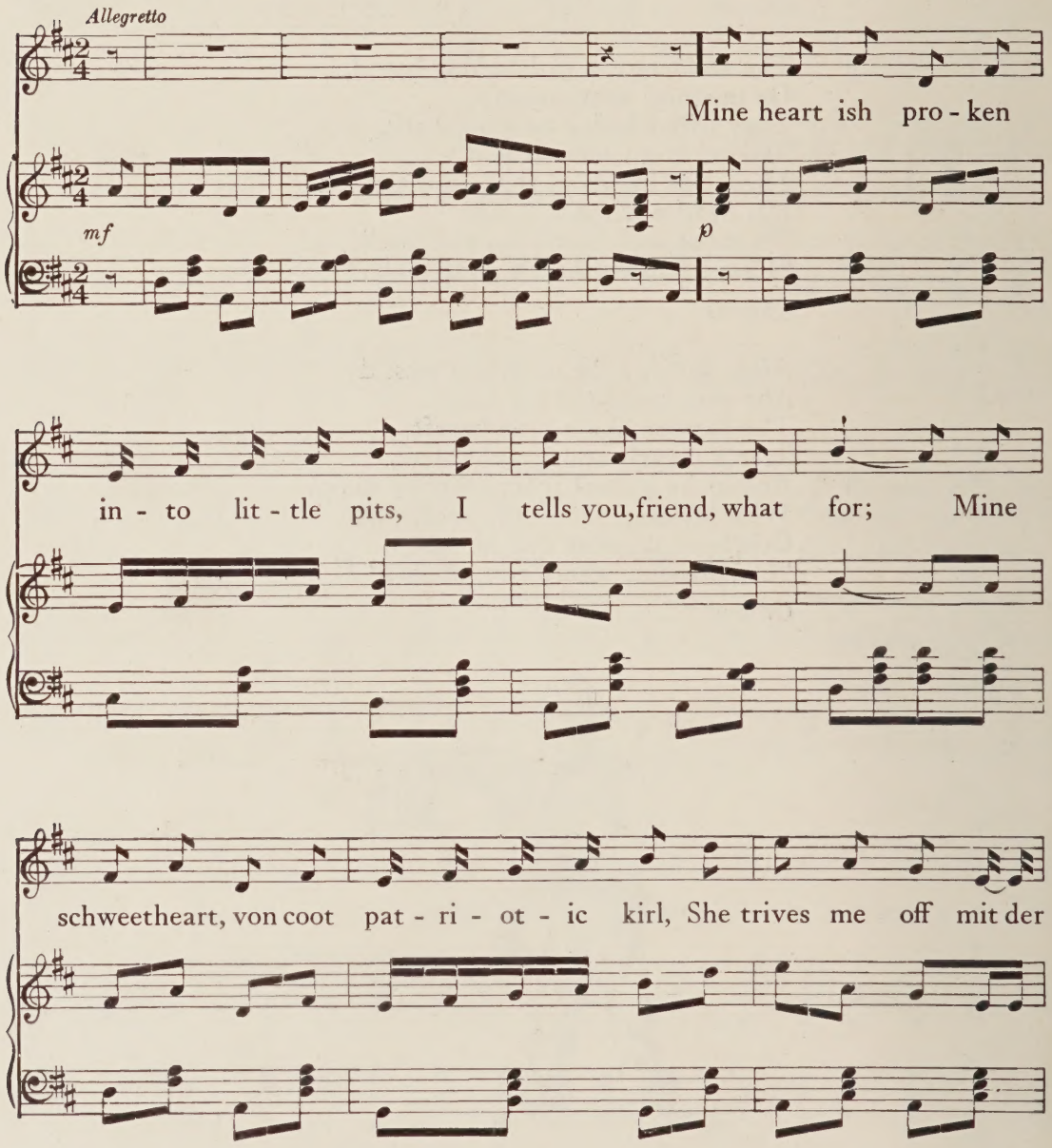
Chorus

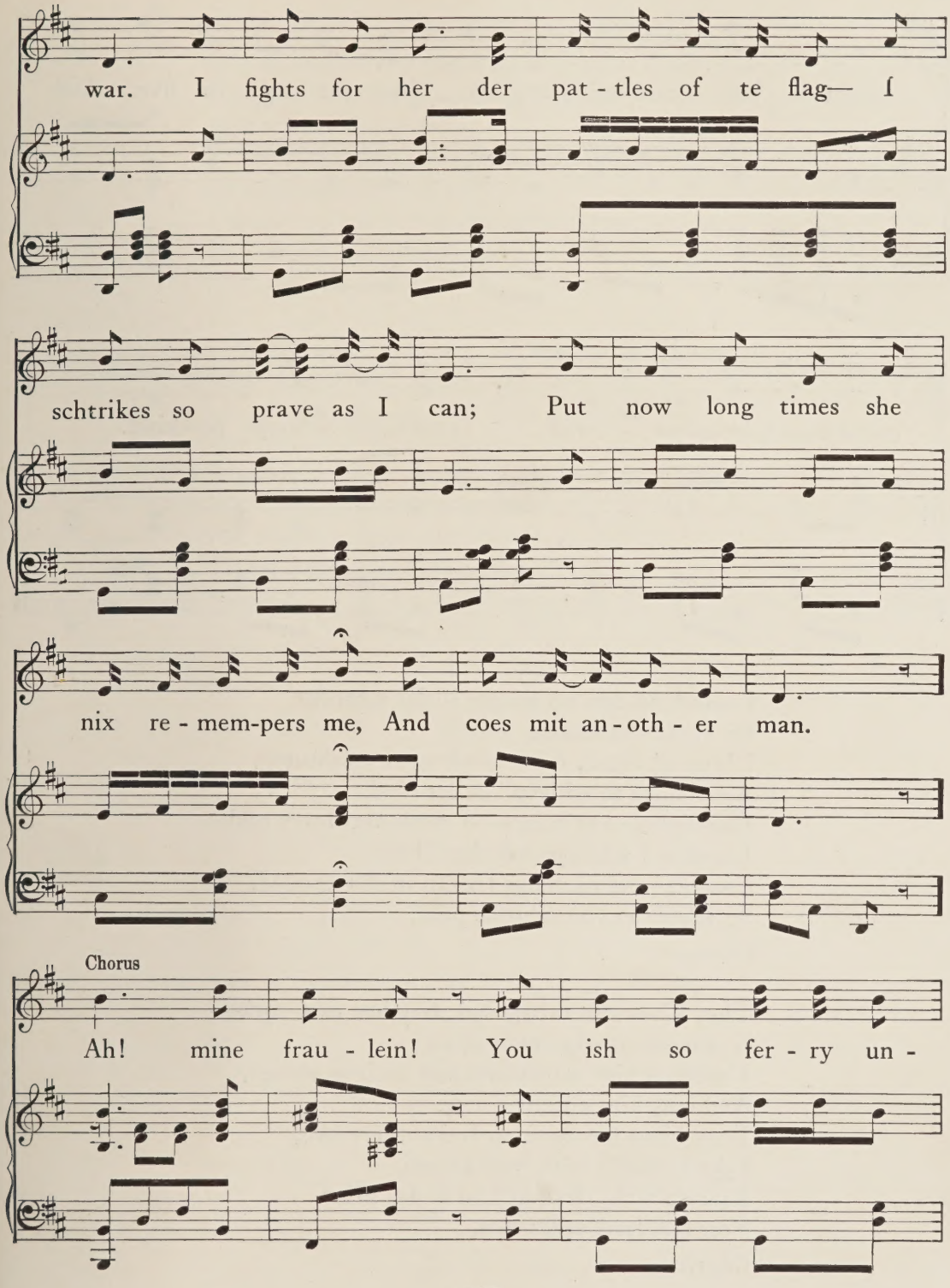
Alas, one day the mule was miss'd!
Ah; who could tell his fate?
The farmer like a man bereft,
Search'd early and search'd late,
And as he passed from camp to camp,
With stricken face—the fool,
Cried out to ev'ry one he met,
"Oh, Mister, where's my mule?"

Chorus

CORPORAL SCHNAPS

Here H. C. Work has recounted for us the laughable experiences of one of the thousands of German volunteers who were faithful soldiers of the Union. The melody is typically German and altogether captivating. The words, however, though amusing, are certainly the world's worst example of the mishandling of dialect.


Allegretto
Mine heart ish pro - ken
mf
p
in - to lit - tle pits, I tells you,friend, what for; Mine
schweetheart, von coot pat - ri - ot - ic kirl, She trives me off mit der


war. I fights for her der pat - tles of te flag— I
schtrikes so prave as I can; Put now long times she
nix re - mem-pers me, And coes mit an - oth - er man.
Chorus
Ah! mine frau - lein! You ish so fer - ry un -

I march all tay, no matter if der schtorm
Pe worse ash Moses' flood;
I lays all night, mine head upon a schtump,
And "sinks to schleep" in der mud.
Der nightmares comes—I catch him ferry pad—
I treams I schleeps mit der Ghost;
I wakes next morning frozen in der cround,
So schtiff as von schtone post.

Chorus

They kives me hart-pread, tougher as a rock—
It almost preaks mine zhaw;
I schplits him sometimes mit an iron wedge,
And cuts him up mit a saw.
They kives me peef, so ferry, ferry salt,
Like Sodom's wife, you know;
I surely dinks dey put him in der prine
Von hundred years aco.

Chorus

CORPORAL SCHNAPS

Py'n py we take von city in der South—
We schtays there von whole year;
I kits me sour-crout much as I can eat,
And plenty locar peer,
I meets von lady repel in der schtreet,
So handsome effer I see;
I makes to her von ferry callant pow—
Put, ah she schpits on me.

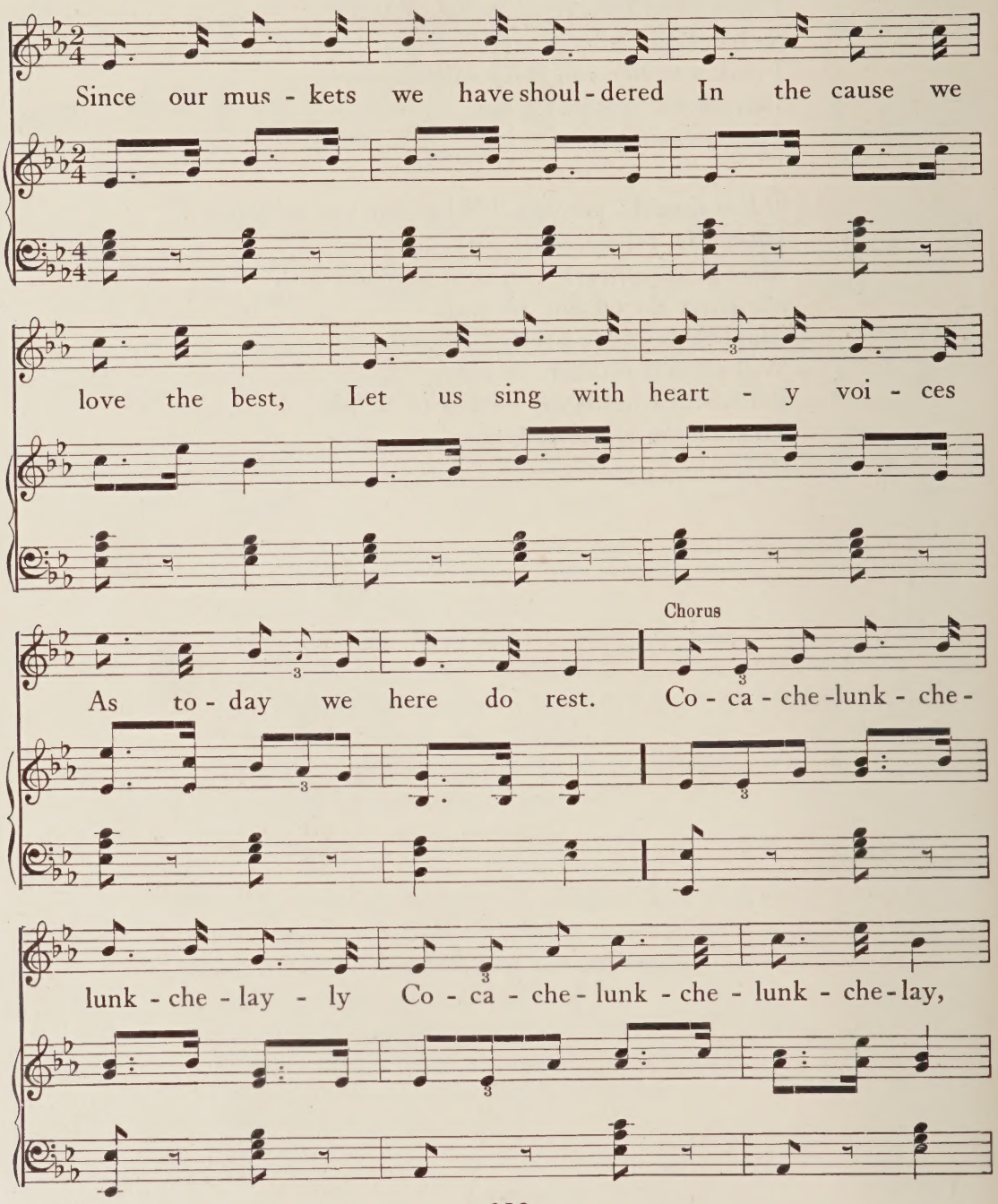
Chorus

"Hart times!" you say. "What for you folunteer?"
I tolt you, friend, what for:
Mine schweetheart, von coot patriotic kirl,
She trove me off mit der war.
Alas! Alas! mine pretty little von
Will schmile no more on me;
Put schtill I fights der pattles of te flag
To set mine countries free.

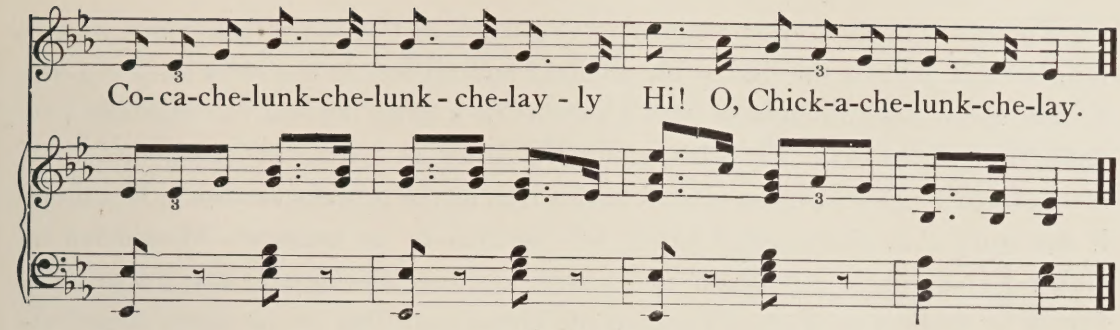
Chorus

'CO-CA-CHE-LUNK

This was known as "The Camp War Song." It has a good swinging tune and is sung very effectively by large groups. Since the war many colleges and schools have produced words of their own to the tune, but have always used the same old chorus. The text given here is from "The Camp Fire Songster" of Civil War days.


Since our mus - kets we have shoul - dered In the cause we
love the best, Let us sing with heart - y voi - ces
Chorus
As to - day we here do rest. Co - ca - che - lunk - che -
lunk - che - lay - ly Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - lay,

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK



"The Camp War Song"

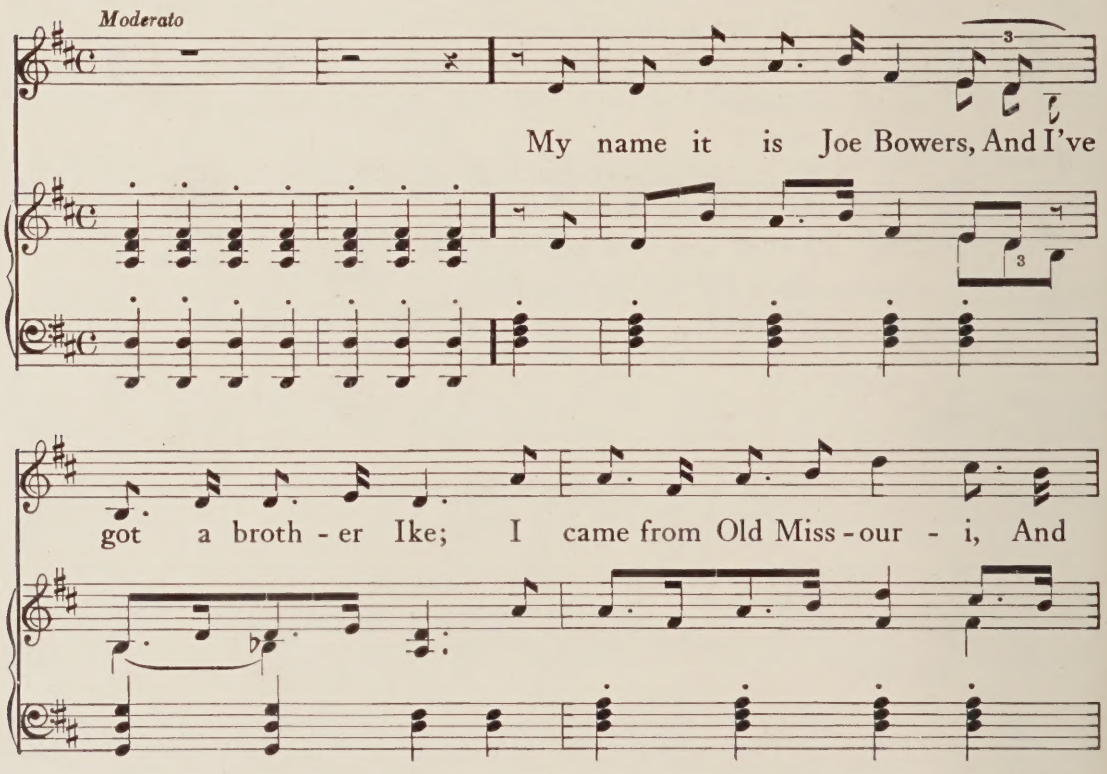
We will fight for Freedom's honor,
Guard it from the traitor's hand,
And we'll raise its spangled banner
Over all our native land.
Chorus

Many eyes from here are looking
At the deeds we do today;
All united we will battle
And to victory press our way.
Chorus

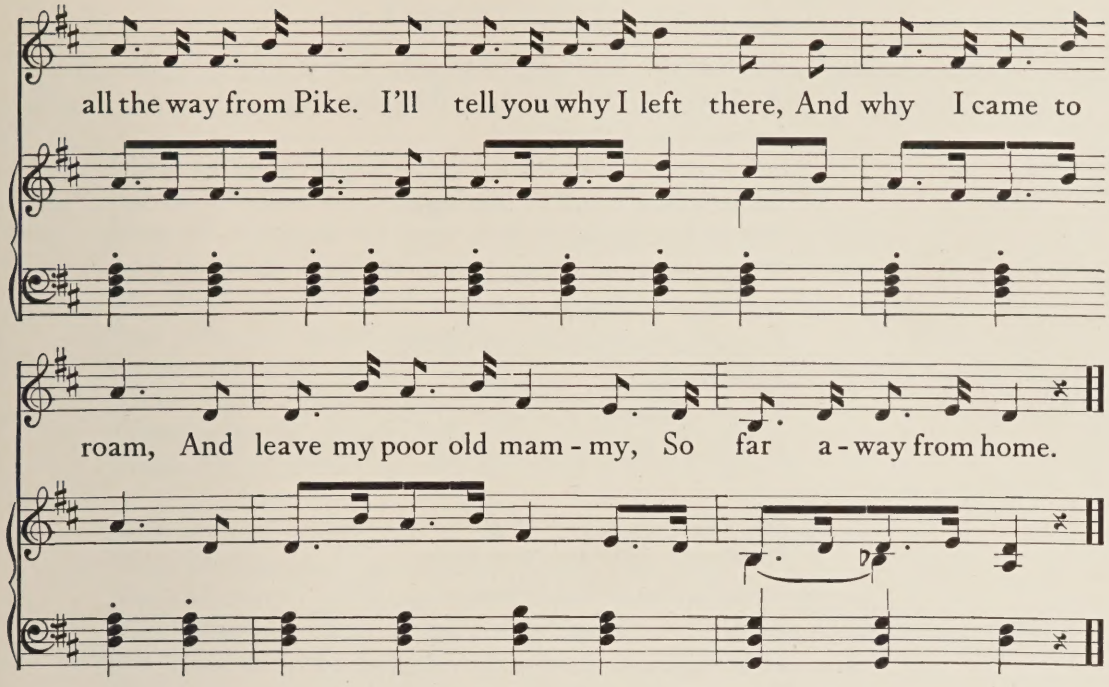
Since our muskets we have shouldered
In the cause we love the best,
Let us sing with hearty voices
As today we here do rest.
Chorus

JOE BOWERS

There are many stories concerning the origin of this old ballad, which was so intimately a part of the life of the soldiers and settlers in the early days in California. It has been credited to Mark Twain; to a miner known as "Squibob"; to John Woodward, who was with a minstrel show in Frisco in 1849; and to a man named English, who is said to have given us the present version. Then there is the story that the original ballad was written by an unknown Missourian in Colonel Doniphan's expedition to Mexico, and that it was later carried to California by soldiers of Kearny's command. Here, according to the story, some ballad singer, seeking to please the numerous Missourians from "Pike," rewrote the song to suit his purpose. Whatever its origin may have been, we do know that the song was popular with some Western regiments during the Civil War. In "War Papers and Personal Reminiscences, Missouri Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion," 1st Lt. Floyd G. Harris tells us that the song was a special favorite of the men of Co. K, Sixth Wisconsin Infantry, who sang it often, and loudly cheered the stanza wherein it is recorded that "Sally had a baby, and the baby had red hair."



JOE BOWERS



I used to court a gal there—
Her name was Sally Black;
I axed her if she'd marry me;
She said it was a whack.
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
Before we hitch for life,
You ought to get a little home
To keep your little wife."

"Oh, Sally, dearest Sally,
Oh, Sally, for your sake,
I'll go to California
And try to make a stake."
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
You are the man to win;
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain"—
And she hove a dozen in.

When I got to that country
I hadn't nary red;
I had such wolfish feelings,
I wished myself most dead;

But the thoughts of my dear Sally
Soon made those feelings git,
And whispered hopes to Bowers—
I wish I had them yit!

At length I went to mining,
Put in my biggest licks;
Went down the boulders
Just like a thousand bricks.
I worked both late and early,
In rain, in sun, in snow;
I was working for my Sally—
It was all the same to Joe.

At length I got a letter
From my dear brother Ike;
It came from old Missouri,
And all the way from Pike;
It brought to me the darndest news
That ever you did hear—
My heart is almost bursting
So pray excuse this tear.

It said that Sal was false to me,
Her love for me had fled;
She'd got married to a butcher,—
And the butcher's hair was red;
And more than that the letter said—
It's enough to make me swear—
That Sally had a baby,
And the baby had red hair.

ARMY GRAYBACKS

Tune: "Old Oaken Bucket"

No wonder the A.E.F. cooties knew their stuff. Their ancestors were in the army, too, as this testimonial from a G.A.R. reunion clearly shows.

Shall we ever forget when we fought for the Union,
All the pleasure we sowed and the sorrows we reap't?
How we foraged for eggs and were robbed by the sutlers,
And the bugs that we nursed every night when we slept?
But those memories of war-time make food for reflection,
And cause the goose pimples to run o'er us yet;
As we cast a glance backwards to the skirmishing graybacks
Those moments so lively we'll never forget.
These jolly old graybacks—notorious graybacks.
Those blood-thirsty graybacks we'll never forget.

Shall we ever forget when we first scraped acquaintance
With the bug most prolific this world ever saw?
And the mantle of blush that shown forth on our features
When discovered aloof executing the law. (*Crack finger-nails twice.*)
But soon we grew bolder when we found that all others
Were scratching as if it were festive and nice.
So when on long marches a brief halt was ordered,
We'd haul off some duds and go hunting for lice.
We all had to do it; we'll never forget it;
'Twas fun in two volumes to skirmish for lice.

THE ARMY BUGS

Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye"

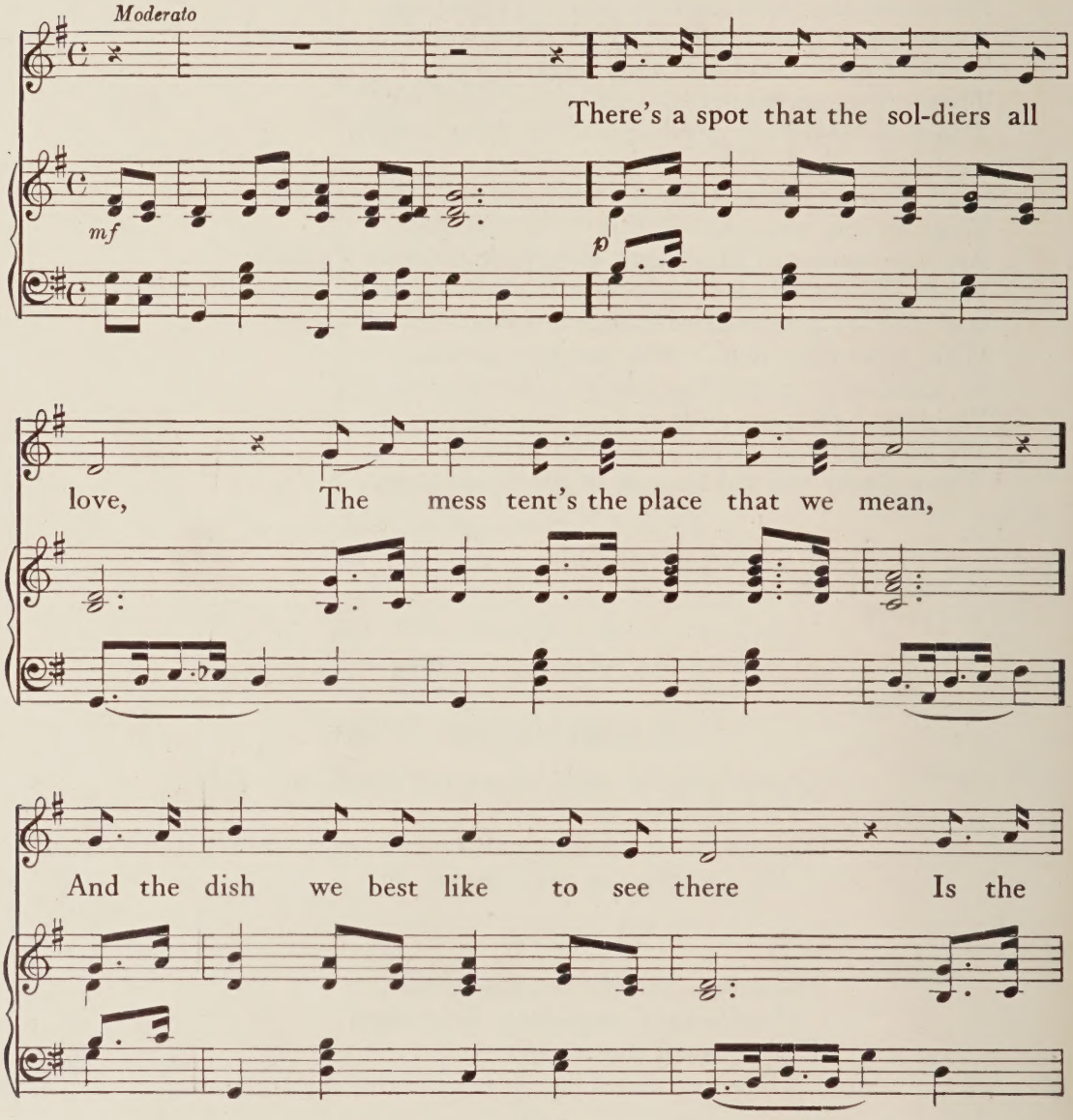
Soldiers sing of their beans and canteens,
  Of the coffee in old army cup,
Why not mention the small friends we've seen
  Always trying to chew armies up?

Chorus

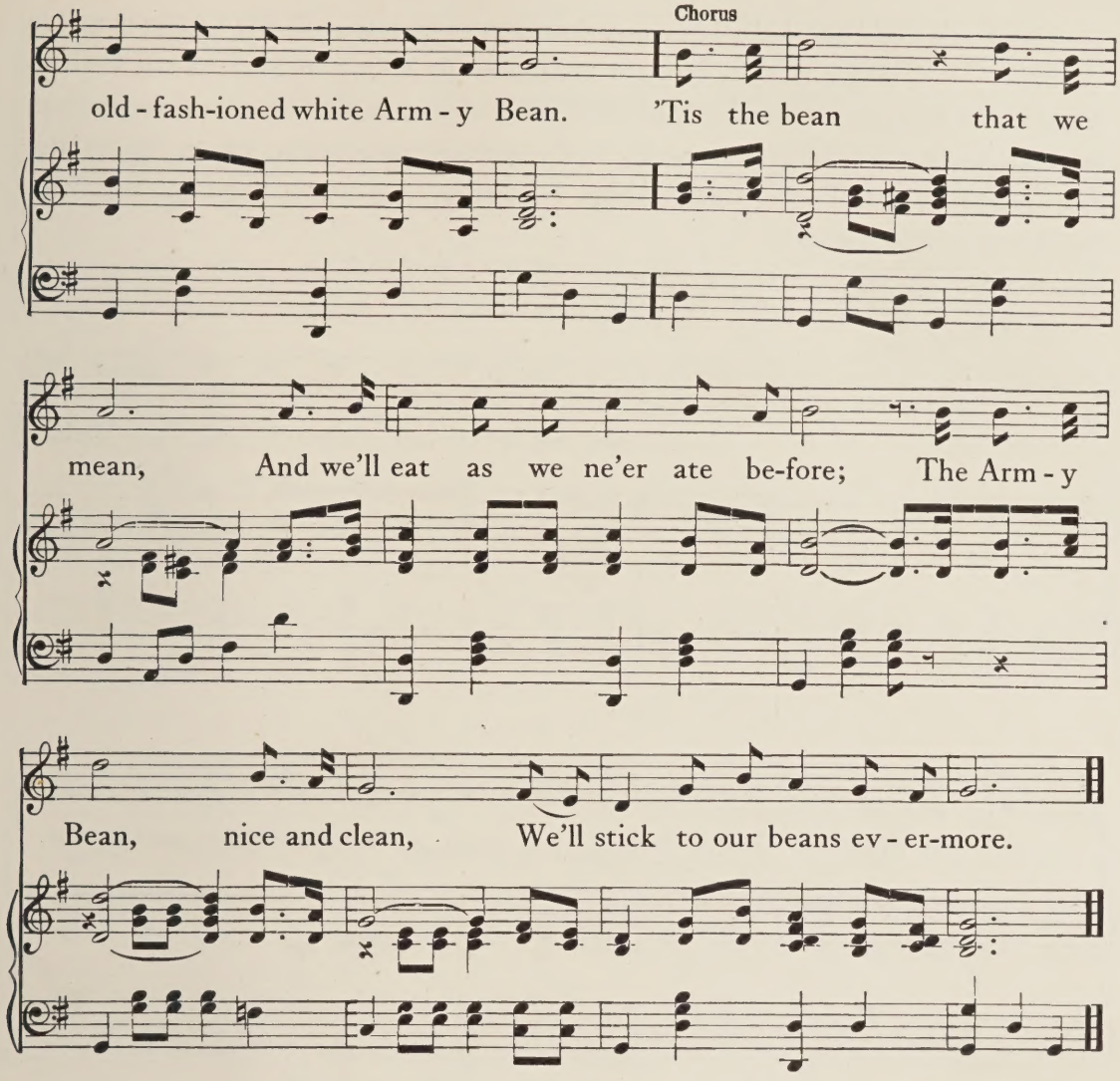
Those firm friends, tireless friends,
  Hardly ever neglecting their hugs,
Their regard never ends—
  How they loved us, those old army bugs.

THE ARMY BEAN

This is a post-Civil War song which appeared in the "Acme Haversack" collection in 1889 and has been sung at Federal reunions to the tune of "Sweet Bye and Bye." In the field during the Civil War the men drew their rations and did individual cooking. Frequently several would pool their beans and bake them in a "bean hole" in the ground. The resulting dish was a welcome diversion from "sowbelly" and hardtack.


Moderato
There's a spot that the sol-diers all
mf
p
love, The mess tent's the place that we mean,
And the dish we best like to see there Is the

THE ARMY BEAN


Chorus
old - fash-ioned white Arm - y Bean. 'Tis the bean that we
mean, And we'll eat as we ne'er ate be-fore; The Arm - y
Bean, nice and clean, We'll stick to our beans ev - er-more.

Now the bean in its primitive state
Is a plant we have all often met;
And when cooked in the old army style
It has charms we can never forget.

Chorus

The German is fond of sauerkraut,
The potato is loved by the Mick,
But the soldiers have long since found out
That through life to our beans we should stick.

Chorus

HARD CRACKERS

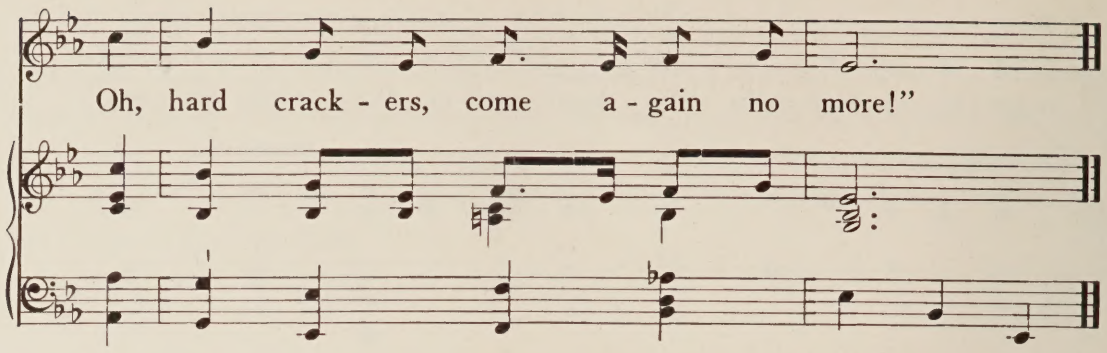
Hardtack and "sow-belly" bacon were about as popular in the Union army as "goldfish" was in the A.E.F. Hunger caused many a boy in blue to try various ways of making the worm-infested stuff palatable; but the experiments resulted in little more than painful protests from outraged stomachs. Here, set to the old tune of "Hard Times, Come Again No More," is a musical "bellyache" from the Army of the Potomac.

Moderato
mf
Let us close our game of pok - er, Take
our tin cups in hand, While we gath - er round the cook's tent
door Where dry mum - mies of hard crack - ers Are

HARD CRACKERS

giv-en to each man; Oh, hard crack-ers, come a-gain no more!
Chorus
'Tis the song and the sigh of the hun - gry,
"Hard crack-ers, hard crack-ers, come a-gain no more! Ma - ny
days have you ling - ered up - on our stom - achs sore,

HARD CRACKERS



There's a hungry, thirsty soldier,
Who wears his life away,
With torn clothes, whose better days are o'er;
He is sighing now for whisky,
And, with throat as dry as hay,
Sings, "Hard crackers, come again no more!"
Chorus

'Tis the song that is uttered
In camp by night and day,
'Tis the wail that is mingled with each snore;
'Tis the sighing of the soul
For spring chickens far away,
"Oh, hard crackers, come again no more!"
Chorus

A general officer, hearing the men singing these stanzas, ordered corn-meal mush served as a change in diet. Thereupon someone added this stanza and chorus.

But to groans and to murmurs
There has come a sudden hush,
Our frail forms are fainting at the door;
We are starving now on horse-feed
That the cooks call mush—
Oh, hard crackers, come again once more!

It is the dying wail of the starving,
Hard crackers, hard crackers, come again once more;
You were old and very wormy, but we pass your failings o'er—
Oh, hard crackers, come again once more!

HARDTACK

The song of the soldier, weary, hungry, and faint,
Hardtack, hardtack, come again no more;
Many days have I chewed you and uttered no complaint,
Oh, Greenbacks, come again once more!

NOT THE INFANTRY, BUT THE CAVALRY

Tune: "Captain Jinks"

It was ever thus. Even in chicken stealing the cavalry refuse to admit the superiority of the humble doughboy, as this Northern reunion song clearly shows.

Some said it was the infantry
That stole all chickens they could see;
It's plain that that could never be—
They had to travel so slow.
But if the facts were really known,
And if the truth those chaps would own,
It would at once be plainly shown
'Twas the cavalry grabbed the show.
The infantry had nothing but beans
With sow-belly to chew with greens,
And a little water in their canteens,
But never a chicken—oh, no!

ARMY GRUB

A rhymed description of the Civil War ration, sung to the tune of "America."

My rations are "S.B."
Taken from porkers three
Thousand years old.
And hardtack cut and dried
Long before Noah died—
From what was left aside
Ne'er can be told.

SONG OF THE DUDE, 1861-5

Tune: "Yankee Doodle"

This bit of sarcasm is directed at the drafted man who hired a "substitute" to take his place in the army. It reminds one very much of Holmes's poem "The Sweet Little Man," which described the "slacker" of the sixties.

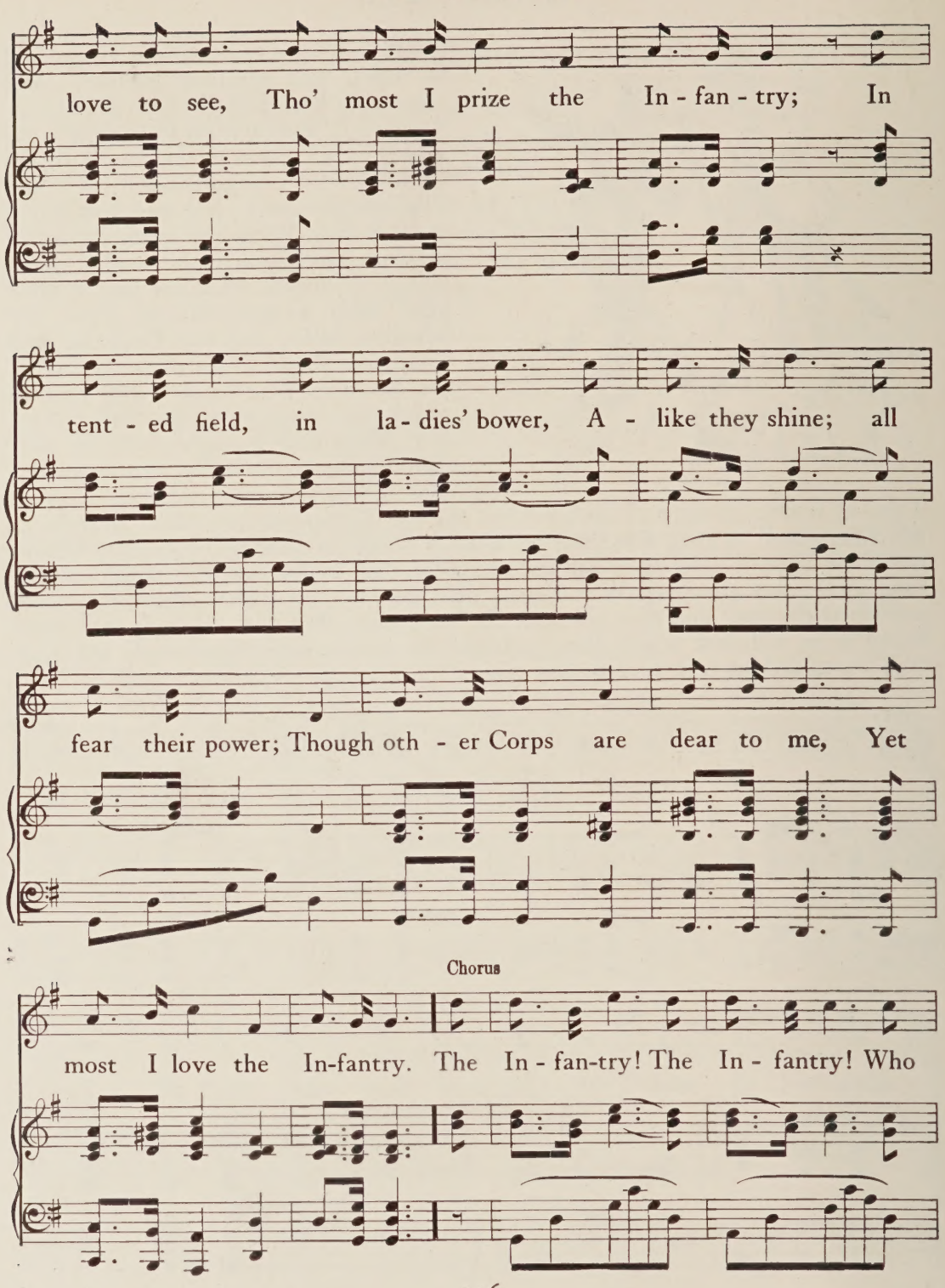
I'm glad my dad three hundred has
To save me from the Army;
To ma's dear apron strings I'll hang
And then no one can harm me.
For I'm too sweet a little man
For common soldier camping,
And I should surely faint away
To try their horrid tramping.

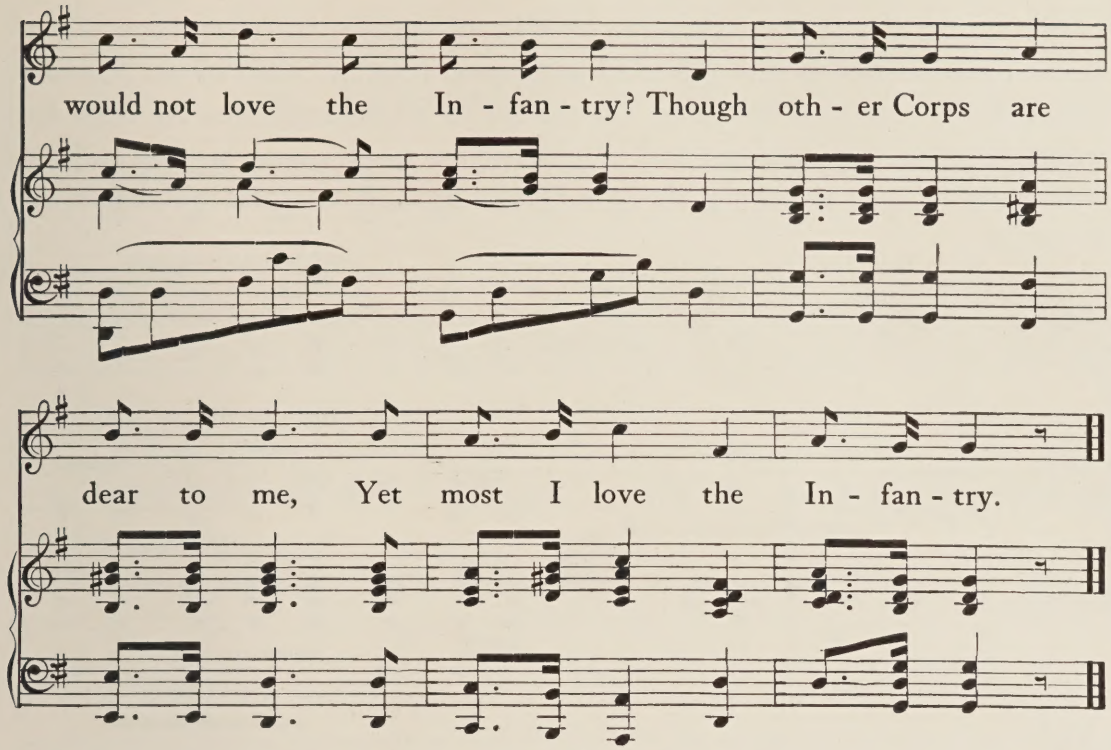
THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"

Oh, my name is Paddy Doyle!
I'm a native of the soil
Where the purty little shamrock lively grows;
For a soldier I did 'list,
Got the bounty in my fist,
A bounty and a nobby suit of clothes.

It is difficult to determine the period to which this excellent infantry song should be assigned. It was written by Barnard E. Bee, a West Pointer who resigned as a captain in the Tenth Infantry to become a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and who was killed at Bull Run. From the excellent comic sketches with which the author illustrated his verses, we know that it must have been written shortly after the Mexican War, for the uniforms and equipment shown in his drawings are of the Mexican War period. The tune to which the song is sung—"Maryland, My Maryland"—might indicate that General Bee wrote it first as a poem and that it was not sung until after 1861. This, of course, is mere conjecture; for the old German air to which "Maryland, My Maryland" is sung was used for college songs in this country years before the Civil War. I am somewhat encouraged in my belief that the song was not sung until after the Civil War by the fact that in 1910 The Infantry Journal published the song and sketches with the statement that the originals had been found in an old desk where they had lain for many years. Apparently the originals contained no reference to any tune.


love to see, Tho' most I prize the In - fan - try; In
tent - ed field, in la - dies' bower, A - like they shine; all
fear their power; Though oth - er Corps are dear to me, Yet
Chorus
most I love the In-fantry. The In - fan-try! The In - fantry! Who



The Engineer, with science crowned,
In action traces out the ground;
Artill'ry at a distance play,
And troopers often clear the way—
A skirmish sharp, a pistol shot,
The quick retreat in rapid trot;
The foe advances, light and free;
Who meets them now? The Infantry!
Chorus

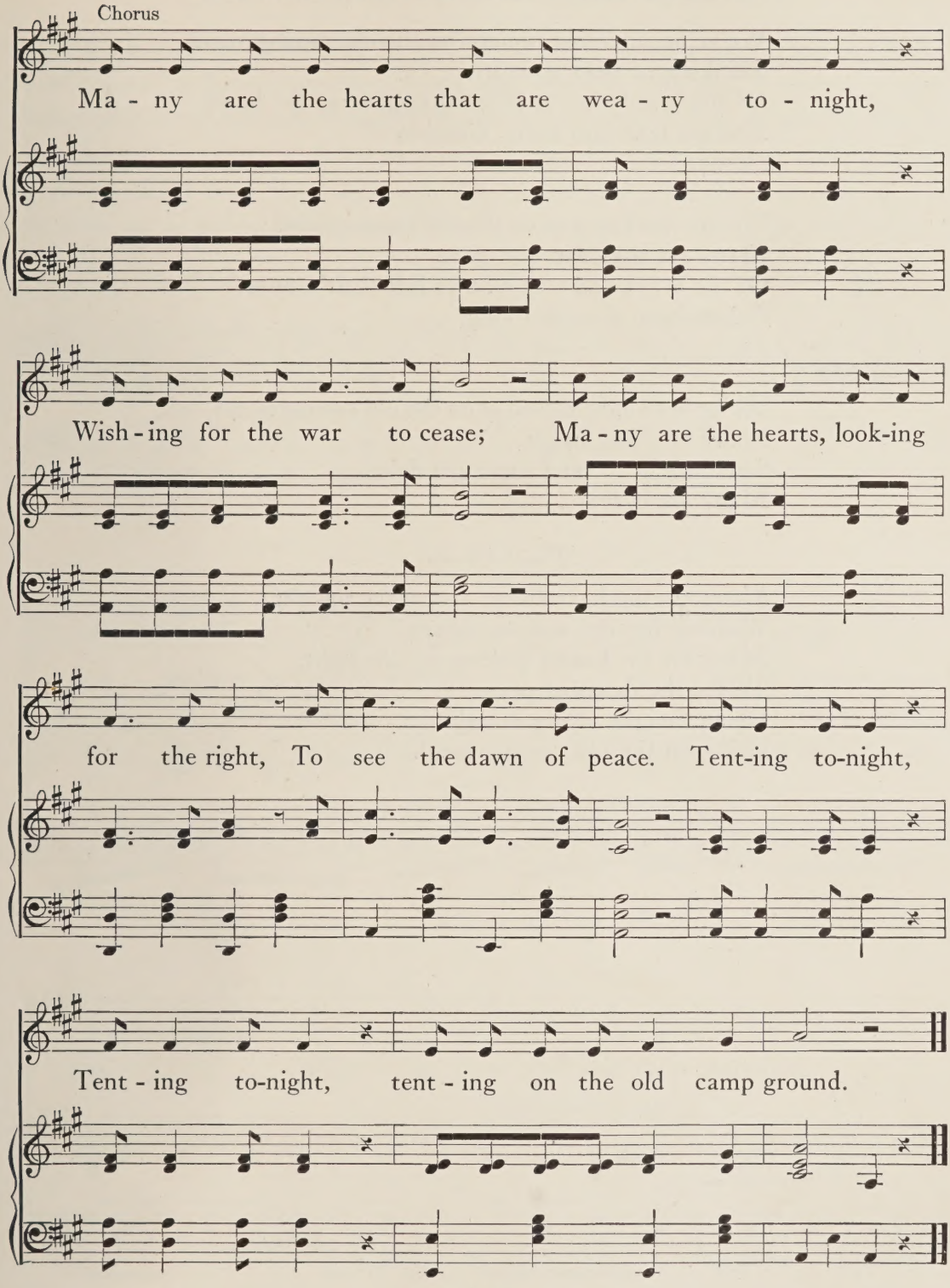
And see the gallant host move on,
Their bay'nets glitt'ring in the sun:
On! on, it holds its glorious way,
Though death-shots madly round it play;
Their comrades slain, their banners torn,
Those noble hearts still proudly form;
And hark! a shout! 'tis VICTORY!
Who would not love the Infantry?
Chorus

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND

Before the war Walter Kittredge of New Hampshire traveled about giving ballad concerts. In 1861 he published an original book of Union songs. The following year he entered the army. On the eve of his departure for the front he wrote this song, but could not find a publisher for it. However, his own singing soon made the song so popular that the Ditsons brought it out and sold thousands of copies.

We're tent - ing to-night on the
old camp ground; Give us a song to cheer Our
wea - ry hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND


Chorus
Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night,
Wish - ing for the war to cease; Ma - ny are the hearts, look-ing
for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Tent - ing to-night, tent - ing on the old camp ground.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, "Good-by!"

Chorus

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

Chorus

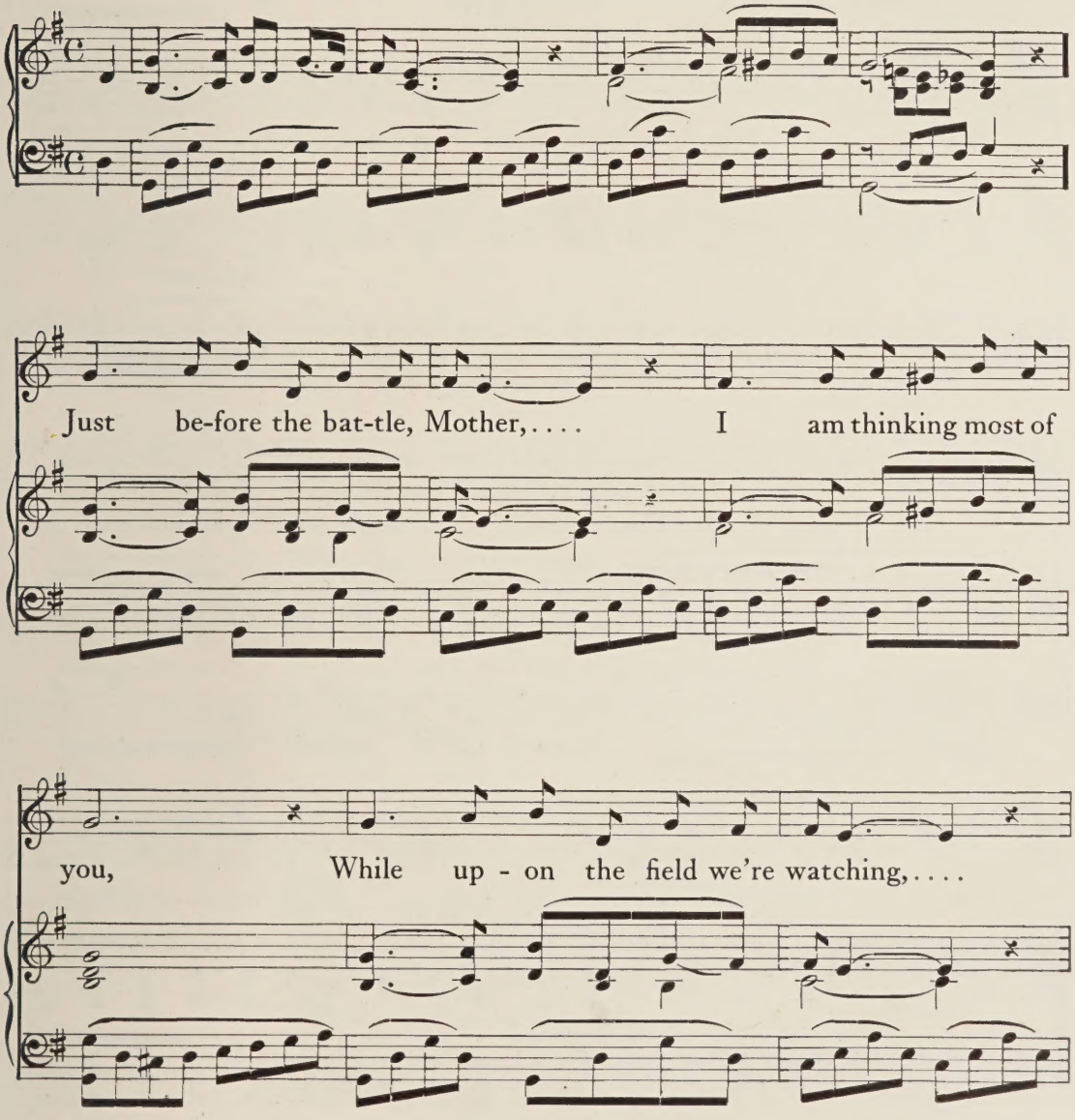
We've been fighting today on the old camp-ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying—
Many are in tears.

Final Chorus

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

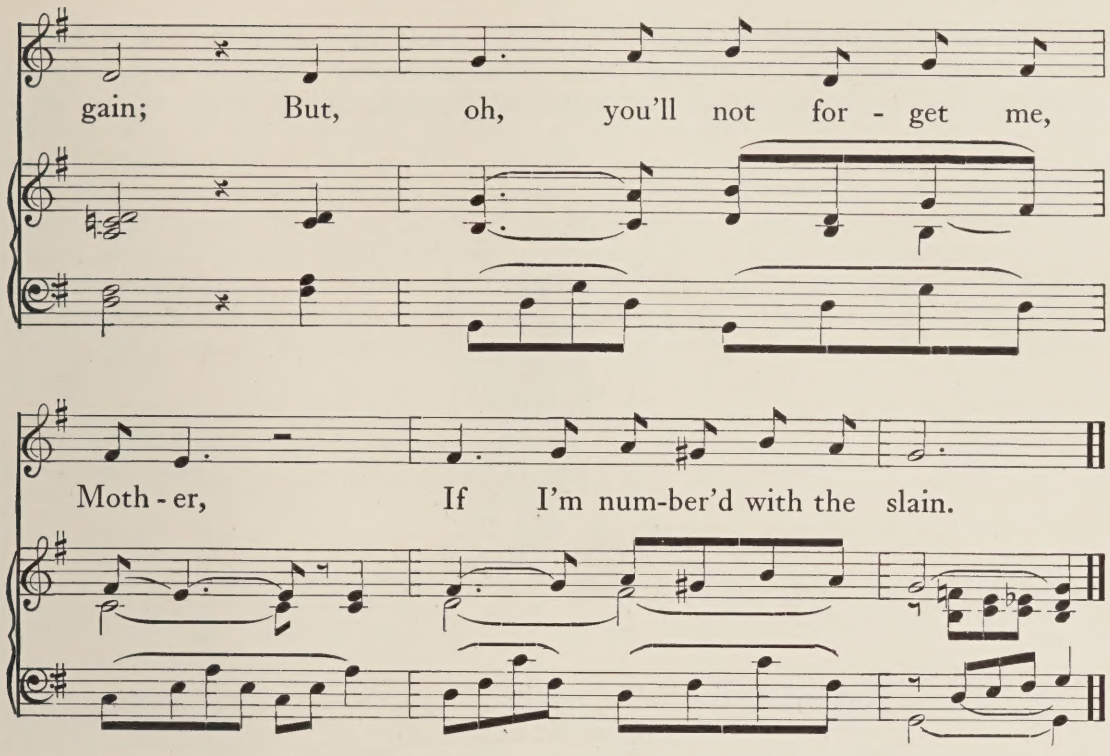
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

This is another of George F. Root's compositions. Although it seems too sad and depressing for a war song, it was very popular with the Northern troops. Moreover, someone soon realized the great opportunity for parodies based on the idea of the scared and homesick boy longing for his mother, so several comic versions of the song soon appeared. I have included a Southern parody in this section; an excellent A.E.F. parody will be found in the World War section.



With the en - e - my in view. Comrades brave are round me
ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God; For
well they know that on the morrow Some will sleep be-neath the
Chorus
sod. Fare-well, Mother, you may nev-er Press me to your heart a-

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER



Oh, I long to see you, Mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you,
That their cruel words, we know,
In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.
Chorus

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight.
Now may God protect us, Mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle-Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air!
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.
Chorus

CONFEDERATE PARODY

This amusing parody on George F. Root's touching Northern song is from Nora D. M. Fontaine's "Cullings from the Confederacy." A modern parody in a similar vein will be found in the World War section of this book.

Just before the battle, mother,
I was drinking mountain dew,
When I saw the "Rebels" marching,
To the rear I quickly flew;
Where the stragglers were flying,
Thinking of their homes and wives;
'Twas not the "Rebs" we feared, dear mother,
But our own dear precious lives.

Chorus

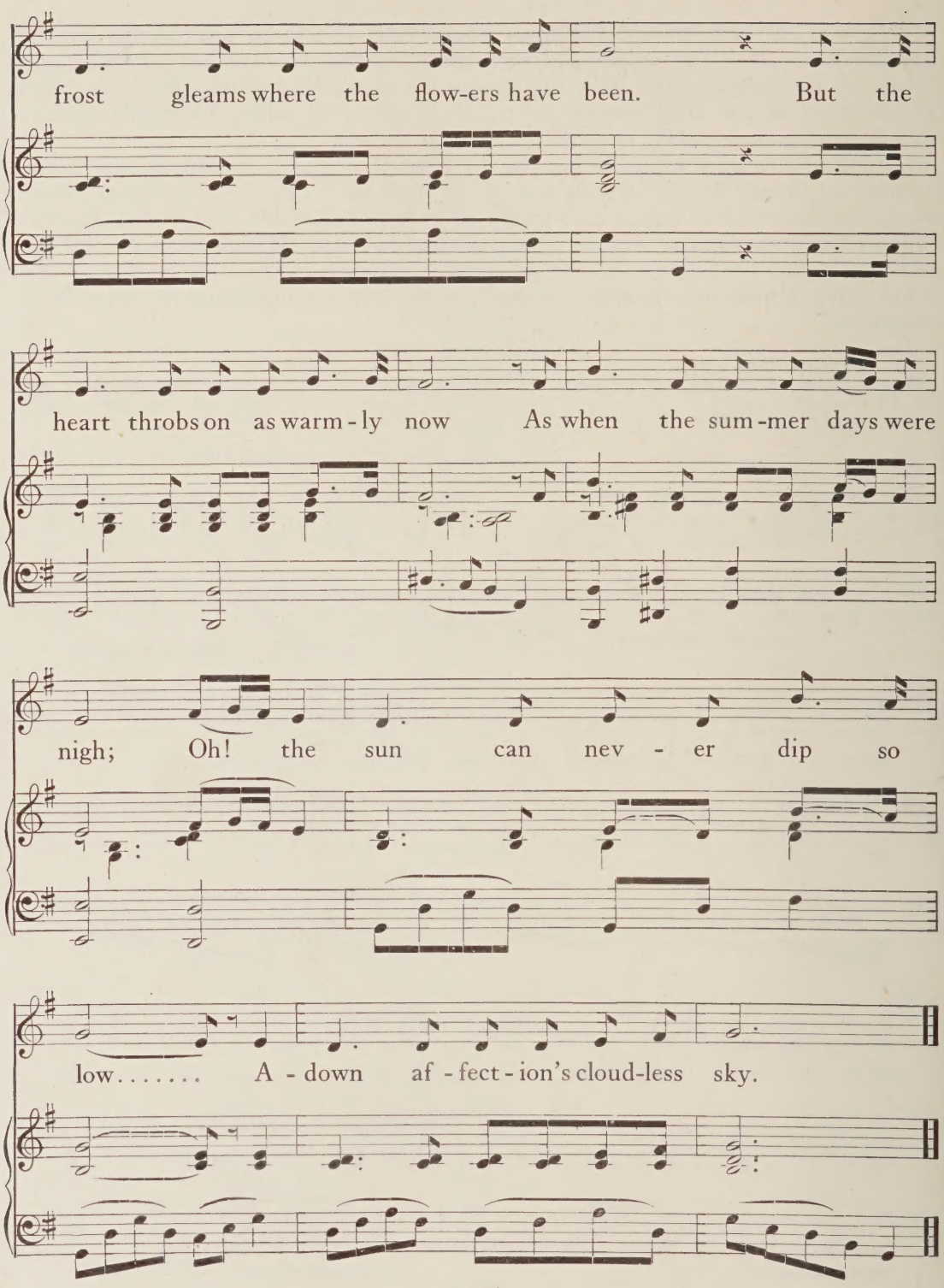
Farewell, mother! for you'll never
See my name among the slain.
For if I only can skedaddle,
Dear mother, I'll come home again.

I hear the bugle sounding, mother,
My soul is eager for the fray.
I guess I'll hide behind some cover,
And then I shall be O.K.
Discretion's the better part of valor,
At least I've often heard you say;
And he who loves his life, dear mother,
Won't fight if he can run away.

LORENA

Here is the best known and most popular of the many love songs of the boys in gray. In camp it called forth tender memories of the past and fond hopes of an early reunion with the lassies they had left behind. Dr. John Allan Wyeth tells of the following incident, which occurred while Morgan's cavalry was returning from a raid in 1862.

"Our spirits were high. As we passed a home of the Trappist Brotherhood, Lieutenant Frank Brady entertained us by singing 'Lorena,' a war-time poem which had been set to music and was then very popular. He told us that the author of the poem was an inmate of this Trappist home. If this were so and the self-imprisoned brother heard the sweet voice of the cavalier as he sang 'The years creep slowly by, Lorena,' what sad and tender memories it must have awakened!"


frost gleams where the flow-ers have been. But the
heart throbs on as warm-ly now As when the sum-mer days were
nigh; Oh! the sun can nev - er dip so
low..... A - down af - fect - ion's cloud-less sky.

LORENA

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months—'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loving prospered well!
But then, 'tis past; the years have gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms."

The story of the past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat;
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To rankle in your bosom now—
"For if we try we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena—
They are within my memory yet—
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not the woman's heart which spoke—
Thy heart was always true to me;
A duty stern and piercing broke
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal past;
Our hearts will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future, oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part—
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

WINNING THEM BACK

Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin C. Mason, late of the Fourth U.S. Infantry, relates the following story:

In 1863, when the Union troops were near Warrenton, Va., the officers frequently visited a fine old mansion where there were a number of spirited Southern girls who entertained them by singing "Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," and other Confederate songs. One evening the young ladies surprised their visitors by singing the following verse:

"You can never win us back! Never! Never!
Though we perish in the track of your endeavor;
Though our corpses strew the earth
That smiled upon our birth,
And blood pollutes each hearthstone forever."

A few nights later several officers of the Fourth Cavalry sang this reply:

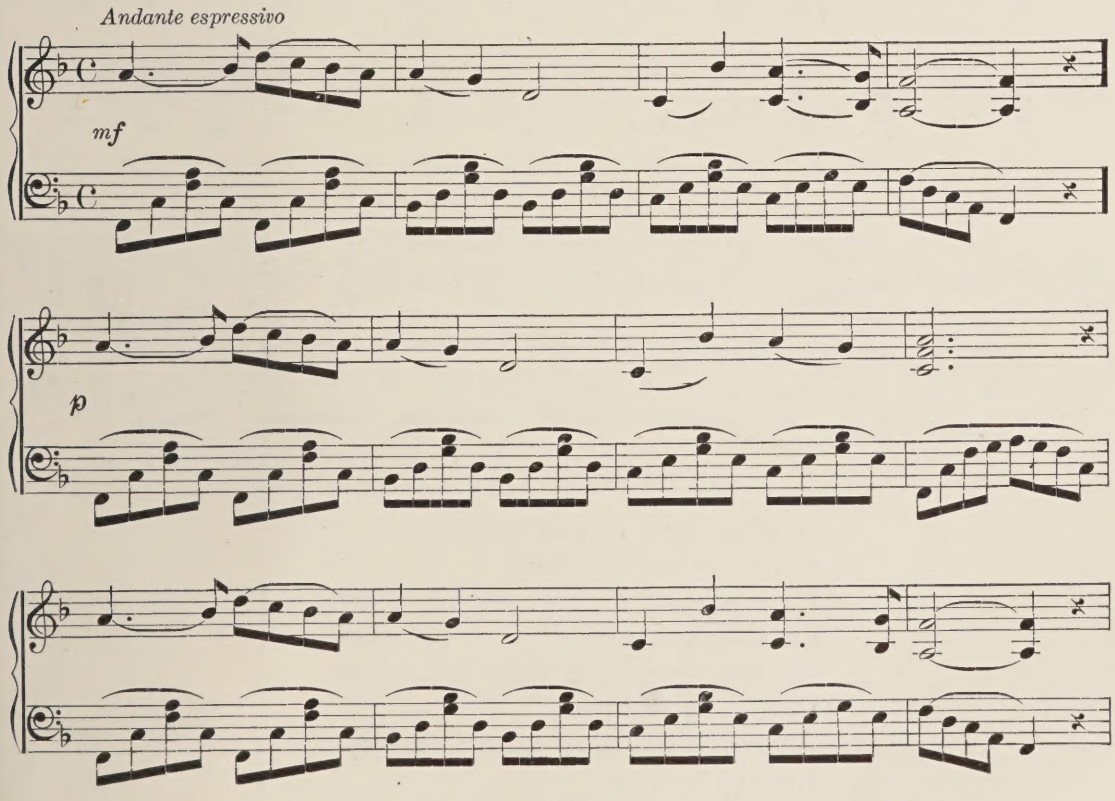
"Oh, yes, we'll win you back, rebel beauties,
With sugar and hardtack to your duties;
Even now you greatly prize the glance of Yankee eyes,
And, for lovers, Yankee soldiers well they'd suit ye's."

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER

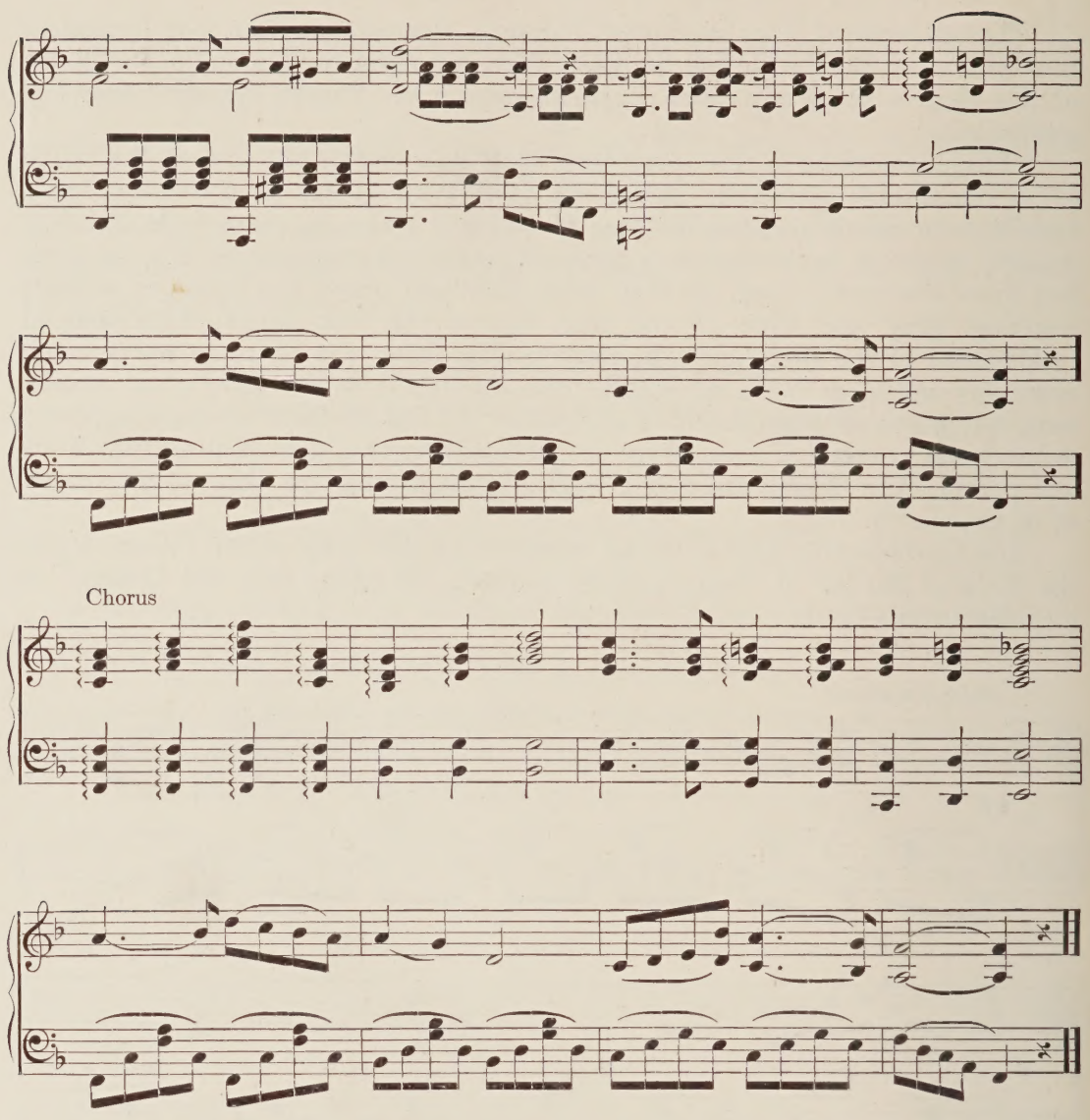
Though most of Charles Carroll Sawyer's compositions were soon forgotten, they were very popular during the Civil War. In commenting upon the popularity of this song, which was written during the winter of 1861-62, George Carey Eggleston said:

"There is nothing in this sentimental song that enables one to read the riddle of its remarkable popularity during the Civil War. It has no poetic merit; its rhythm is commonplace, and the tune to which it was sung was of the flimsiest musical structure, without even a trick of melody to commend it. Yet the song was more frequently sung, on both sides, than any other, the Southern soldiers inserting 'gray' for 'blue' in the sixth line of the first stanza, with cheerful recklessness of the effect upon the rhyme. The thing was heard in every camp every day and many times every day. Men chanted it on the march, and women sang it to piano accompaniment in all houses. A song which so strongly appealed to two great armies and to an entire people is worthy of a place in all collections of war poetry, even though criticism is baffled in the attempt to discover the reason of its popularity."

The Confederates later wrote an "answer" to this song called "When Upon the Field of Battle." A Negro soldiers' parody, "Weeping Sad and Lonely," is included in this book.



WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER



Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

Chorus

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain!
Yet praying
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

Chorus

If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort?
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah, the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain!

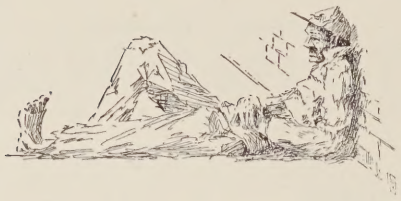
Chorus

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way!
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and country,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free.

Chorus

DOWN IN CHARLESTON JAIL

(Colored Soldiers' Parody on "When This Cruel War Is Over")



This colored soldiers' parody on "When This Cruel War Is Over" was written by Sergeant Johnson of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts (Colored) Infantry, while he and some others were prisoners in the Charleston, S.C., jail. According to the testimony of the white prisoners, this was a terrible place; yet the Negro prisoners did not complain, but clung to their faith in the ultimate triumph of the Union. "Often," said a white veteran who was confined there, "I was awakened at night by the singing of the colored prisoners. At such times their voices coming down from the upper floors of the jail sounded very sweet, and there was a certain weird, indescribable sadness in the minor-key melodies that told of camp-meeting days and the religious hope that seemed to be confined exclusively to these poor fellows."

When I enlisted in the army,
Then I thought 't was grand,
Marching through the streets of Boston
Behind a regimental band.
When at Wagner I was captured,
Then my courage failed;
Now I'm dirty, hungry, naked,
Here in Charleston Jail.

Chorus

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Oh, how bad I feel!
Down in Charleston, South Carolina,
Praying for a good square meal.

If Jeff Davis will release me,
Oh, how glad I'll be!
When I get to Morris Island,
Then I shall be free.
Then I'll tell those conscript soldiers
How they use us here;
Giving us an old corn-dodger,
They call it prisoners' fare.

Chorus

DOWN IN CHARLESTON JAIL

We are longing, watching, praying,
But will not repine,
Till Jeff Davis does release us,
And send us in our lines.
Then with words of kind affection
How they'll greet us there!
Wondering how we could live so long
Upon the dodger fare.

Final Chorus

Then we will laugh, long and loudly.
Oh, how glad we'll feel
When we arrive on Morris Island
And eat a good square meal!

LIBBY PRISON SONG

The walls of the famous Libby Prison in Richmond were covered with writing of all kinds that had been placed there by the unhappy Union prisoners. The following verses were scratched on the wall as they were composed. The prisoners soon learned them and sang them at the top of their voices, thereby enraging the guards, who used to fire through the windows in an attempt to stop the singing.

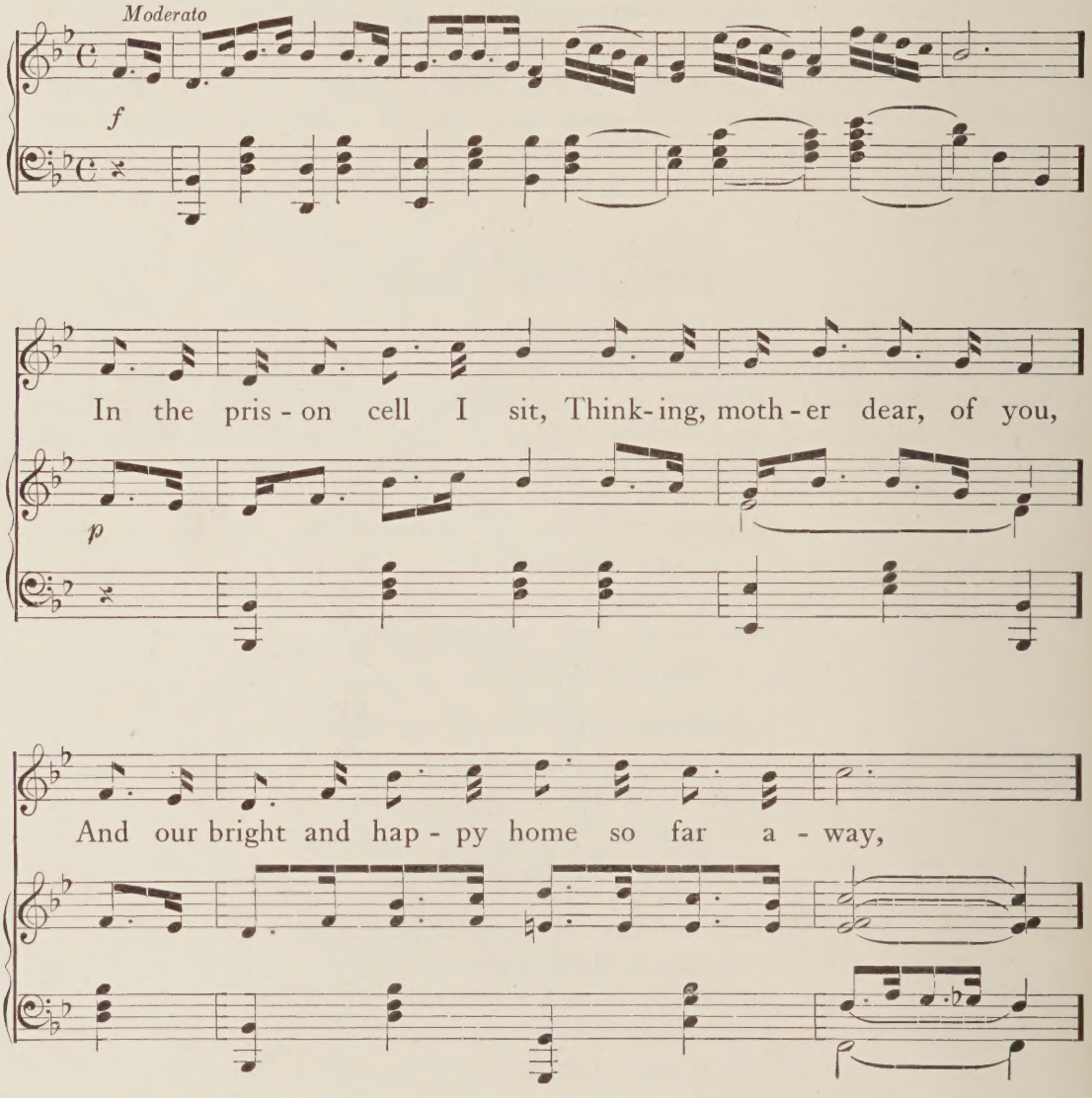
Oh, may that cuss, Jeff Davis, float,
Glory Hallelujah!
On stormy sea, in open boat,
In Iceland's cold, without a coat,
Glory Hallelujah!

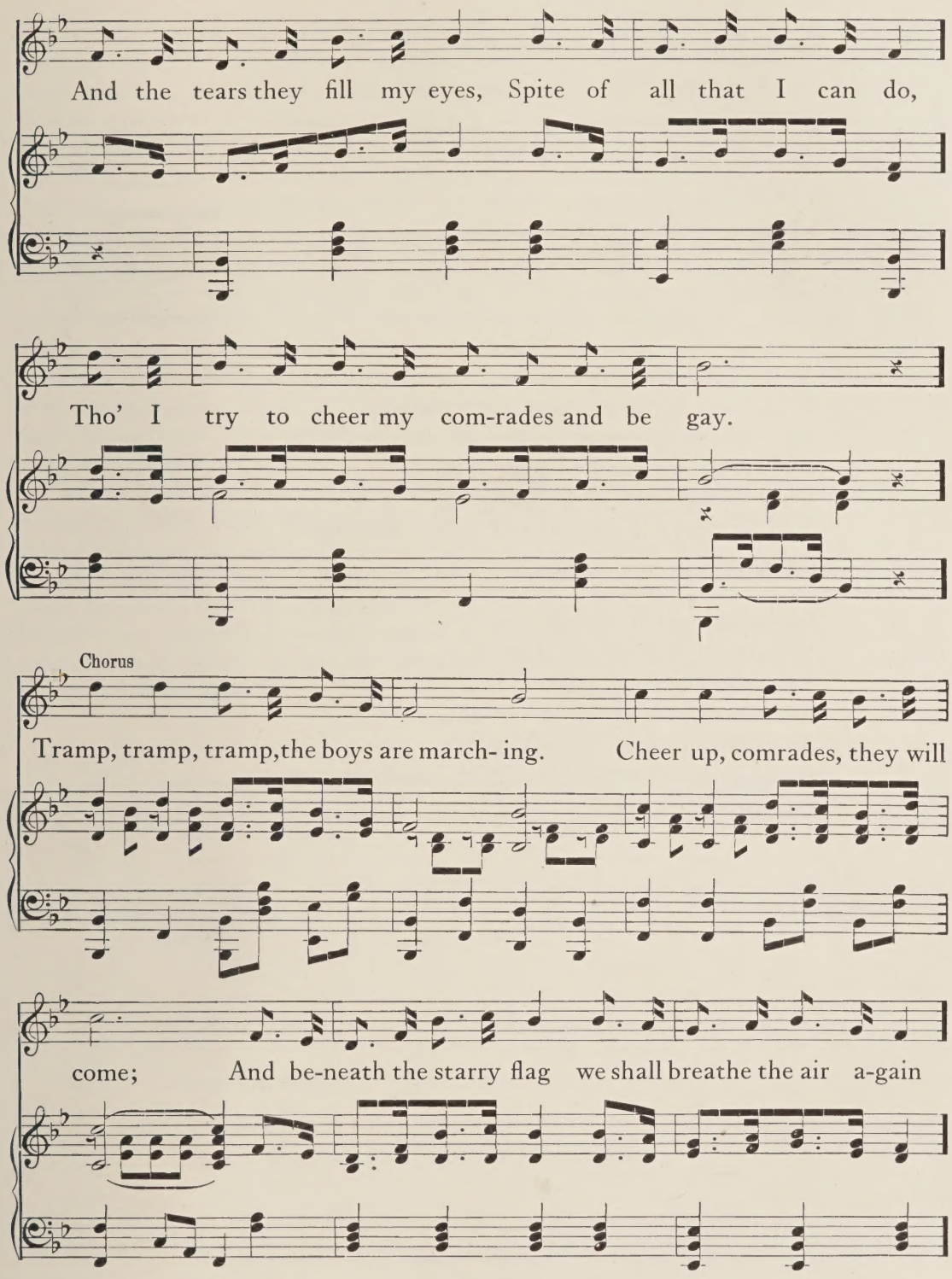
In burning brimstone may he be,
Glory Hallelujah!
While little devils dance in glee,
And lock the door and lose the key,
Glory Hallelujah!

And 'mid his roars and frantic cries,
Glory Hallelujah!
Oh, make eternal ashes rise,
And blow forever in his eyes,
Glory Hallelujah!

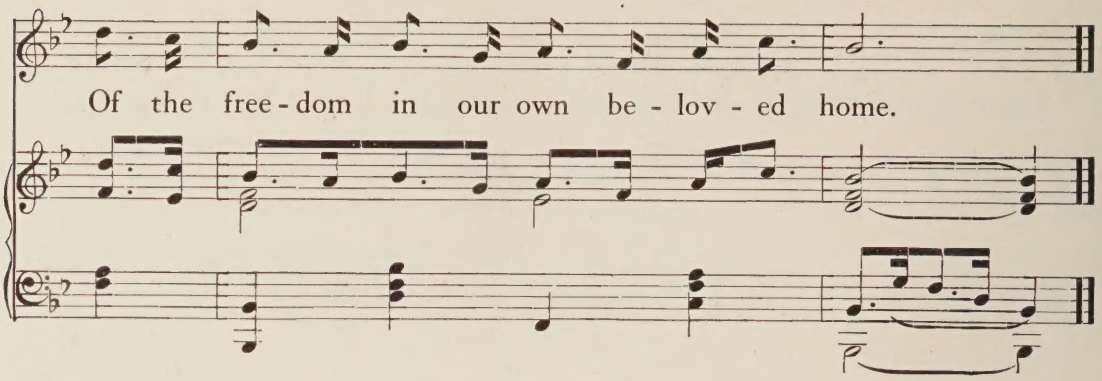
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING

From the soldier's point of view, this is Geo. F. Root's best war song. The music has a martial beat which makes it especially appropriate for marching. The song was not only very popular in the Civil War, but the tune was revived and widely used with various sets of words during the Spanish-American War.




And the tears they fill my eyes, Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
Chorus
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march- ing. Cheer up, comrades, they will
come; And be-neath the starry flag we shall breathe the air a-gain

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING



In the battle front we stood,
When the fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.
Chorus

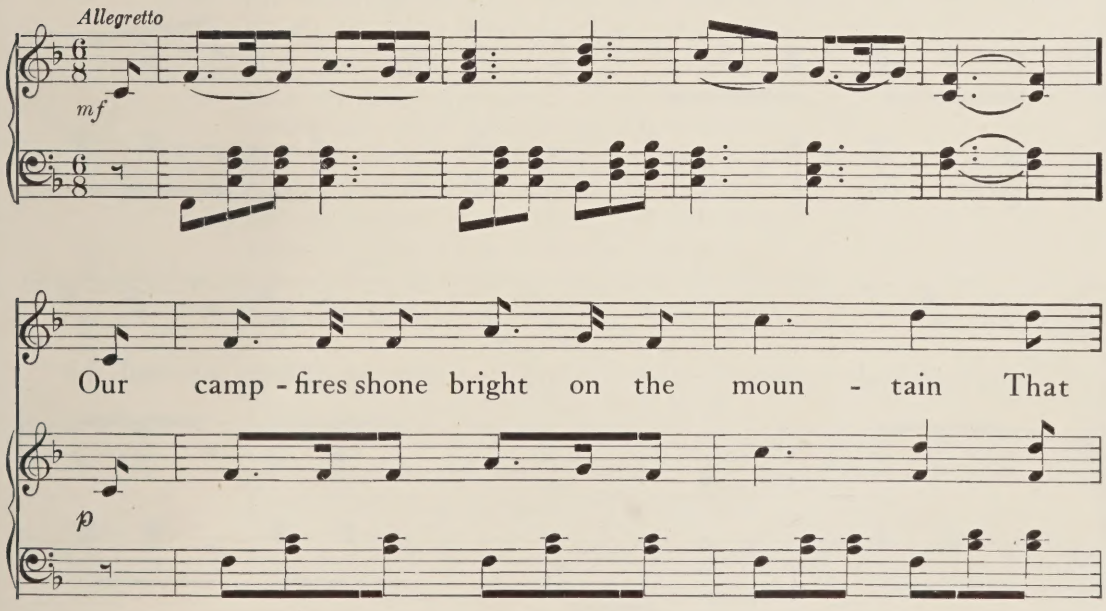
So within the prison cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door.
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.
Chorus

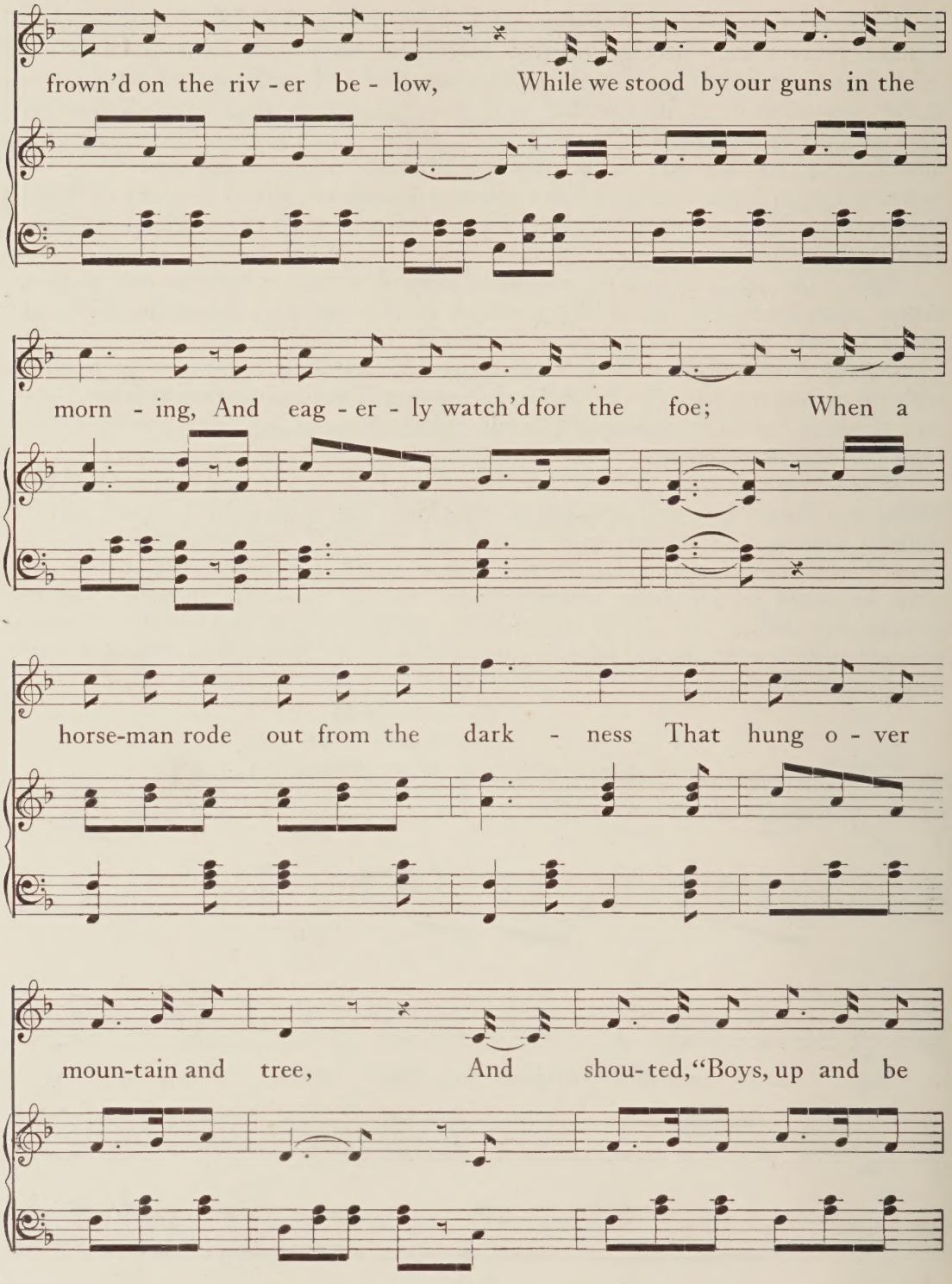
WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA

In Charleston, S.C., during the last months of the Civil War, eight hundred Federal officers were herded together behind the high brick walls of an asylum yard. Barefooted, half-naked, suffering from cold and hunger, they were nevertheless unbroken in spirit; for they were hearing vaguely of Sherman's hundred days of fighting between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Their captors hoodwinked and misled them, but the very air seemed vibrant with momentous news. Then one morning a loyal Negro smuggled into prison a newspaper, baked in a loaf of bread. Between the lines of the Confederate accounts they read the truth about Sherman's great march to the sea.

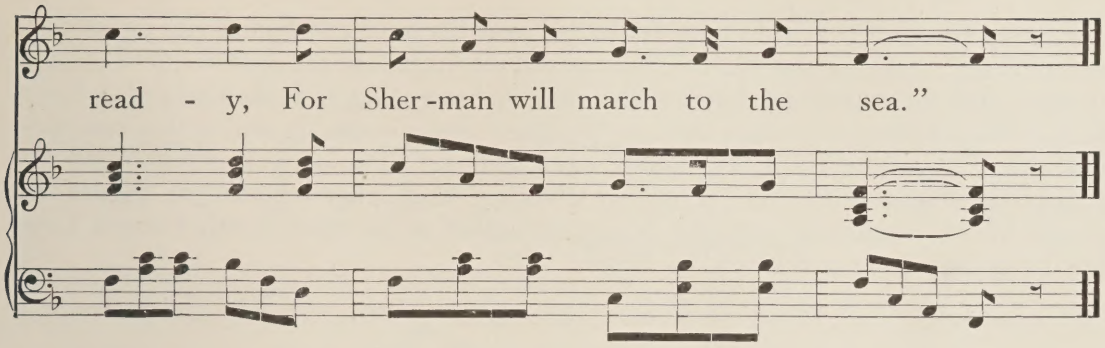
That night while pacing up and down to keep warm—it was too cold to sleep except when burrowed into a pile of straw in the sunlight—Lieutenant S.H.M. Byers of the Fifth Iowa Infantry composed this song. It was set to music by Lieutenant Rockwell of a New York regiment and soon became very popular with the prisoners. Shortly thereafter Lieutenant Towner, another prisoner, was sent through the lines. Concealed in his hollow wooden leg went a copy of the song for Sherman's army.

When Sherman took Columbia he found the author, who had escaped and was hiding in a Negro hut, and sent him North. Here Lieutenant Byers found all the soldiers singing his song. He gave a copy to a publisher, who promised to let him "hear" from him. Broken in health, the author went home to dream about the royalties he would receive. Long afterwards he "heard" from his publisher and received—five dollars! A million copies of the song were sold by 1866, but so many printers stole the words and set them to various tunes that the authorized publisher made no money.




frown'd on the riv - er be - low, While we stood by our guns in the
morn - ing, And eag - er - ly watch'd for the foe; When a
horse-man rode out from the dark - ness That hung o - ver
moun-tain and tree, And shou-ted, "Boys, up and be

WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA



Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles reechoed the music
That came from the lips of the men—
For we knew that the stars on our banners,
More bright in their splendor would be,
And the blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman march'd down to the sea.

Then forward, boys; forward to battle,
We march'd on our wearisome way,
And we storm'd the wild hills of Resaca,
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frown'd down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore her standard
When Sherman march'd down to the sea.

Still onward we pressed till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitors' flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree;
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
And Sherman march'd down to the sea.

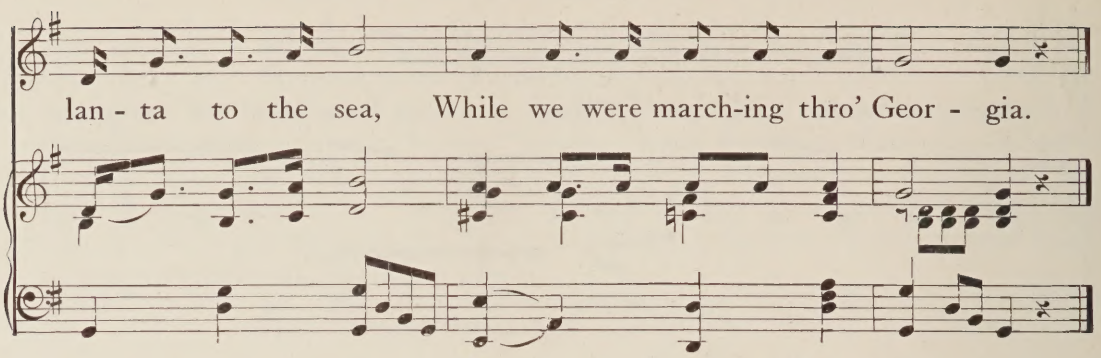
Proud, proud was our army that morning,
That stood by the cypress and pine;
Then Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is mine!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and sea,
And the stars on our banners shone brighter
When Sherman march'd down to the sea.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

It would seem that this song could not possibly have any popularity outside of the northern part of the United States; yet the Japanese are said to have played it when they entered Port Arthur, the British have sung it in India, and I have seen a World War copy of a British "Soldiers' Song Book" in which this and several other American Civil War songs were included. The song was composed by Henry C. Work, author of "Kingdom Coming" and other well-known Northern songs. Work frequently used old Negro melodies, so the tune of this famous Yankee song may have originated in Dixie.

start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
fif - ty thousand strong, While we were marching thro' Geor - gia.
Chorus
"Hur-rah! Hur-rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur-rah! Hurrah! the
flag that makes you free!" So we sang the chor - us from At -

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA



How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

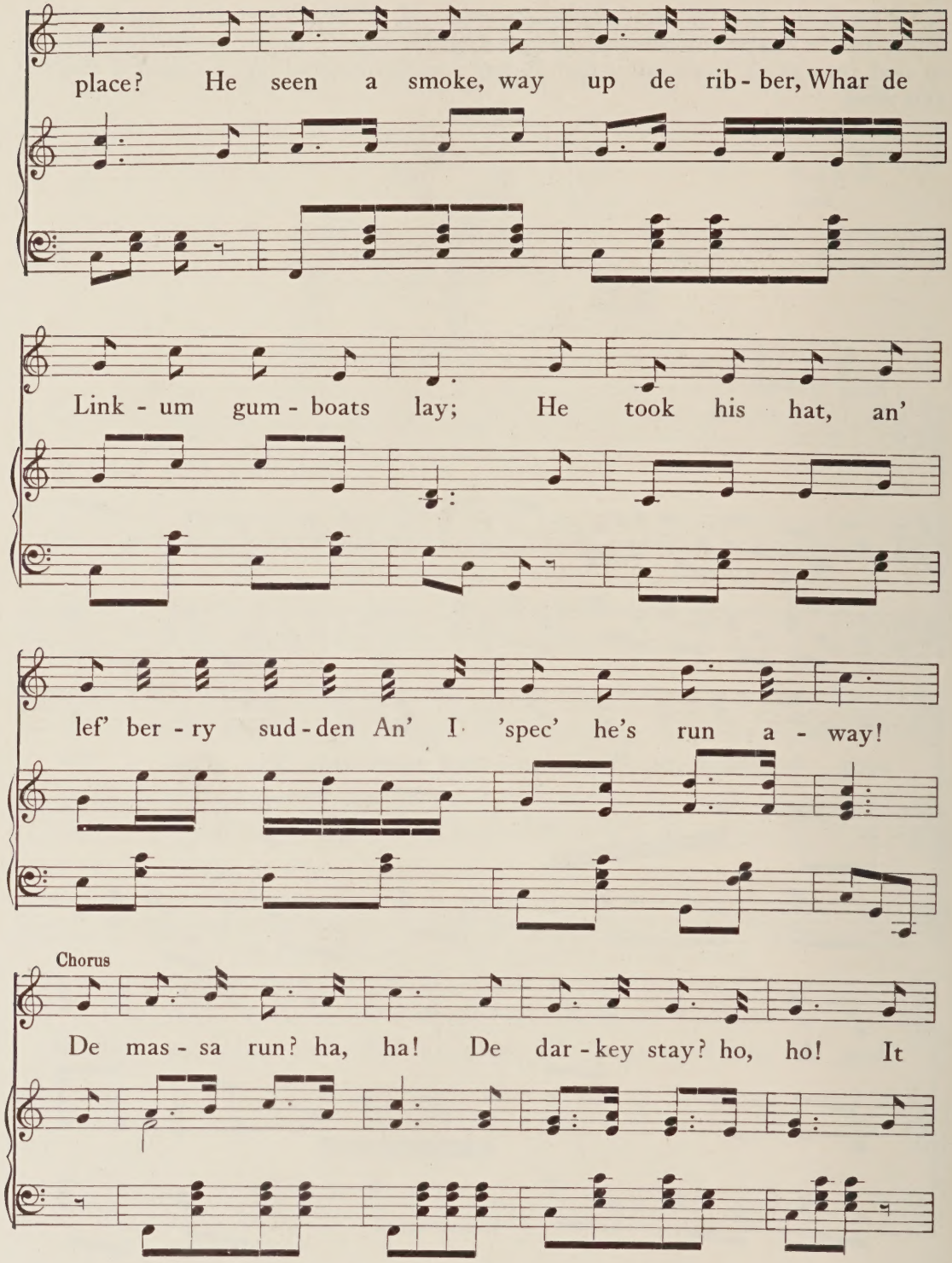
Chorus

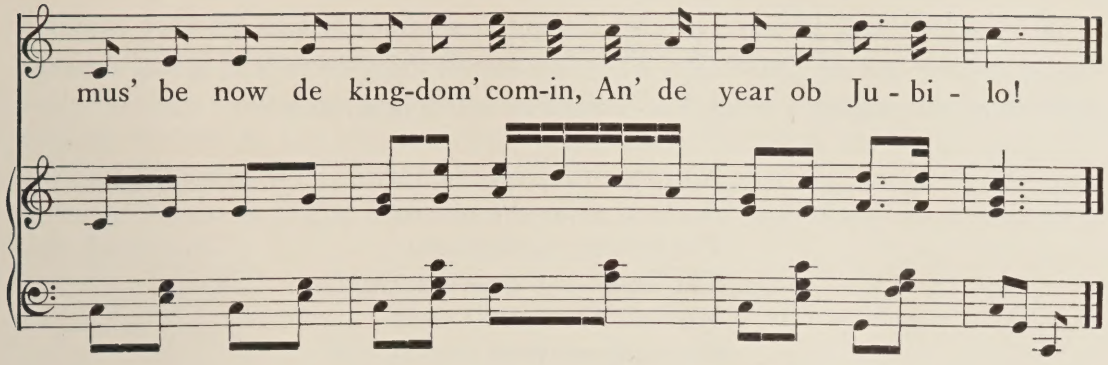
KINGDOM COMING

This is the best of the darkey songs that H. C. Work wrote during the Civil War. It is a happy combination of amusing lines and a lively, captivating air. It is said that after Lee's surrender Negro troops marched into Richmond singing this song.

Allegro Moderato

Say, dark-eys, hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid de muff-stash on his face, Go long de road some time dis morn-in' Like he gwine to leab de


place? He seen a smoke, way up de rib - ber, Whar de
Link - um gum - boats lay; He took his hat, an'
lef' ber - ry sud - den An' I 'spec' he's run a - way!
Chorus
De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho, ho! It



He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he weigh t'ree hundred pound,
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'an,
An' he get so drefful tann'd,
I 'spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to t'ink he's contraband.
Chorus

De darkeys feel so lonesome libing
In de log house on de lawn,
Dey move dar t'ings to massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be comfiscated
When de Linkum sojers come.
Chorus

De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar,
Wid de key t'rown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ol' enough, big enough, ought to known better
Dan to went an' run away.
Chorus

COLORED SOLDIERS AT HONEY HILL

At the battle of Honey Hill, S.C., colored soldiers had to advance across a swamp in the face of heavy fire. They conducted themselves with great courage and advanced singing a song, one stanza of which is given here.

No more the driver's horn
Awakes us in the morn;
But battle's music borne,
Our manhood shall adorn.
Huzza! Huzza!
Our song shall be,
Huzza! Huzza!
That we are free!

SONG FROM 107TH U. S. COLORED TROOPS

The following doggerel was composed by a drummer boy who had been a slave and was sung by him in the 107th U.S. (Colored) Infantry.

Captain Fiddler's come to town
With his abolition triggers:
He swears he's one of Lincoln's men,
Enlisting all the niggers.

You'll see the rebels on the street,
Whispering in rotation.
What do they seem to talk about?
Lincoln's proclamation.

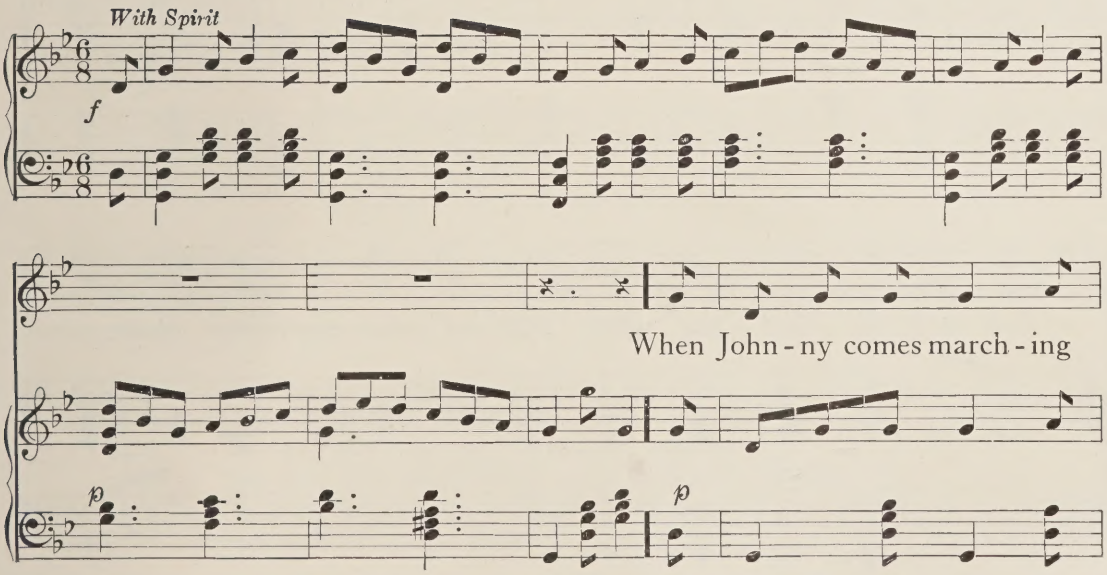
Richmond is a mighty place,
And Grant's sound as a dollar;
And every time he throws a shell,
Jeff begins to holler.

We'll get our colored regiments strung
Out in line of battle:
I'll bet my money agin the South,
The rebels will skedaddle.

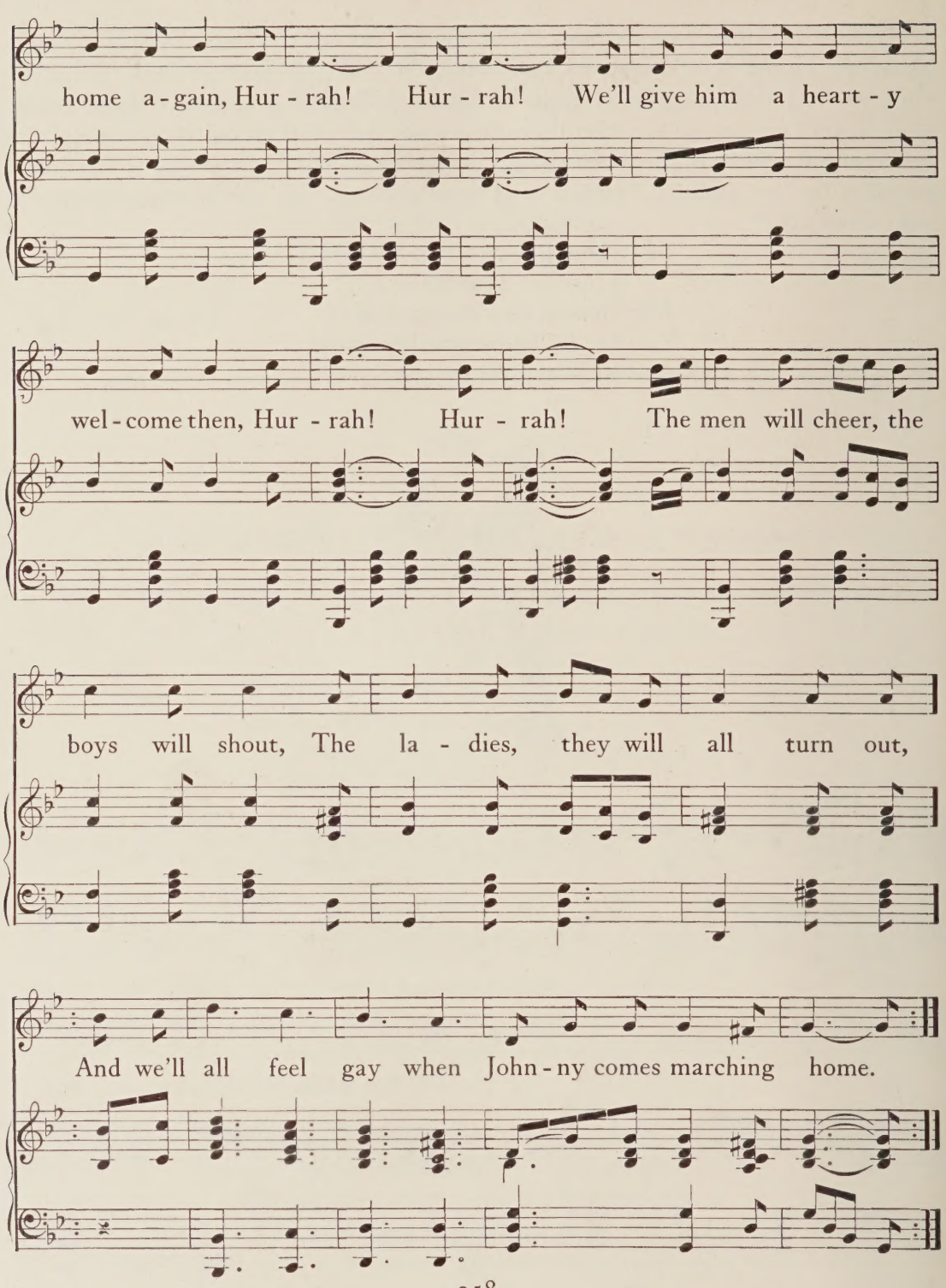
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

George P. Upton, in his book "The Song," says: "'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' was composed by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore in New Orleans, while on duty there as a bandmaster in General Butler's command. I infer from what he told me on one occasion that the melody is that of an old Negro song." It was first published with music in 1863. Like other popular war songs, it was soon parodied by the soldiers. Here is a version used to "rag" newly made corporals and "lancejacks":

My Johnny now a corporal is!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
My Johnny now a corporal is,
You bet he knows his regular biz!
And we'll all feel gay, etc.



WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME


home a-gain, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! We'll give him a heart-y
wel-come then, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The men will cheer, the
boys will shout, The la-dies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when John-ny comes marching home.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

The old church bell will peel with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow.
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

WE ARE THE BOYS OF POTOMAC'S RANKS

Here is an amusing recital of the adventures and mishaps of the Army of the Potomac under several of its earlier commanders. It was sung in the Third Corps in the fall of 1863 to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Burnside's "Mud March" was also commemorated in the following verse which is called "The Soldier's Prayer":

Now I lay me down to sleep,
In mud that's many fathoms deep,
If I'm not here when you awake
Just hunt me with an oyster rake.

The allusion to "gray backs," which were the "cooties" of their day, is a playful reference to Pope's statement that in the West he had always seen the backs of his enemies.

We are the boys of Potomac's ranks,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We are the boys of Potomac's ranks,
We ran with McDowell, retreated with Banks,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

WE ARE THE BOYS OF POTOMAC'S RANKS

We fought with McClellan, the Rebs, shakes, and fever,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We fought with McClellan, the Rebs, shakes, and fever,
But Mac joined the navy on reaching James River,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

They gave us John Pope, our patience to tax,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
They gave us John Pope, our patience to tax,
Who said that out West he'd seen naught but *gray backs,*
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

He said his headquarters were in the saddle,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He said his headquarters were in the saddle,
But Stonewall Jackson made him skedaddle—
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Then Mac was recalled, but after Antietam,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Then Mac was recalled, but after Antietam
Abe gave him a rest, he was too slow to beat 'em,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

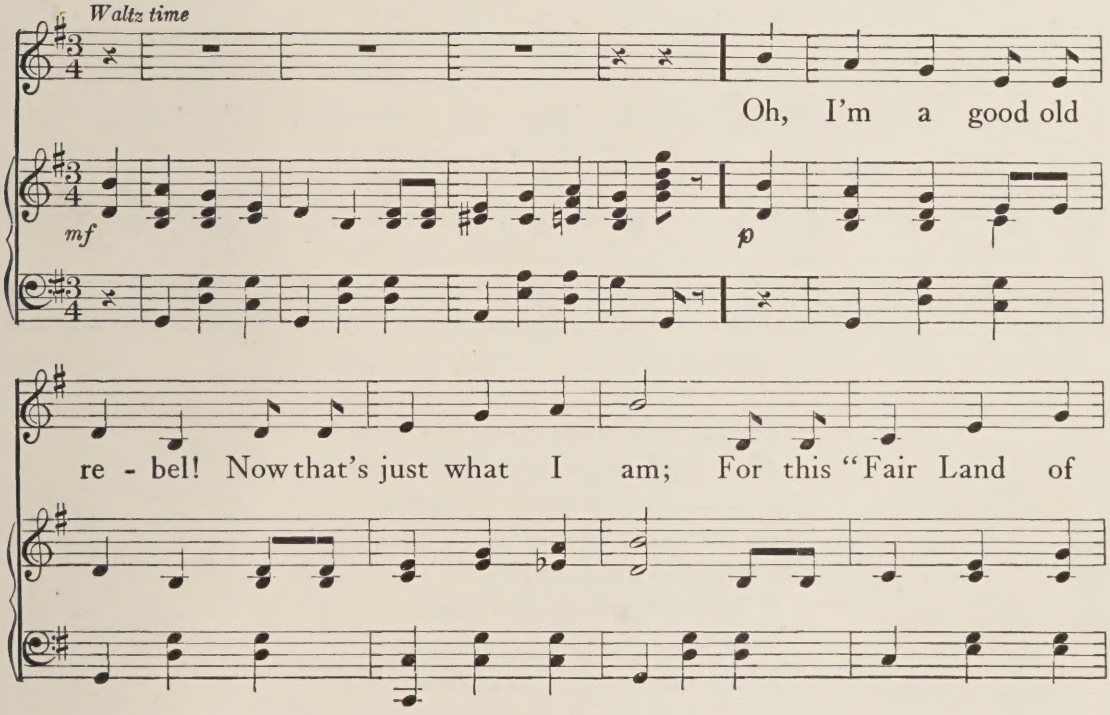
Oh, Burnside, then he tried his luck,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Oh, Burnside, then he tried his luck,
But in the mud so fast got stuck,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Then Hooker was taken to fill the bill,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Then Hooker was taken to fill the bill,
But he got a black eye at Chancellorsville,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Next came General Meade, a slow old plug,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Next came General Meade, a slow old plug,
For he let them get away at Gettysburg,
And we'll all drink stone blind—
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

OH, I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL

This bit of defiance was first sung by Harry Allen of the Washington Light Artillery, of New Orleans. It obviously originated just after the war, during the days when the South was still under military government. It drifted into the Southwest among the cowboys, where it took various forms. Carl Sandburg, in the "American Songbag," has a version called "Rabble Soldier," which he says is related to southern mountain tunes. John Lomax also has a version in his collection of "Cowboy Songs."



OH, I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL!

I hate the Constitution,
This great Republic, too,
I hate the Freedman's Bureau,
In uniforms of blue;
I hate the nasty eagle,
With all his brag and fuss,
The lying, thieving Yankees,
I hate them wuss and wuss.

OH, I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL!

I hate the Yankee Nation,
And everything they do;
I hate the Declaration
Of Independence, too;
I hate the glorious Union,
'Tis dripping with our blood;
I hate the stripêd banner,
I fit it all I could.

I followed old Marse Robert
For four years, near about,
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at P'int Lookout;
I cotched the roomatism
A-camping in the snow;
But I killed a chance of Yankees—
I'd like to kill some mo'.

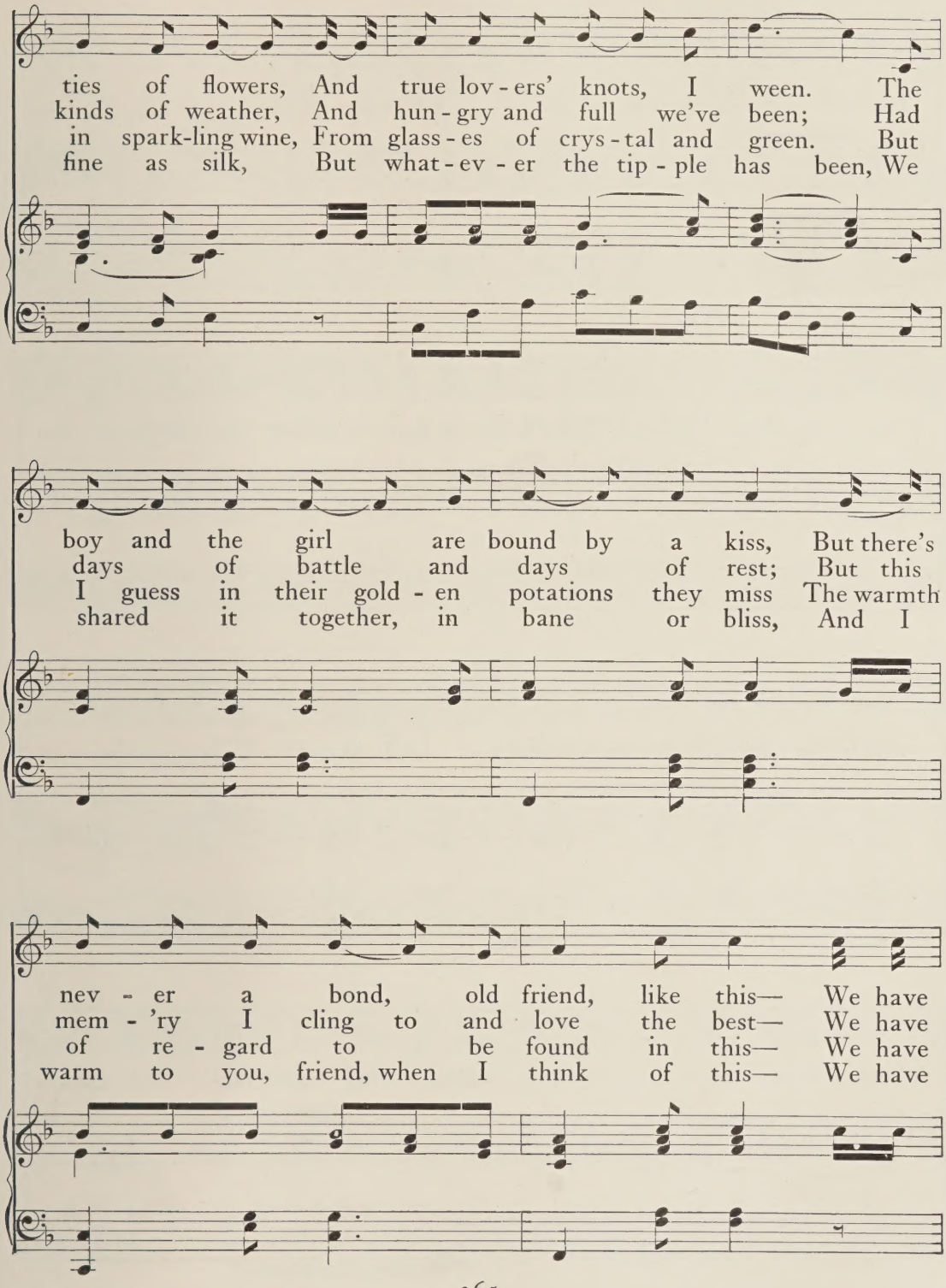
Three hundred thousand Yankees
Lie stiff in Southern dust;
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us;
They died of Southern fever
And Southern steel and shot;
I wish it was three millions,
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more;
But I ain't a-going to love 'em,
Now that is sartain sure;
And I don't want no pardon,
For what I was and am;
I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't care a — cent.

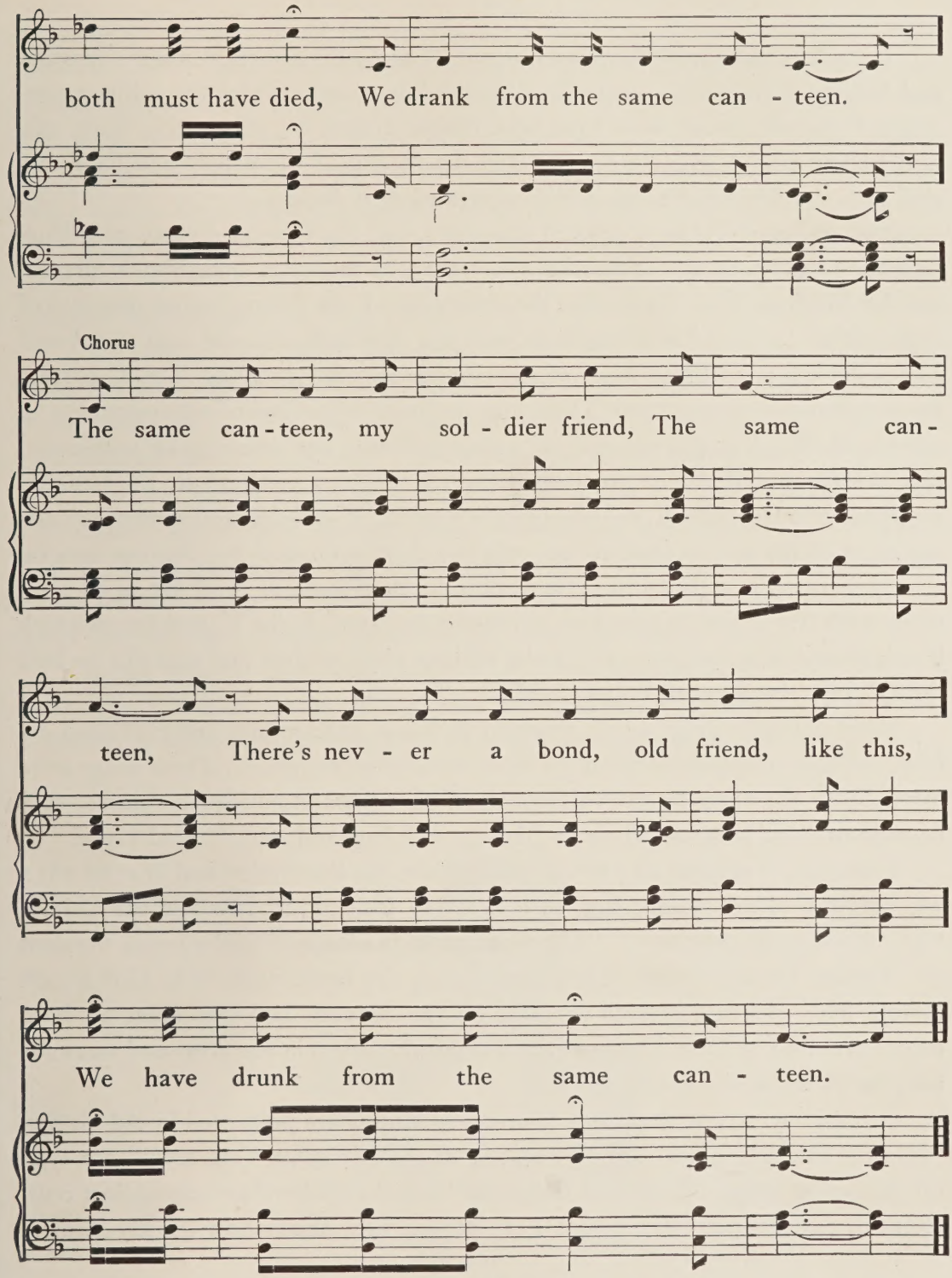
WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN

This song was written by "Private Miles O'Riley" (Brigadier-General Charles G. Halpine) and set to music by James G. Clark. I first heard it sung a number of years ago by a Grand Army quartette. Time is fast thinning the veterans' ranks, but it cannot weaken their bonds of comradeship or dim the memories of the days when they drank from the same canteen.

1. There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours, Fet - ters of friend - ship and
2. We've shared our blank-ets and tent to - gether, And marched and fought in all
3. The rich and the great sit down to dine, And they quaff to each oth - er
4. It was some - times wa - ter, and some - times milk, And some - - times ap - ple - jack


ties of flowers, And true lov - ers' knots, I ween. The
kinds of weather, And hun - gry and full we've been; Had
in spark-ling wine, From glass - es of crys - tal and green. But
fine as silk, But what - ev - er the tip - ple has been, We
boy and the girl are bound by a kiss, But there's
days of battle and days of rest; But this
I guess in their gold - en potations they miss The warmth
shared it together, in bane or bliss, And I
nev - er a bond, old friend, like this— We have
mem - 'ry I cling to and love the best— We have
of re - gard to be found in this— We have
warm to you, friend, when I think of this— We have

5th and last verse
drunk from the same can - teen. For when wound-ed I lay on the
out - er slope, With my blood flow - ing fast, and but lit - tle hope On
which my faint spir - it might lean, Oh, then I remem - ber you
crawled to my side, And, bleed - ing so fast it seemed


both must have died, We drank from the same can - teen.
Chorus
The same can - teen, my sol - dier friend, The same can -
teen, There's nev - er a bond, old friend, like this,
We have drunk from the same can - teen.

V. *On To Mexico*

To understand the soldier songs of any of our wars one must know the spirit and feeling of the people, as well as the conditions under which the soldiers campaigned; for all of our wars have been fought largely by volunteers. Quite naturally these citizen soldiers have shared the feeling of the people and have carried into the army the songs which expressed that feeling.

Annexation of Texas, westward expansion, and the Oregon dispute with England were the issues that aroused public feeling in the years immediately preceding the Mexican War. Naturally, the sympathy of our liberty-loving people had gone out to Texas in her struggle to maintain her independence and the boundaries she had established. Most of our citizens favored granting Texas' request for annexation and protection. Then, too, the fever of westward expansion was in our blood. We dreamed not only of annexing Texas and securing an undisputed title in Oregon, but also of acquiring all of the territory north of the Rio Grande. England, however, which was engaged in a policy of self-aggrandizement in various parts of the world, opposed not only our claim in Oregon, but also our annexation of Texas. The various moves she made to checkmate us, and her open sympathy with Mexico during the war, aroused a bitterness in the United States which is only hinted at in such lines as, "False nations send soldiers and captains to lead them," and "In spite of Bull and Mexico."

Many patriotic songs which referred to Texas and Oregon and expressed defiance of Mexico appeared about the time hostilities commenced. These songs were carried into the army by the volunteers. With typical American cockiness, they boasted of what they would do to Mexico, and England, too, if need arose.

Then, too, a number of patriotic songs from the Revolution and War of 1812 were revived. The old favorites, such as "Hail Columbia," "Hail to the Chief," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Hunters of Kentucky," and various versions of "Yankee Doodle" were widely used during the entire war. "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which had been acquired by the Seventh Infantry from an Irish officer captured at New Orleans, was frequently played in our army and was even adopted by Mexican military bands.

Fortunately, a few genuine soldier compositions are preserved in old diaries. "Join the Hickory Blues" and "The Song of the Memphis Volunteers" are typical mustering songs. "Buck and Gag Him" was the soldiers' protest against cruel forms of punishment. "The Leg I Left Behind Me" shows how quickly soldiers

seize upon any opportunity for merriment, while the numerous crude songs about General Taylor show the esteem in which that gallant and lucky old warrior was held by his men. The frequent allusions in diaries to the "Diarrhea Blues" hint that even the numerous victims of that terrible malady may have found temporary fame in verses that could not be preserved. With a full belly and a few days' rest a soldier soon forgets hardships. However, though all accounts indicate that the "Battle of Mexico City" was in every way comparable to the famous "Battle of Paris," our boys were only too glad to sing "We Are Coming Home" as they boarded the transports at Vera Cruz.

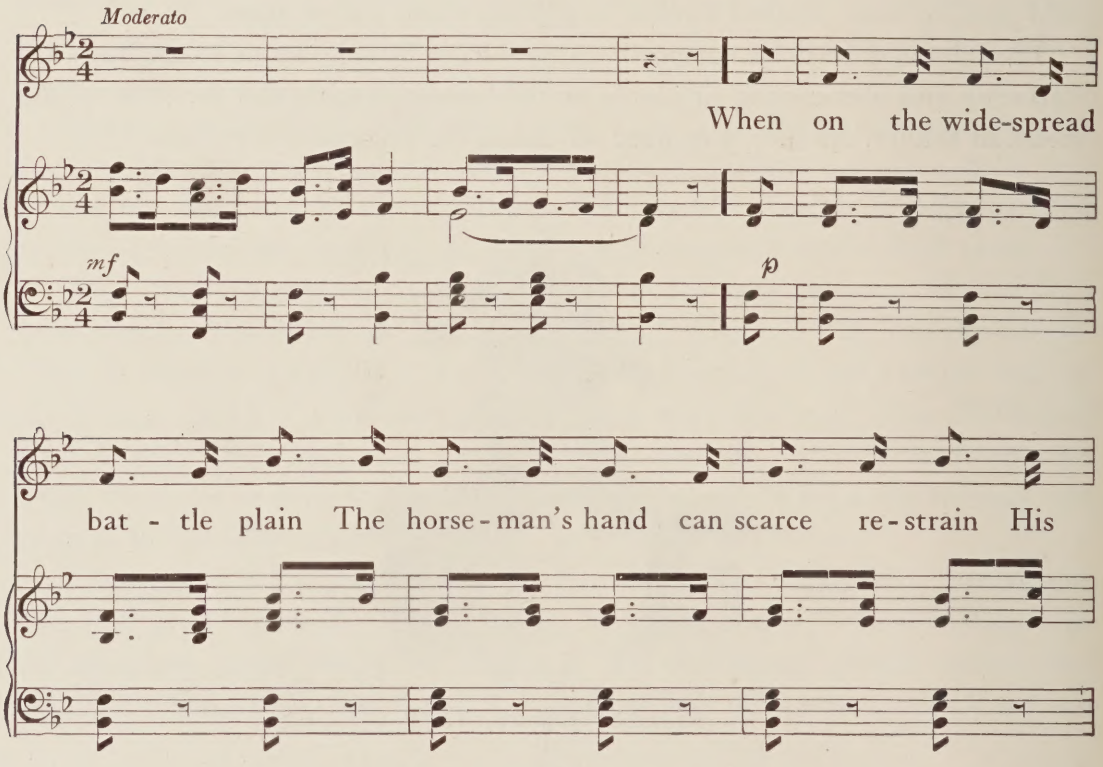
The tunes of these songs were generally old and well known. As will be seen from the selections given here, "Yankee Doodle" was very popular. Even the formidable tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was frequently used. Old Scotch airs, such as "Bruce's Address," "The Campbells Are Coming," and "Blue Bonnets Over the Border," were great favorites. The tune of "The Fine Old English Gentleman" was used for several songs. Probably the most popular air of all was that of "Lucy Neale." To sing some of the tunes, however, must have required either unusual ability or else a good skinful of pulque. No other qualifications could possibly have enabled anyone to get any music out of them.

Though many of these compositions now have little value as songs, they are interesting and illuminating sidelights on the American spirit and the story of the American soldier. As such they need no excuse for being presented here.

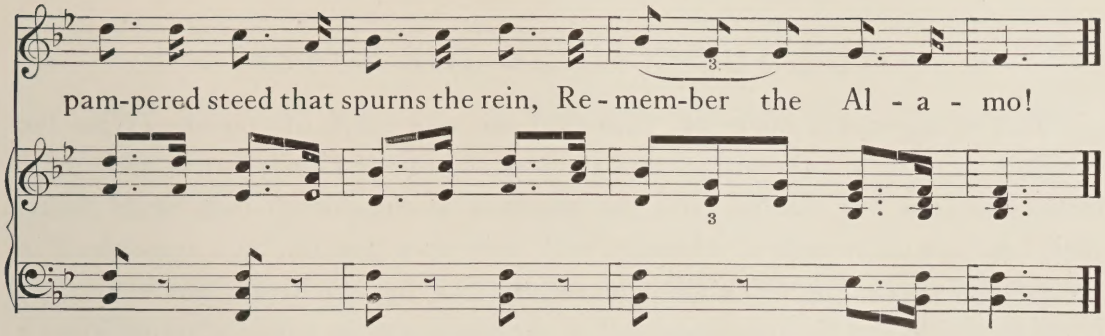
Mexican Officer, 1846

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

It was in 1836, at the old Spanish mission of the Alamo (San Antonio de Bexar), that Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett, Bowie, and about one hundred and eighty others of the Texan army were killed by the Mexicans under Santa Anna after a stubborn resistance that ended only when the last man of garrison was dead. It is recorded that the red flag of "no quarter" was flying from a near-by church tower and that a Mexican band was playing "Deguello" (cut throat) throughout the battle. "Remember the Alamo" immediately became not only a cry of revenge but also an incentive to emulate the valor of such men as Crockett and Bowie. So well did this battle-cry serve its purpose that a few months later Santa Anna was completely defeated and Texas gained her freedom. "Remember the Alamo" was also the war-cry ten years later when, after annexing Texas, the United States sent General Taylor and his army to keep the Mexicans from crossing the Rio Grande. The song given here, which was written by T. A. Durriage and sung to the tune of "Bruce's Address," was popular with Taylor's soldiers.



REMEMBER THE ALAMO



When sounds the thrilling bugle blast,
And "Charge" from rank to rank is passed,
Then, as your saber-strokes fall fast,
Remember the Alamo!

Heed not the Spanish battle yell,
Let every stroke we give them tell,
And let them fall as Crockett fell.
Remember the Alamo!

For every wound and every thrust
On prisoners dealt by hands accurst
A Mexican shall bite the dust.
Remember the Alamo!

The cannon's peal shall ring their knell,
Each volley sound a passing bell,
Each cheer Columbia's vengeance tell.
Remember the Alamo!

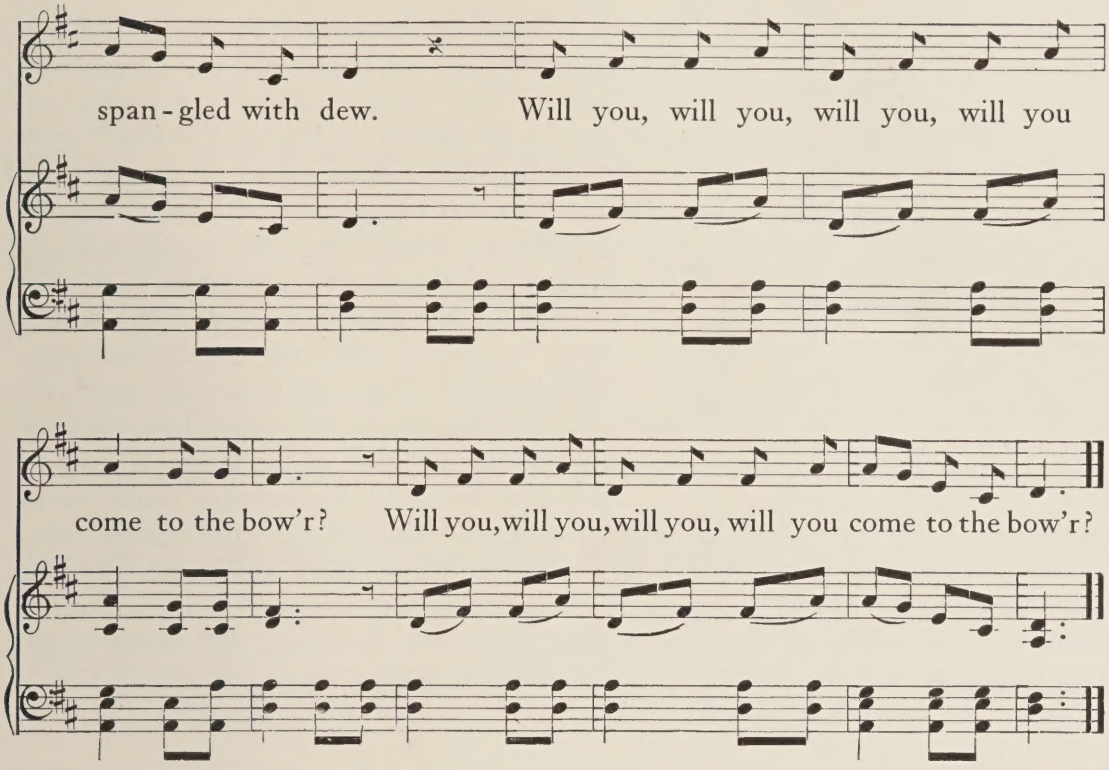
For it, disdaining flight, they stand
And try the issue hand to hand.
Woe to each Mexican brigand!
Remember the Alamo!

Then boot and saddle! Draw the sword!
Unfurl your banners bright and broad,
And as ye smite the murderous horde,
Remember the Alamo!

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

This song, says a historian, furnished the sole touch of comedy (from the reader's point of view) that relieves the tragedy of the bloody battle of San Jacinto. It was a few months after the massacre at the Alamo that Santa Anna, with twice as many men as Houston had, took up a position on a semi-island in the swamps formed by Vince's Bayou and the San Jacinto River. There were no boats available and the only approach to the island was by a bridge across Vince's Bayou. Against the advice of his senior officers, Houston crossed the bridge, destroyed it, and attacked the Mexicans. As his men advanced to the fight—grim-visaged, rifles trailing, and bowie knives in their teeth—the one drum and one fife of his army began to play "Will you Come to the Bower." How sardonically Mars must have smiled! By nightfall half of the Mexican force lay dead on the field, and the rest, including Santa Anna, were prisoners. With a loss of six killed and twenty-five wounded the Texans had struck their final blow for freedom.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?



There under the bower on soft roses you lie
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.
Will you, will you, will you, will you smile, my beloved?
Will you, will you, will you, will you smile, my beloved?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.
Will you, will you, will you, will you kiss me, my beloved?
Will you, will you, will you, will you kiss me, my beloved?

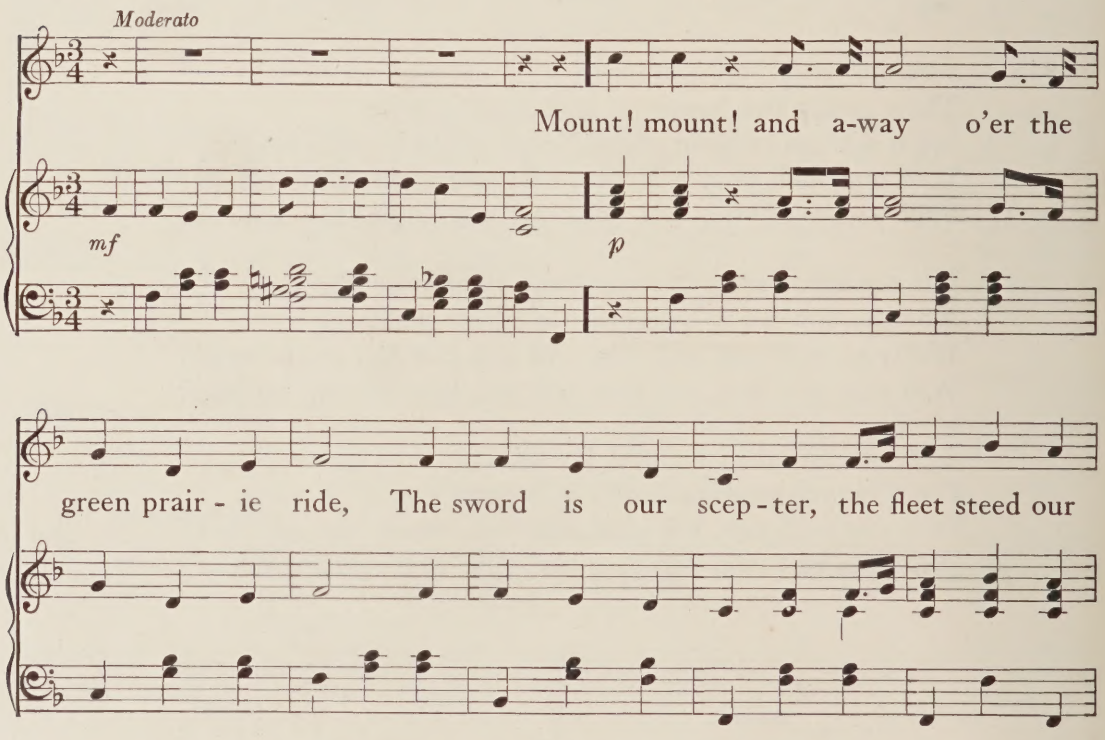
And, oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew
From languishing roses or kisses from you.
Will you, will you, will you, will you, won't you, my love?
Will you, will you, will you, will you, won't you, my love?

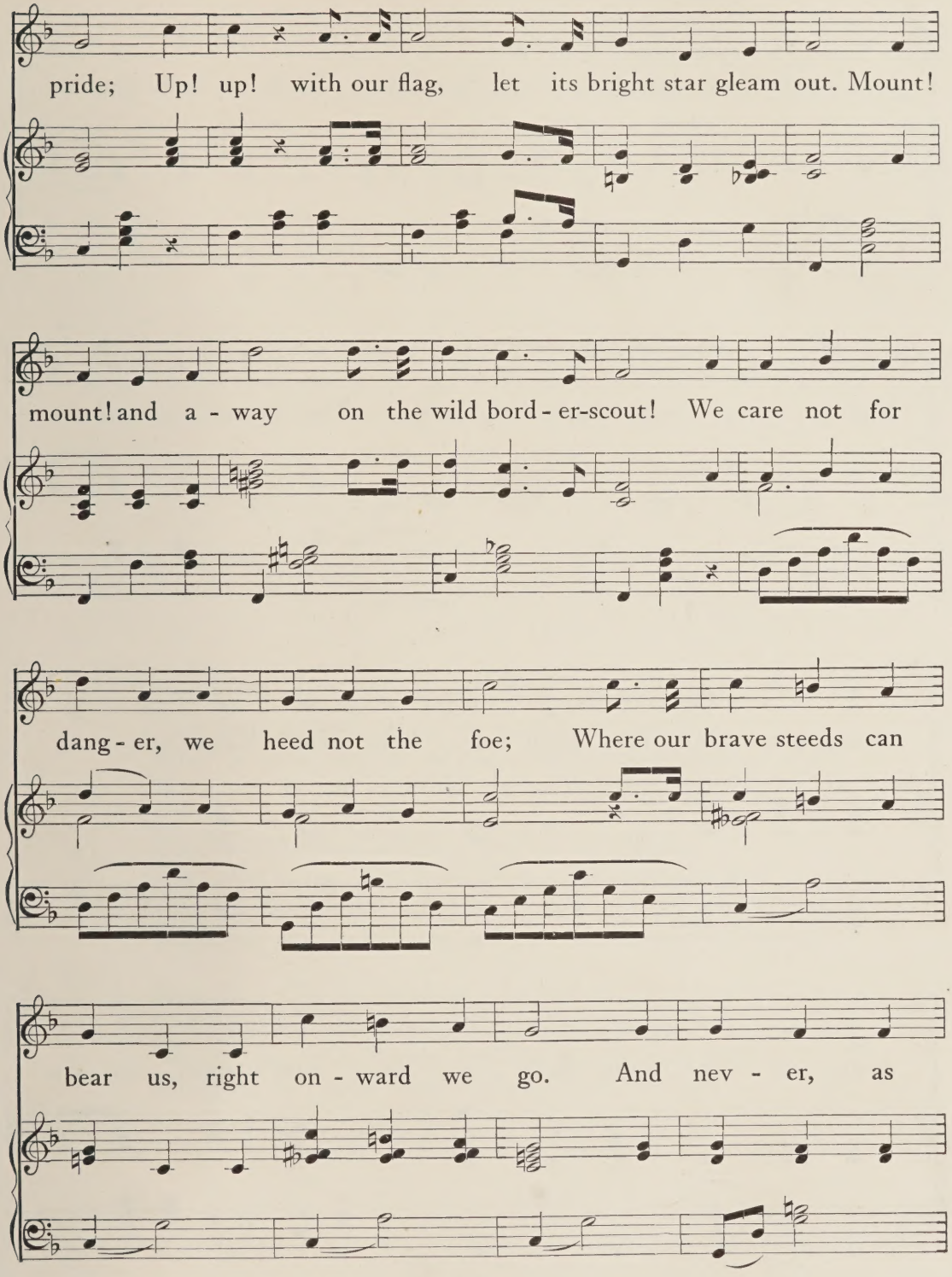
TEXAN RANGERS' SONG

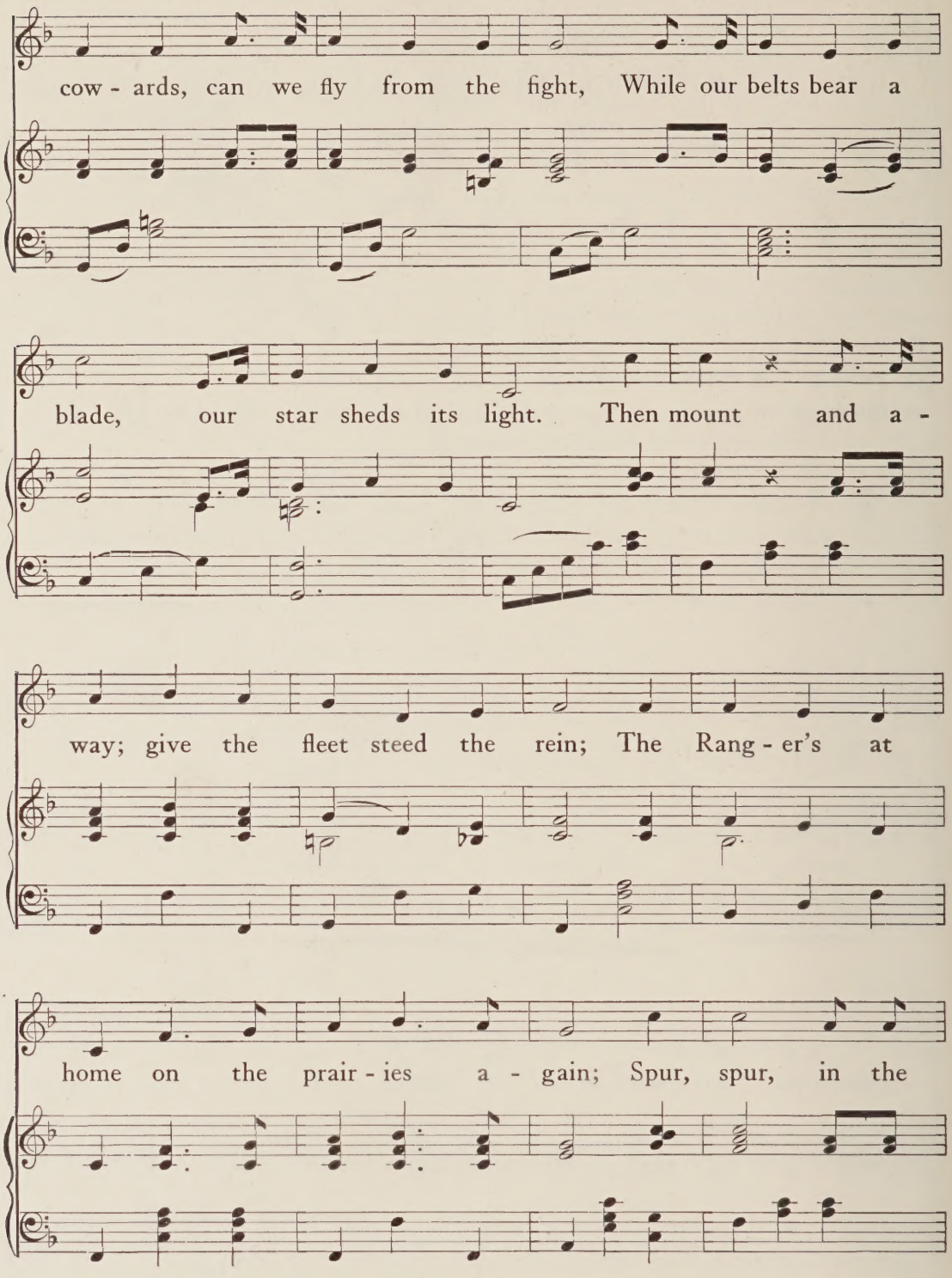
This song was written by James T. Lytle of McCulloch's Rangers and was sung to the old air "I'm Afloat." In 1855 the song appeared in "The Continental Vocalist," with music by Henry Russel.

A former ranger gives the following picture of the members of the organization as he first saw them in Taylor's army:

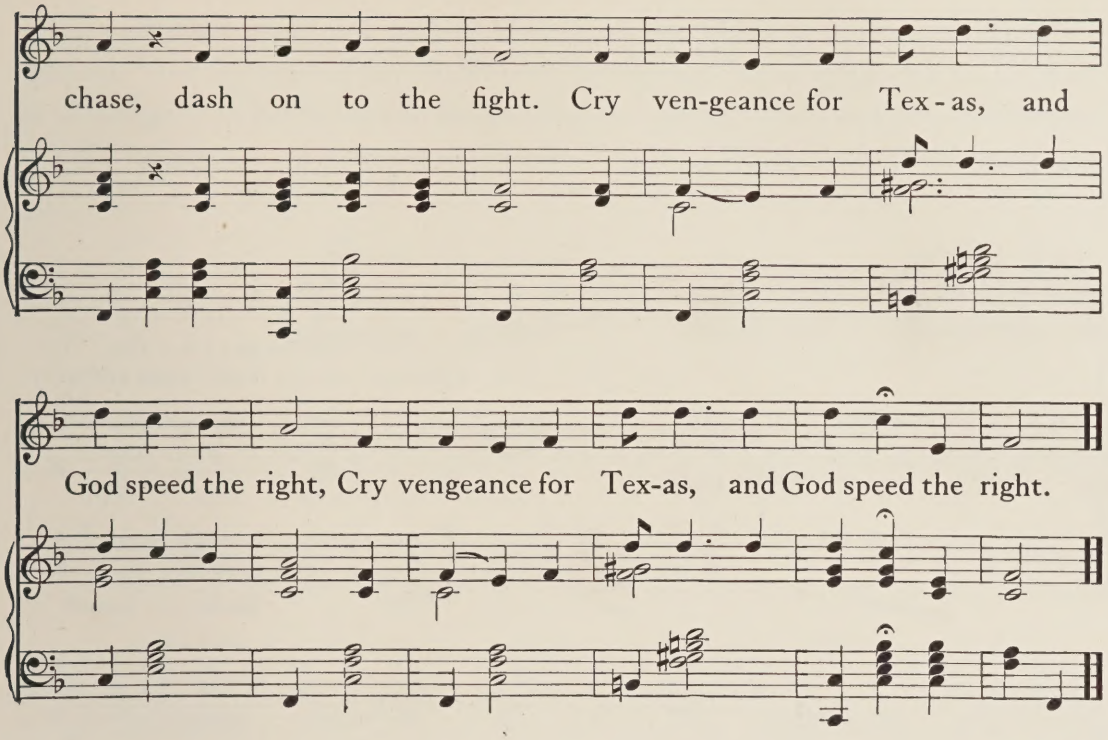
"Here was a scene worthy of the pencil. Men in groups with long beards and mustaches, dressed in every variety of garment, with one exception, the slouch hat—the unmistakable uniform of a Texas Ranger—and a belt of pistols around their waists, were occupied drying their blankets, and cleaning and fixing their guns. Some were cooking at different fires, while others were grooming their horses. A rougher looking set we never saw. They were without tents, and a miserable shed afforded them their only shelter. But—notwithstanding their ferocious and outlaw look, there were among them doctors and lawyers and many a college graduate."




pride; Up! up! with our flag, let its bright star gleam out. Mount!
mount! and a - way on the wild bord - er-scout! We care not for
dang - er, we heed not the foe; Where our brave steeds can
bear us, right on - ward we go. And nev - er, as


cow - ards, can we fly from the fight, While our belts bear a
blade, our star sheds its light. Then mount and a -
way; give the fleet steed the rein; The Rang - er's at
home on the prair - ies a - gain; Spur, spur, in the

TEXAN RANGERS' SONG



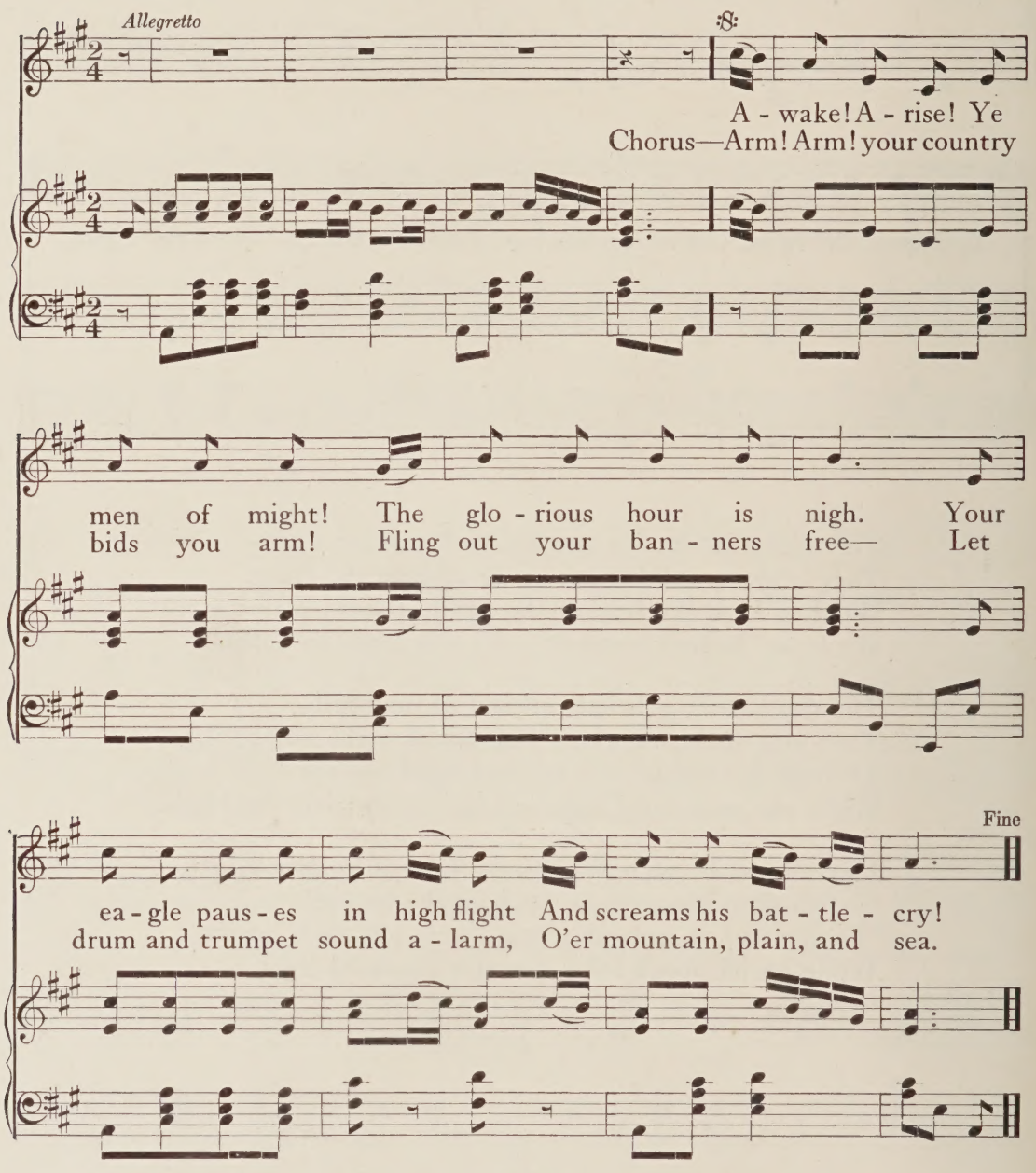
The might of the foe gathers thick on our way—
They hear our wild shout as we rush to the fray;
What to us is the fear of the death-stricken plain?
We have "braved it before, and will brave it again."

The death-dealing bullets around us may fall—
They may strike, they may kill, but they cannot appal;
Through the red field of carnage right onward we'll wade,
While our guns carry ball, and our hands wield the blade.

Hurrah, my brave boys! ye may fare as ye please,
No Mexican banner now floats in the breeze!
'Tis the flag of Columbia that waves o'er each height,
While on its proud folds our star sheds its light.

TO ARMS

Park Benjamin wrote this war song the day that President Polk signed the war bill. It was sung to the tune of "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea." Its popularity with the troops is indicated by its inclusion in a collection of songs made by an officer in Taylor's army in 1847.


Allegretto
A - wake! A - rise! Ye
Chorus—Arm! Arm! your country
men of might! The glo - rious hour is nigh. Your
bids you arm! Fling out your ban - ners free— Let
Fine
ea - gle paus - es in high flight And screams his bat - tle - cry!
drum and trumpet sound a - larm, O'er mountain, plain, and sea.

From North to South, from East to West, Send
back an answering cheer, And say fare - well to
D.S. al Fine for Chorus.
peace and rest, And ban - ish doubt and fear!
D. S. al Fine.

March onward from the Atlantic shore
To Rio Grande's tide—
Fight as your fathers fought of yore!
Die as your brothers died!
Go! Vindicate your country's fame—
Avenge your country's wrong!
The sons should own a deathless name,
To whom such sires belong.

Chorus

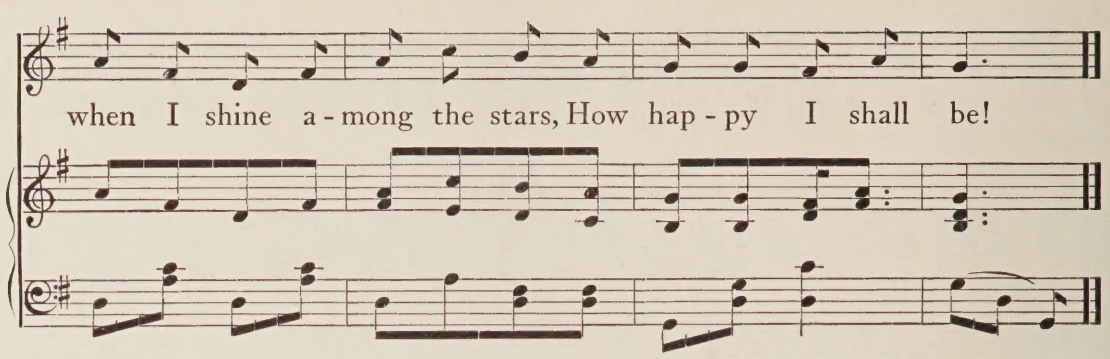
TO ARMS!

To kindred of the noble dead,
As noble deeds should dare;
The fields whereon their blood was shed
A deeper stain must wear.
To arms! To arms! Ye men of might!
Away from home, away!
The first and foremost in the fight
Are sure to win the day!
Chorus

THE SONG OF TEXAS

Here is one of the patriotic songs of 1845 which clearly shows the popular feeling about Texas and westward expansion. It was included in early collections of Mexican War songs. The tune, "Lucy Neale," was frequently used for soldier songs of that day.

Allegro
mf
I fear no haugh - ty na - tion, Though foes all 'round are
p
piled, For now I take my sta-tion as Un-cle Sam-my's child.
Chorus
For Tex - as now is free! Young Tex - as now is free! And



Though Mexico in pride now,
Begins to threaten blows,
I'll grin at Sammy's side now,
With my thumb upon my nose.
Chorus

In 'thirty-six I was of age,
Took Liberty's degrees,
And to unite I have a right,
With any state I please.
Chorus

In Liberty's pure laws, now,
Uncle Sam and I are one,
And I will aid his cause, now,
For Sister Oregon.
Chorus

With Freedom's fire prolific,
We'll clear our rightful bound,
From Atlantic to Pacific
Is Uncle Sam's own ground.

Last Chorus

The whole shall yet be free,
The whole shall yet be free,
And Uncle Sam shall have it all
In peace and Liberty.

JOIN THE HICKORY BLUES

The Hickory Blues was a New York organization. A member of the Blues wrote this song and sang it at a rally of citizens and soldiers in New York City on June 1, 1846. The tune, "Lucy Neale," is the same as the one used for "The Song of Texas."

Come all ye gallant volunteers
Who fear not life to lose,
The martial drum invites ye come
And join the Hickory Blues:
The gallant Hickory Blues,
The daring Hickory Blues—
To Mexico they proudly go,
The gallant Hickory Blues.

Our flag is freedom's sunlit gem,
Its stars light where we choose,
And the gallant hearts that bear it on
Are the gallant Hickory Blues!
The gallant Hickory Blues, etc.

The city's pride are now arrayed—
Their service none refuse;
And sire and son together on
To join the Hickory Blues.
The gallant Hickory Blues, etc.

Like Warren, see them leave their homes,
And flock in armèd crews
To flog the foe in Mexico,
Like gallant Hickory Blues.
The gallant Hickory Blues, etc.

When our country is invaded
With bayonet, bomb, and fuse,
'Tis no time to rest on beauty's breast,
But arm with Hickory Blues.
The gallant Hickory Blues, etc.

Brave Hickory rests in Heaven,
But from aloft he views
In grateful pride his ready sons,
The gallant Hickory Blues.
The gallant Hickory Blues, etc.

JOIN THE HICKORY BLUES

Colonel Ming, he is our leader,
A better we can't choose,
For well he'll fight in Freedom's right
Beside the Hickory Blues.
The gallant Hickory Blues, etc.

We soon shall march for Mexico,
And soon you'll hear the news
Of the name and fame of New York's sons,
The gallant Hickory Blues.
The gallant Hickory Blues, etc.

SONG OF THE MEMPHIS VOLUNTEERS

This song, composed by the Memphis boys while mobilizing for Mexico. was also sung to the tune of "Lucy Neale." (See "The Song of Texas.")

One morning bright and early
De news came safe to hand
Dat de Mexicans, ten thousand strong,
Had crossed de Rio Grande
Oh, de Rio Grande! Oh, de Rio Grande!
We would we were upon your banks
Wid rifles in our hands.

We raise de barrel to our eye,
Take trigger in our hand,
Some Memphis thunder soon dey'll hear
Or leap de Rio Grande.
Oh, de Rio Grande! etc.

Oh, Memphis is a mighty place,
Can raise a fightin' band
Dat soon are ready for a march
To rescue Rio Grande.
Oh, de Rio Grande! etc.

Wid bosoms to de shock ob war,
Boldly we would stand,
An' dar present a noble front
On de ribber Rio Grande.
Oh, de Rio Grande! etc.

SONG OF THE MEMPHIS VOLUNTEERS

We are waiting for our orders
To shake our true lub's hand,
To shed a tear—then haste away
To rescue Rio Grande.
Oh, de Rio Grande! etc.

Now, ladies will you remember,
If we fall as soldier should,
To shed for us a secret tear,
A tear of gratitude!
And now for Rio Grande!
And now for Rio Grande!
We would we were already there
Wid rifles in our hand.

Our thanks now to de Memphis girls
For de flag under which we stand,
And when dey hear from us again
'Twill be at Rio Grande.
We are bound for the Rio Grande!
We are bound for the Rio Grande!
We would we were already there
Wid rifles in our hand.

'WAY DOWN IN MEXICO

The Yeo-ho part of this song suggests the possibility of its having once gone to sea, as have so many songs and ballads that originated with landlubbers. I have not been able to find the tune, but the words were unearthed by John Lomax while he was collecting his cowboy ballads about twenty years ago.

O boys, we're goin' far tonight,
Yeo-ho, yeo-ho!
We'll take the greasers now in hand
And drive 'em in the Rio Grande,
'Way down in Mexico.

We'll hang old Santa Anna soon,
Yeo-ho, yeo-ho!
And all the greaser soldiers, too,
To the chune of Yankee Doodle Doo,
'Way down in Mexico.

'WAY DOWN IN MEXICO

We'll scatter 'em like flocks of sheep,
Yeo-ho, yeo-ho!
We'll mow 'em down with rifle ball
And plant our flag right on their wall,
'Way down in Mexico.

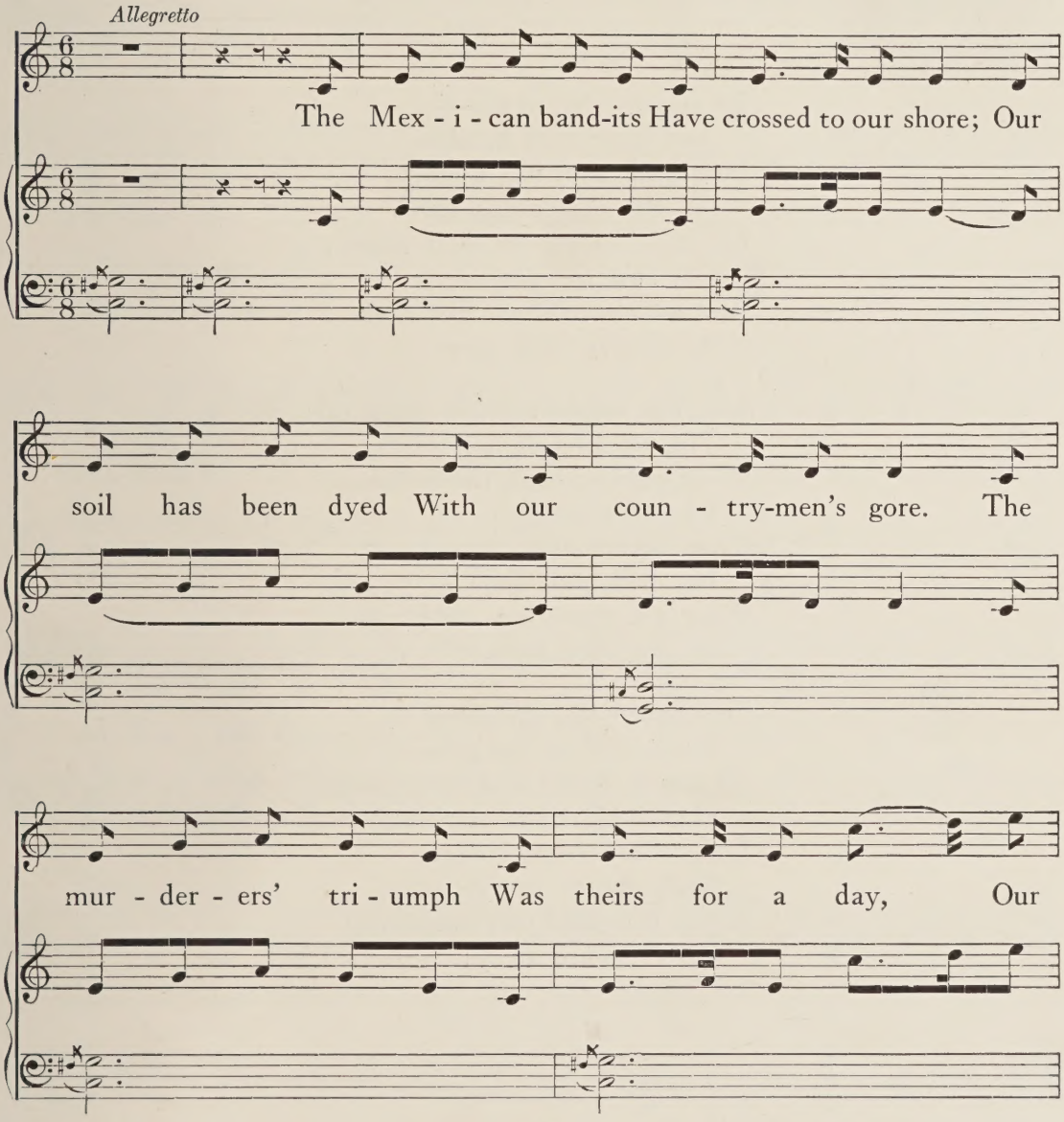
Old Rough and Ready, he's a trump,
Yeo-ho, yeo-ho!
He'll wipe old Santa Anna out
And put the greasers all to rout,
'Way down in Mexico.

Then we'll march back by and by,
Yeo-ho, yeo-ho!
And kiss the gals we left to home
And never more we'll go and roam,
'Way down in Mexico.

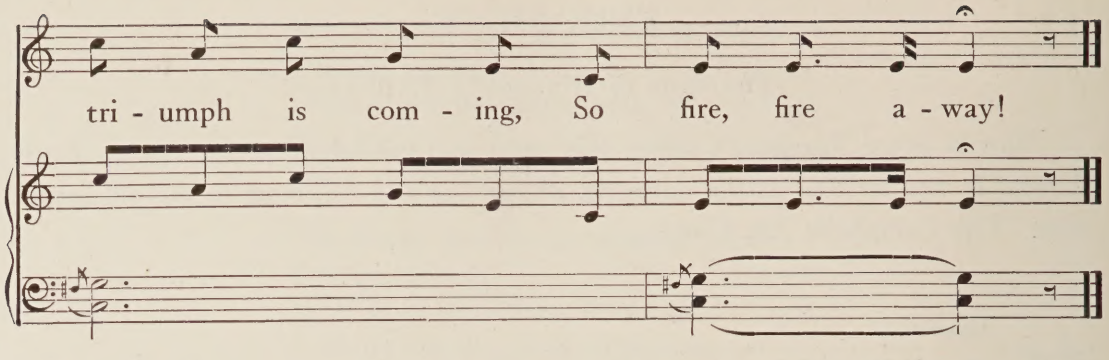
FIRE AWAY

The Song of Ringgold's Artillery

Shortly after Ringgold's death this song was published in the Boston Daily Times. It was written at the outbreak of the war and was sung to the old Scotch tune "The Campbells Are Coming."


Allegretto
The Mex - i - can band-its Have crossed to our shore; Our
soil has been dyed With our coun - try-men's gore. The
mur - der - ers' tri - umph Was theirs for a day, Our

FIRE AWAY



Be steady—be steady—
And firm every hand—
Pour your shot like a storm
On the murderous band.
On their flanks, on their center,
Our batteries play—
And we sweep them like chaff
As we fire—fire away!

Lo! The smoke-wreaths uprising!
The belching flames tear
Wide gaps through the curtain,
Revealing despair.
Torn flutter their banners—
No oriflamme gay;
They are wavering—sinking—
So fire—fire away!

'Tis over—the thunders
Have died on the gale—
Of the wounded and vanquished
Hark! Hark! to the wail!
Long the foreign invader
Shall mourn for the day
When Ringgold was summoned
To fire—fire away!

BUENA VISTA

This was a popular patriotic song which celebrated our victories in Mexico during the first half of the war. It was published in Volume I of "Songs of the People," in 1847.

Near Buen-a Vis-ta's moun-tain chain, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Brave
Tay-lor met his foes a-gain, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Tho'
thou-sands to our tens ap-pear, Our boys have hearts that know no fear, Hur-
rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
Chorus
Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

BUENA VISTA

That day heard Santa Anna boast,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Ere night he'd vanquish all our host,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
But then the braggart did not know
That Taylor never yields to foe!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

Kentucky by brave Maryland led,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Seeks vengeance for her gallant dead,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
And while for Vaughan, McKee, and Clay
The tear-drop flows, they win the day!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

There's Hardin brings up Illinois,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
With Bissel's line of gallant boys!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
And Indiana, led by Lane,
All bravely struggle on the plain!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

O'Brien, Sherman, Washington,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Their batteries pour the foe upon;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
While Captain Bragg, at "Zach's" command
"More grape" bestows on every hand!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

Young Arkansas, whose gallant yell,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Amidst the din of battle fell,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Still claims brave Pike her sons to lead,
Soon to avenge the bloody deed!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

No page in history e'er can show,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
So bright a victory o'er a foe,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
As we this day did proudly gain
On Buena Vista's bloody plain!
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

RIO BRAVO

Don José de Saltillo, a Mexican poet, wrote this song after the battle of Buena Vista. It was set to the air "Roncesvalles."

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! saw men ever such a sight
Since the field of Roncesvalles sealed the fate of many a knight?
Dark is Palo Alto's story—sad Resaca Palma's rout.
Ah me! upon those fields so gory how many a gallant life went out!
There our best and bravest lances, shivered 'gainst the Northern steel,
Left the valiant hearts that couch'd them 'neath the Northern charger's heel.
Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! brave hearts ne'er mourned such a sight
Since the noblest lost their life-blood in the Roncesvalles fight

There Arista, best and bravest—there Raguena, tried and true,
On the fatal field thou lavest, nobly did all men could do;
Vainly there those heroes rally, Castile on Montezuma's shore,
Vainly there shone Aztec valor brightly as it shone of yore.
Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! saw men ever such a sight
Since the dews of Roncesvalles wept for Paladin and Knight?

Heard ye not the wounded coursers shrieking on yon trampled banks,
As the Northern wing'd artillery thundered on our shattered ranks?
On they came—those Northern horsemen—on like eagles toward the sun,
Followed then the Northern bayonet, and the field was lost and won.
Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! minstrel ne'er sung such a fight,
Since the lay of Roncesvalles sang the fame of martyred knight.

Rio Bravo! fatal river! saw ye not while red with gore,
One cavalier all headless quiver, a headless trunk upon thy shore?
Other champions not less noted, sleep beneath thy sullen wave;
Sullen water, thou has floated armies to an ocean grave.
Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! lady ne'er wept such a sight
Since the moon of Roncesvalles kiss'd in death her own loved knight.

Weepest thou, lorn lady Inez, for thy lover 'mid the slain?
Brave La Vega's trenchant saber cleft his slayer to the brain.
Brave La Vega, who all lonely, by a host of foes beset,
Yielded up his falchion only, when his equal there he met.
Oh! for Roland's horn to rally his Paladins by that sad shore!
Rio Bravo, Roncesvalles, ye are names linked evermore.

Sullen river! sullen river! vultures drink thy gory wave,
But they blur not these loved features, which not Love himself could save.
Rio Bravo, thou wilt name not that lone corse upon thy shore,
But in prayer sad Inez names him, names him praying evermore.
Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! lady ne'er mourned such a knight,
Since the fondest hearts were broken by the Roncesvalles fight.

THE LEG I LEFT BEHIND ME

After the battle of Cerro Gordo, Santa Anna was so hotly pursued that he abandoned his splendid private carriage, which contained his trunks, $70,000 in silver, and his cork leg. The capture of Santa Anna's leg caused much merriment among the Americans, who composed this song and sang it to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

I am stumpless quite since from the shot
Of Cerro Gordo peggin',
I left behind, to pay Gen. Scott,
My grub, and gave my leg in.

I dare not turn to view the place
Lest Yankee foes should find me,
And mocking shake before my face
The Leg I Left Behind Me.

At Buena Vista I was sure
That Yankee troops must surrender,
And bade my men hurrah, for you're
All going on a bender.

That all my hopes and plans were dashed,
My scattered troops remind me,
But though I there got soundly thrashed,
I left no leg behind me.

Should Gen. Taylor of my track get scent,
Or Gen. Scott beat up my quarters,
I may as well just be content
To go across the waters.

But should that my fortune be,
Fate has not quite resigned me
For in the museum I will see
The Leg I Left Behind Me.

THE BAYONET BOYS

In "Army Ballads and Other Poems," published in 1871, Arthur T. Lee says that this song was "written impromptu and sung at a collation given to the Louisiana Delegation at Matamoras, Mexico, appointed to present the thanks of Louisiana to General Taylor and his Army." He does not indicate, however, the tune to which he sang it.

Come, fill up your glasses,—the night hurries on;
And I'll give you a song ere this bottle is gone;
And the chorus shall be, when the cork has been drawn,
Huzza for brave Zack, and his Bayonet Boys!

By the green Palo Alto we first met the foe,
Where we taught him the trick of fight hard and lie low;
And convinced him that there was more metal than show
In General Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

The noon it was sultry—the balls flew so hot,
They made dodging a science in that busy spot;
And the copper they threw will not soon be forgot
By General Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

Sublime to all gazers, their show and their art;
But sublime and ridiculous aren't far apart;
Soon the joke grew so fat that we took it to heart,
And they heard from brave Zack, and his Bayonet Boys!

A voice from our Ringgold, whose body lies low,
Where the prairie grass waves, and the wild flowers grow,
Was a prelude of death to full many a foe,
Who fell before Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

Oh! long may the wild flower grow on the grave
Of the hero who falls 'midst the tug of the brave;
And long may remembrance his valor engrave
On the hearts of Old Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

But pass 'round the bowl, and let Mexico sweat
O'er the rout and defeat she will not soon forget:
If she does, there's more food for remembrance "to let,"
By inquiring of Zack, and his Bayonet Boys.

BUCK AND GAG HIM

The volunteer army of the Mexican War was a rough and motley aggregation, hard-fighting, but totally undisciplined. Many of the officers were but little better than the men. Murders, near-mutinies, and even desertion to the enemy were not unknown. Consequently, punishments were severe. Hangings were rather frequent and lacking in finesse. On several occasions the prisoner, with a rope about his neck, was placed in a wagon and driven under the gallows. The end of the rope was fastened to the crossbeam, the wagon was driven away, and the poor devil was left dangling.

A common punishment was "bucking and gagging." The victim was placed on his back on the ground. His outspread arms and legs were tied to stakes, and a gag was placed in his mouth.

This song was composed by troops in the vicinity of Chapultepec and sung to the old English tune "Derry Down."

Come, all Yankee soldiers, give ear to my song,
It is a short ditty, it will not keep you long;
It is of no use to fret, on account of our luck,
We can laugh, drink, and sing yet, in spite of the buck.

"Sergeant, buck him and gag him," our officers cry,
For each trifling offense which they happen to spy,
Till with bucking and gagging of Dick, Tom, Pat, and Bill,
Faith, the Mexican's ranks they have helped to fill.

The treatment they give us, as all of us know,
Is bucking and gagging for whipping the foe;
They buck and gag us for malice or spite,
But they are glad to release us when going to fight.

A poor soldier tied up in the hot sun or rain,
With a gag in his mouth till he's tortured with pain,
Why, I'm blessed if the eagle, we wear on our flag,
In its claws couldn't carry a buck and a gag.

WE ARE COMING HOME

From the diary of a Mexican War veteran we learn that this song was composed during the last days of the American occupation of Mexico, and was generally sung by the Pennsylvania troops as they embarked for home at Vera Cruz.

We are coming home! The battle's din and strife is passed,
And war's wild notes are hushed in sweet repose;
The cannon's roar and the shrill bugle's blast
Call out no more for vengeance on our foes.

We are coming! The shattered remnant of our manhood might;
The few survivors that are left to tell
The tale of woe; how, in the thickest fight,
Like autumn leaves, their comrades round them fell.

We are coming! The foes we came and fought are foes no more.
A tear for every fallen warrior's tomb;
For through the battle's smoke we always bore
The olive branch besides the eagle's plume.

We are coming! The winged winds that o'er blue oceans roam
Are waiting now old Neptune's stern command,
To waft our barques over the billows' foam,
And bear the exiles to their native land.

We are coming, friends! the little band that proudly bore
Your torn Keystone flag through the iron storm;
While high above the fields was seen to soar
Our native eagle's proud and gallant form.

We are coming! Adieu, ye sunny climes and myrtle groves,
Where Flora reigns within perennial bowers;
And youth and beauty woo their wedded loves,
'Mid blooming vales of never-fading flowers.

We are coming! Adieu, ye daughters of a royal line.
We own ye held our hearts in thrall awhile;
But now for maids in other lands we pine,
Who will greet the soldier with a welcome smile.

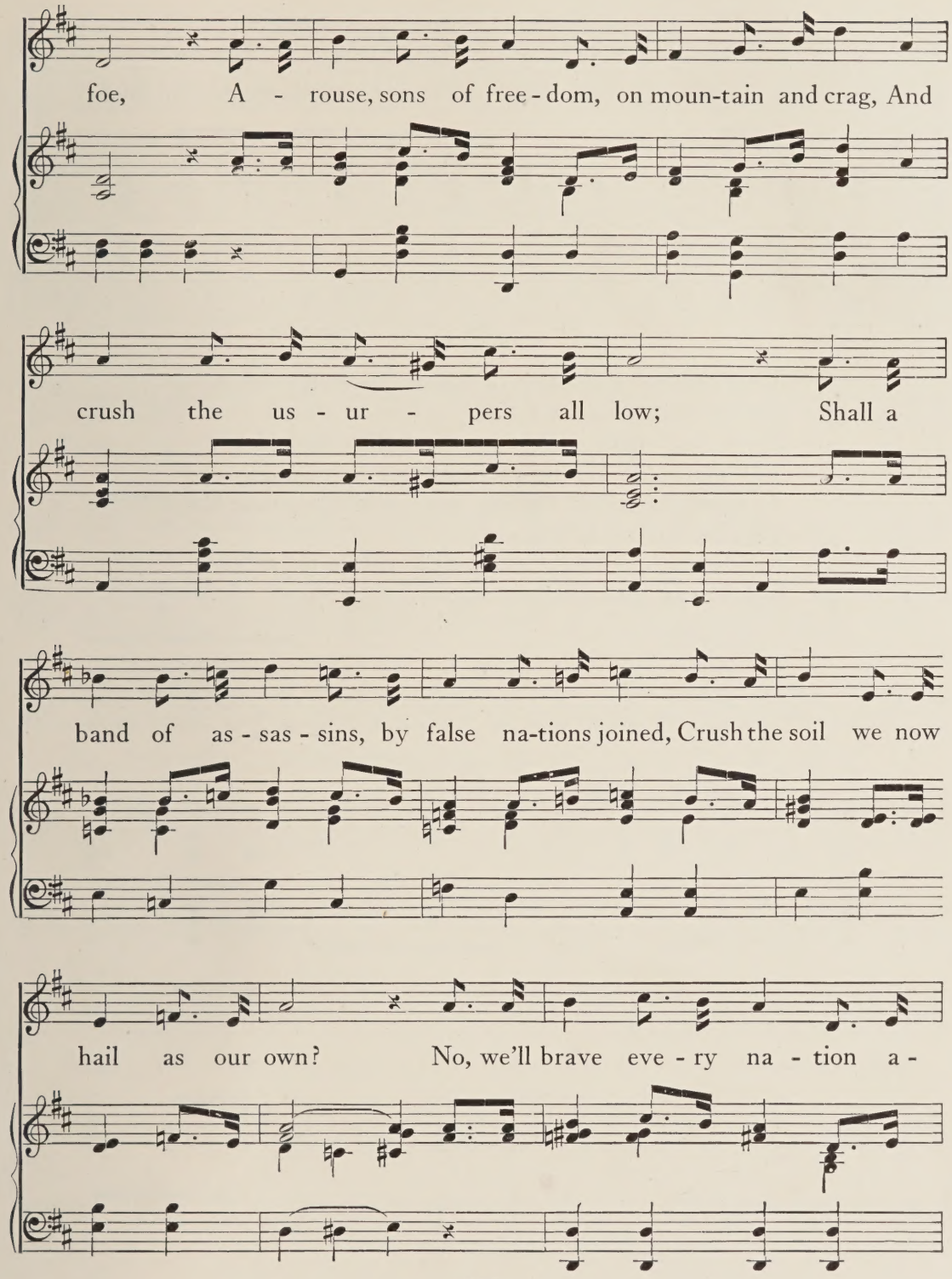
The words of the remaining songs in this section were taken from "The Rough and Ready Songster," a collection of Mexican War songs which was made by an officer who served with General Taylor's army. The little volume, which is about three inches wide, four inches long, and one inch thick, is illustrated by several interesting woodcuts, but it contains no music and no explanatory notes except an occasional statement of the tune to which a song was sung.

Most of these songs were sung to old and well-known tunes. Whenever possible, I have hunted up these old tunes and have had them adapted to these songs. The result has not always been very satisfactory. One or two of these old pieces of music sound as if they were composed for the drum alone. There is very little melody in them.

Many of these songs were obviously written outside of the army. A few bear the earmarks of soldier composition. The fact that they were collected by an army officer indicates that all were probably known to soldiers; but the frequency with which they were sung is a matter of conjecture.

THE FAIR LAND OF TEXAS

Tune: When the Fair Land of Poland, from "The Bohemian Girl"

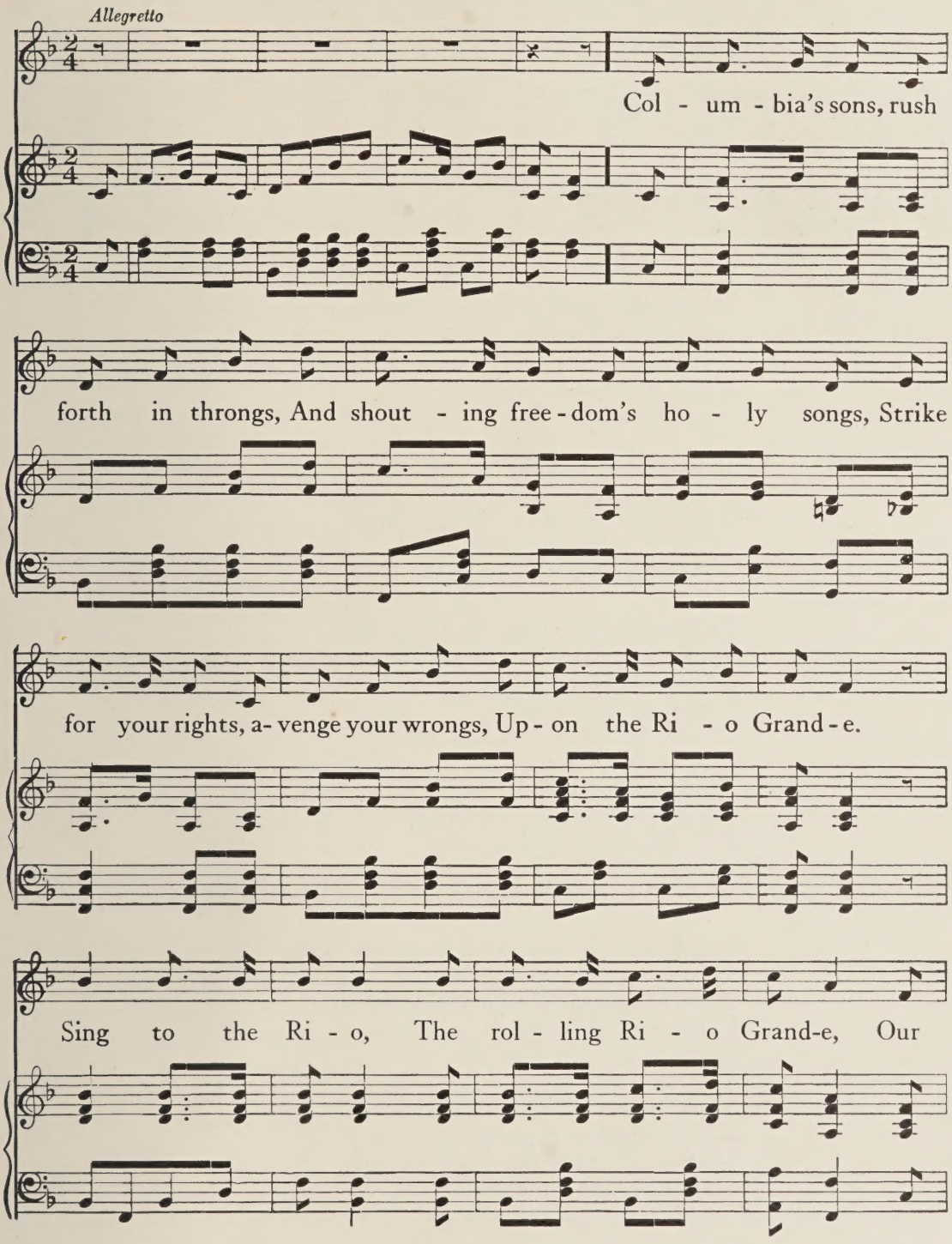

foe, A - rouse, sons of free - dom, on moun-tain and crag, And
crush the us - ur - pers all low; Shall a
band of as - sas - sins, by false na-tions joined, Crush the soil we now
hail as our own? No, we'll brave eve - ry na - tion a -

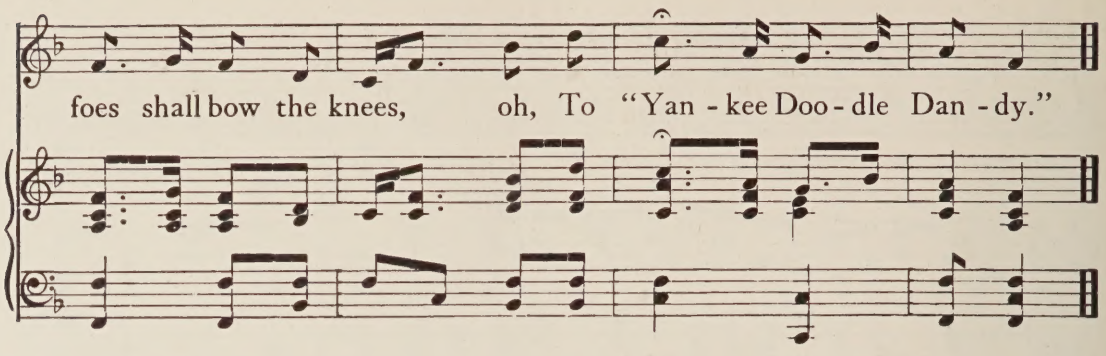
THE FAIR LAND OF TEXAS

True child of Columbia in young freedom's dawn,
She lit Independence's fire;
By its pure light of heaven she boldly rushed on
Till she made her invaders retire;
To our bold starry flag she now leads her young star,
To shine on her liberty's sky,
And beneath its bright glory we'll rush to the war,
For Texas, and conquer or die.

STRIKE FOR YOUR RIGHTS! AVENGE YOUR WRONGS!

Tune: The Rose of Alabama


Allegretto
Col - um - bia's sons, rush
forth in throngs, And shout - ing free - dom's ho - ly songs, Strike
for your rights, a- venge your wrongs, Up - on the Ri - o Grand - e.
Sing to the Ri - o, The rol - ling Ri - o Grand-e, Our



Remember gallant Cross, laid low,
Assassinated by the foe,
Then strike the bold avenging blow,
Upon the Rio Grande.
On to the Rio, etc.

Remember Porter's treacherous death,
And swear unto your latest breath,
To lay his murd'rers in his path,
Upon the Rio Grande.
Upon the Rio, etc.

Remember how your brothers fell,
While marching on to Isabel,
Surrounded by the curs of hell,
Upon the Rio Grande.
Then on to the Rio, etc.

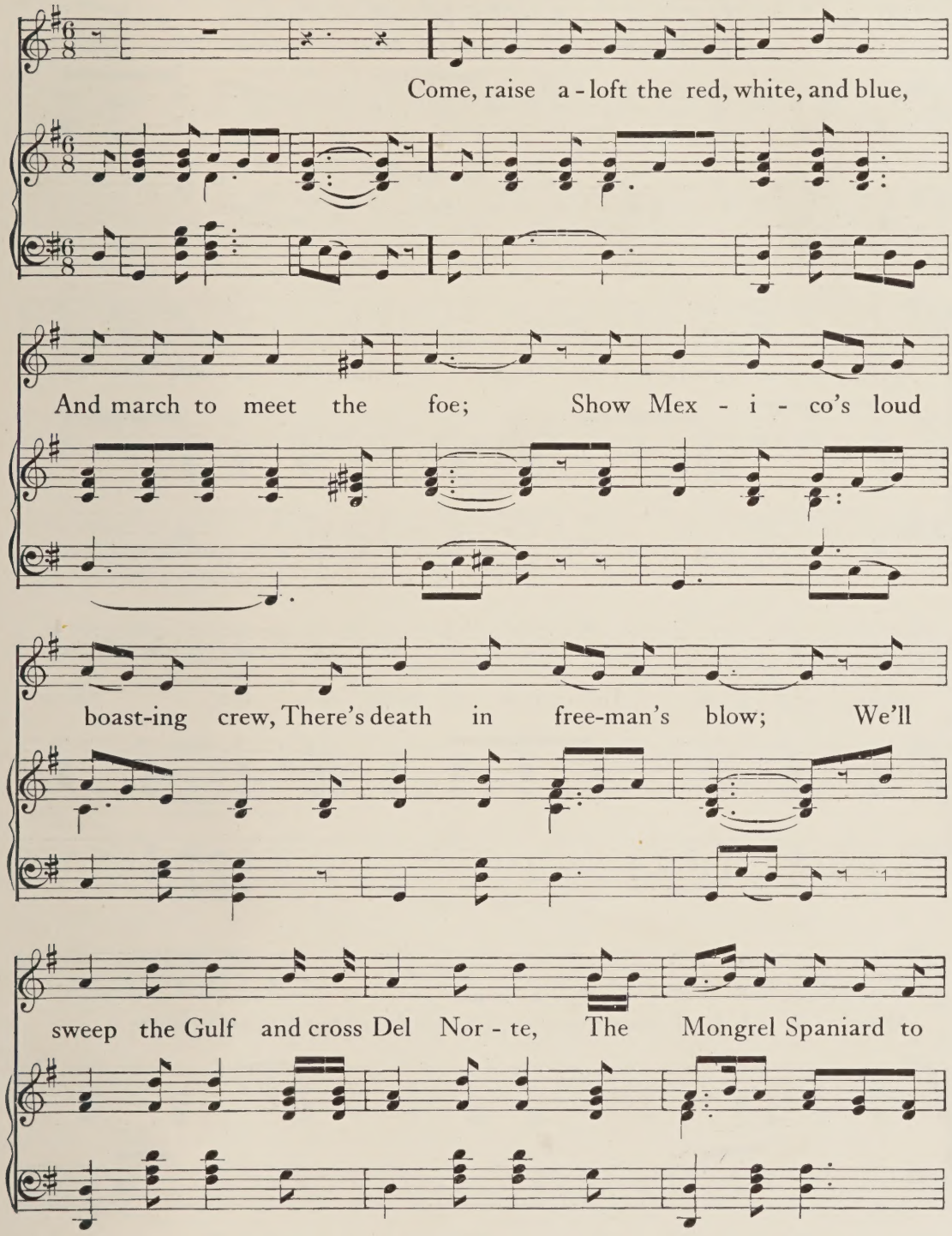
Think of the jails of Santa Fee,
Where freemen in captivity,
Felt Mexico's foul tyranny,
Across the Rio Grande.
On to the Rio, etc.

Think of each harmless merchant bark,
Struck by these pirates in the dark,
With hearts more cruel than the shark,
Upon the Rio Grande.
On to the Rio, etc.

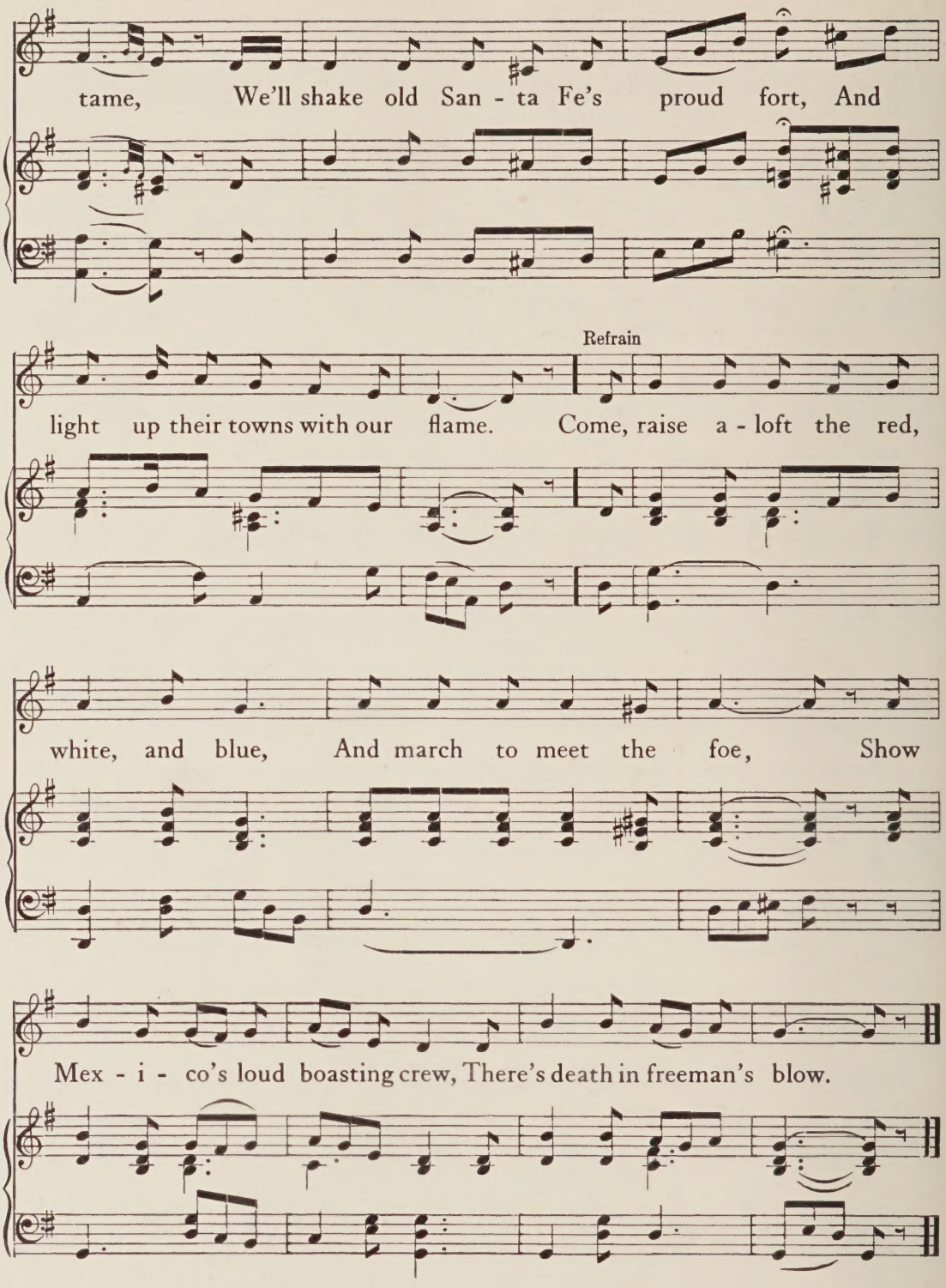
Then strike by noble Taylor's side,
Till freedom's stars in triumph wide,
Shall float from the Pacific's tide,
Unto the Rio Grande,
On to the Rio, etc.

COME, RAISE ALOFT THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

Tune: A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew


Come, raise a - loft the red, white, and blue,
And march to meet the foe; Show Mex - i - co's loud
boast-ing crew, There's death in free-man's blow; We'll
sweep the Gulf and cross Del Nor - te, The Mongrel Spaniard to

COME, RAISE ALOFT THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

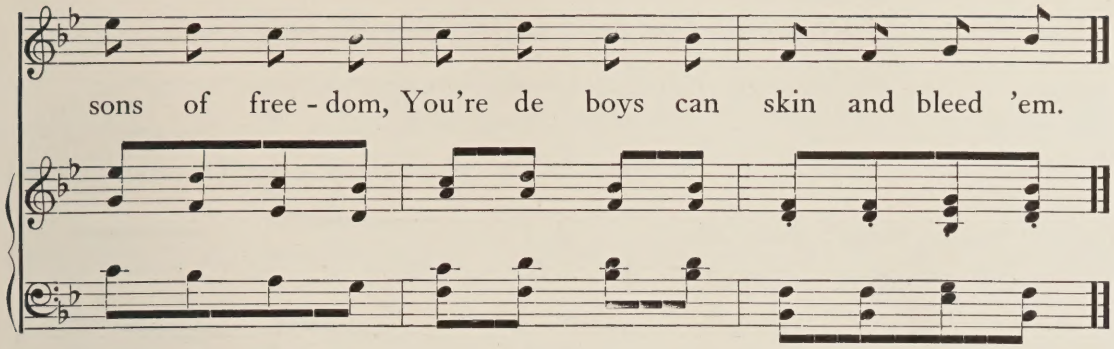

tame, We'll shake old San - ta Fe's proud fort, And
Refrain
light up their towns with our flame. Come, raise a - loft the red,
white, and blue, And march to meet the foe, Show
Mex - i - co's loud boasting crew, There's death in freeman's blow.

Now on to Texas boldly go,
And swear by mighty Mars,
That down the Mexican's sun shall go,
Beneath our stripes and stars;
The star of Texas brightly glows
Within each patriot's eye,
And by its light he nobly goes
To guard her soil or die.
Then raise aloft the red, white, and blue, etc.

UNCLE SAM AND MEXICO

Tune: Old Dan Tucker

Allegro
Through-out the land dar is a cry, And
folks all know de rea-son why, Shy Mex-i-co's two-leg-ged b'ar Am
'tack-ing Un-cle Sam-my's stars. Den march a-way, Rum, dum a dum, Den
march a-way, Rum dum a dum, Den march a-way, bold



Dey're kickin' up gunpowderation,
About de Texas annexation.
Since Mexico makes sich ado,
We'll flog her and annex her too.
Chorus (*Wid Drum*)

Young Texas came ob age quite jam,
And den she married Uncle Sam;
She sewed her stars fast to his flag,
An' it shall shine dar while dar's a rag.
Chorus

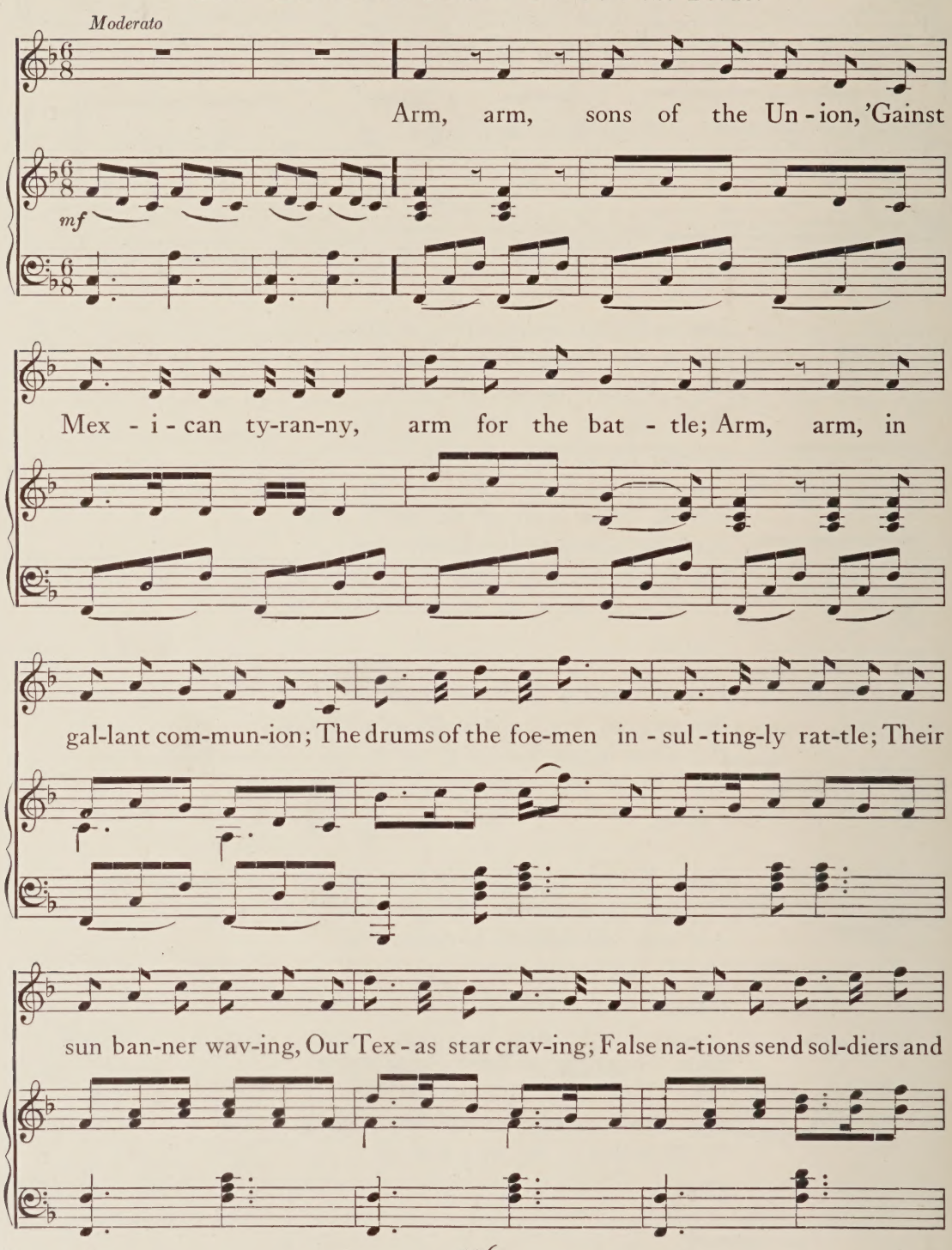
Dey met us on de Rio Grandy,
We showed 'em Yankee Doodle Dandy,
But when brave Taylor cross de line
He'll make 'em snort like a steam bullgine.
Chorus

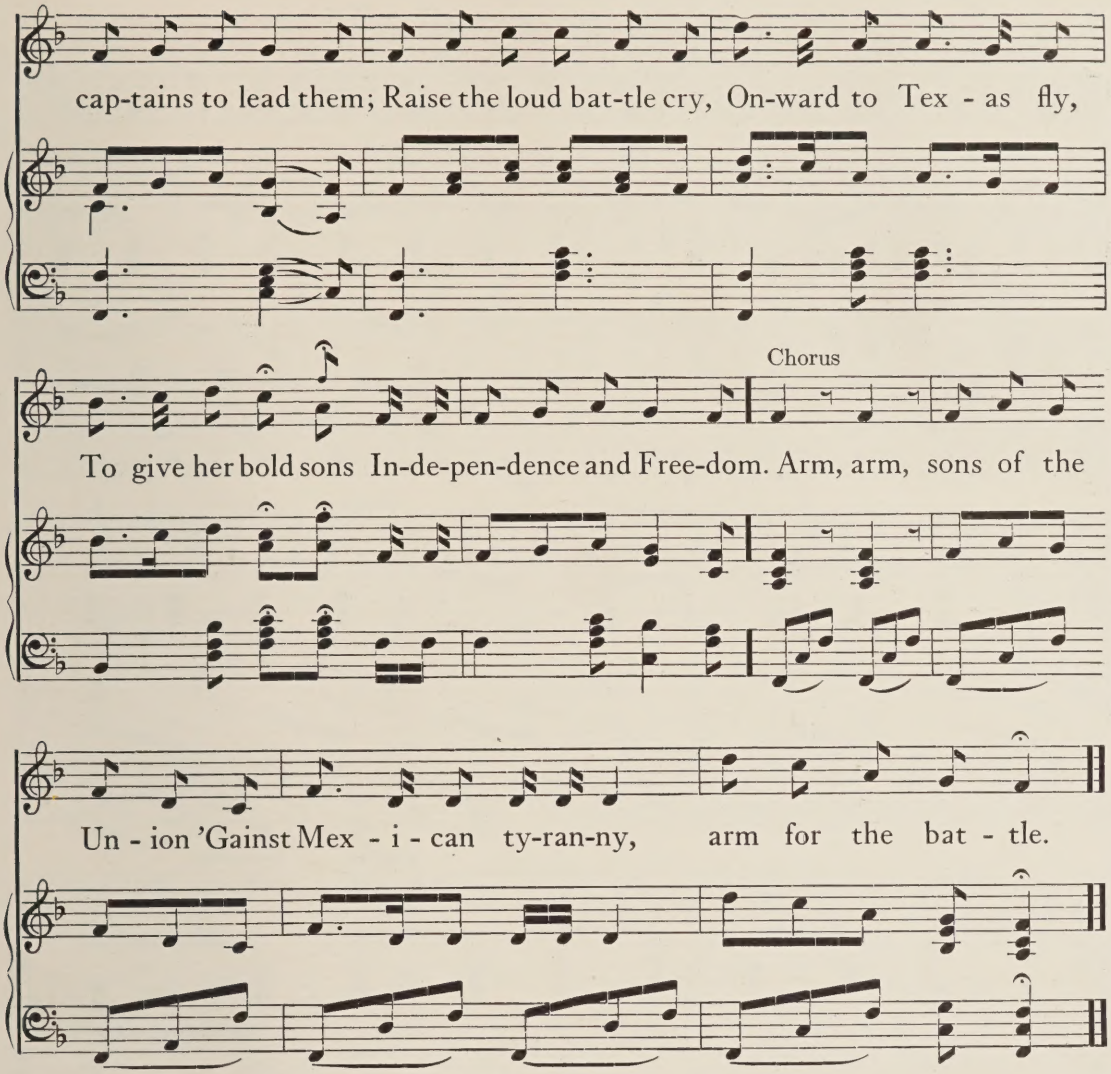
Little Texas when quite in her 'teens
Did give 'em a dose of lead and beans,
An' now old Sammy is called out,
Dey'll catch salt-petre sour crout.
Chorus

Since Texas cut off Sant' Anna's peg,
We'll *Amputate* Ampudia's leg,
An' so his carcass de air don't spoil,
We'll boil it in his own hot oil.
Chorus

THE UNION CALL

Tune: All the Blue Bonnets Are Over the Border


Moderato
mf
Arm, arm, sons of the Un - ion, 'Gainst
Mex - i - can ty-ran-ny, arm for the bat - tle; Arm, arm, in
gal-lant com-mun-ion; The drums of the foe-men in - sul - ting-ly rat-tle; Their
sun ban-ner wav-ing, Our Tex - as star crav-ing; False na-tions send sol-diers and

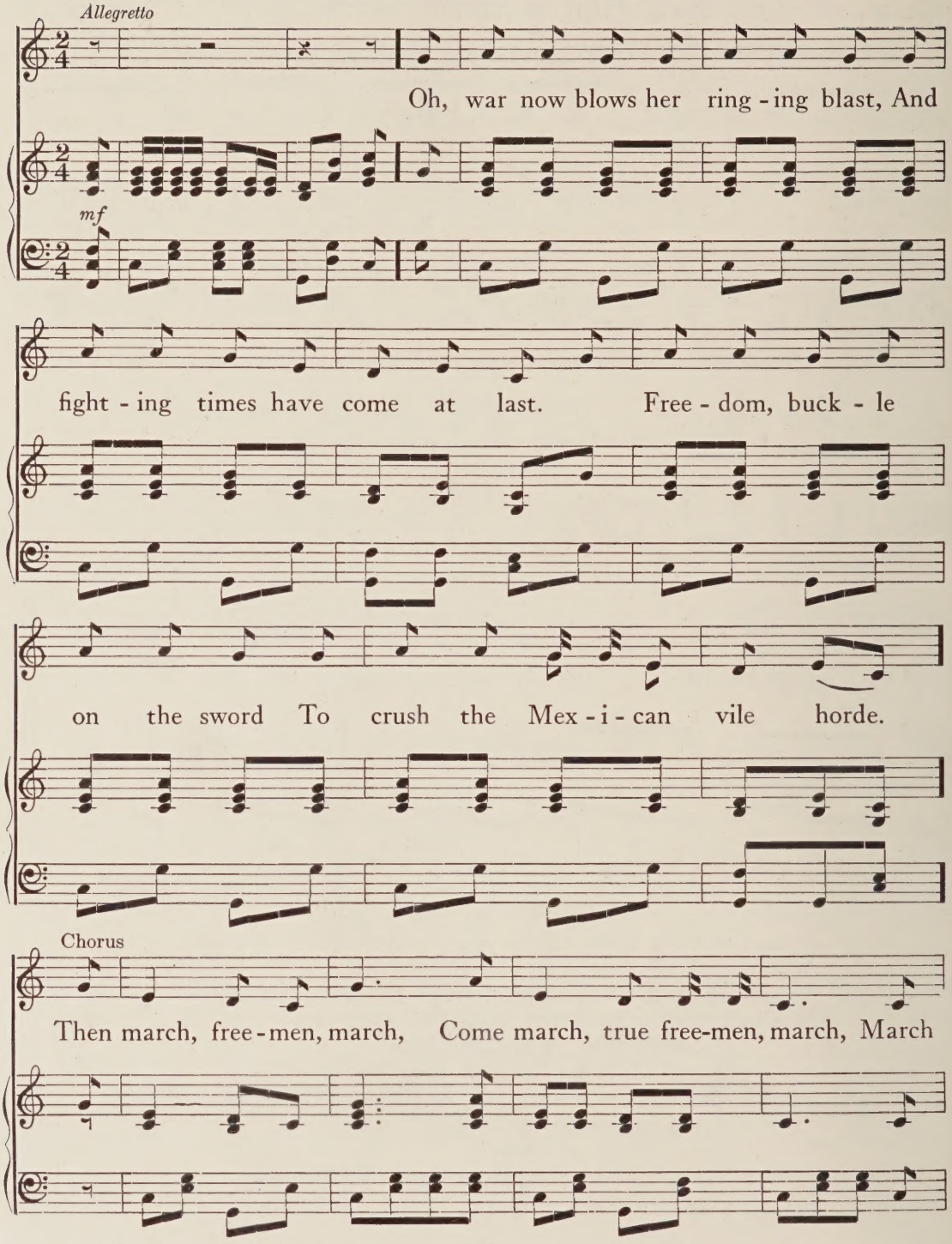

cap-tains to lead them; Raise the loud bat-tle cry, On-ward to Tex - as fly,
Chorus
To give her bold sons In-de-pen-dence and Free-dom. Arm, arm, sons of the
Un - ion 'Gainst Mex - i - can ty-ran-ny, arm for the bat - tle.

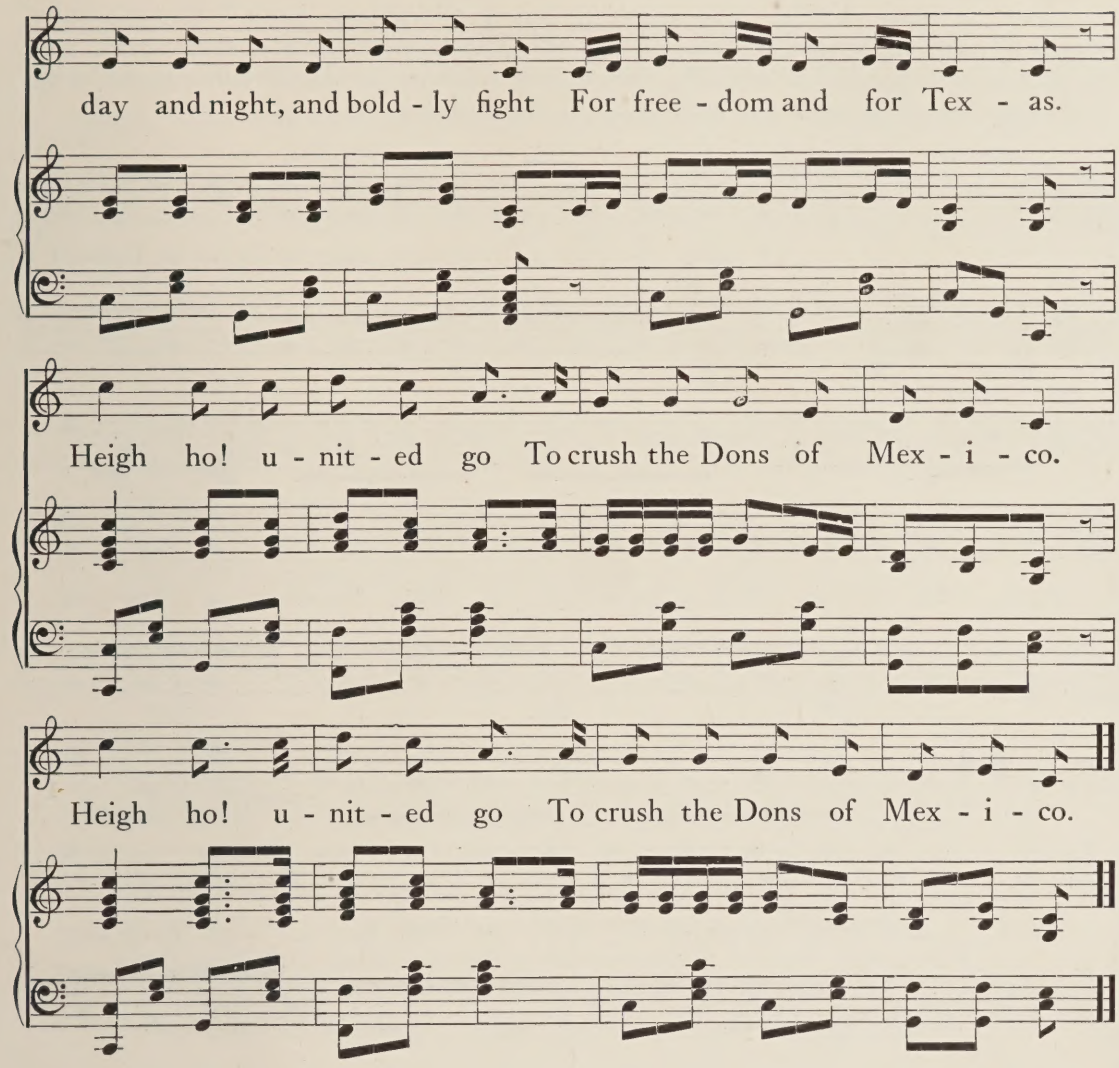
Awake in your halls where you freedom first courted,
And rush to the rescue by sea and by land;
Awake on your rocks where the eagle first sported
And drive every foe from a hold on your strand;
Up with your sword and gun,
Down with the Spanish sun;
Your bright stars will light you where ever you need them;
From Sabine to Santa Fee,
Shout death or liberty,
Till all Mexico wears the bright stars of freedom.

Chorus

THE BATTLE CALL

Tune: The Boatmen's Dance


Allegretto
Oh, war now blows her ring-ing blast, And
mf
fight-ing times have come at last. Free-dom, buck-le
on the sword To crush the Mex-i-can vile horde.
Chorus
Then march, free-men, march, Come march, true free-men, march, March


day and night, and bold - ly fight For free - dom and for Tex - as.
Heigh ho! u - nit - ed go To crush the Dons of Mex - i - co.
Heigh ho! u - nit - ed go To crush the Dons of Mex - i - co.

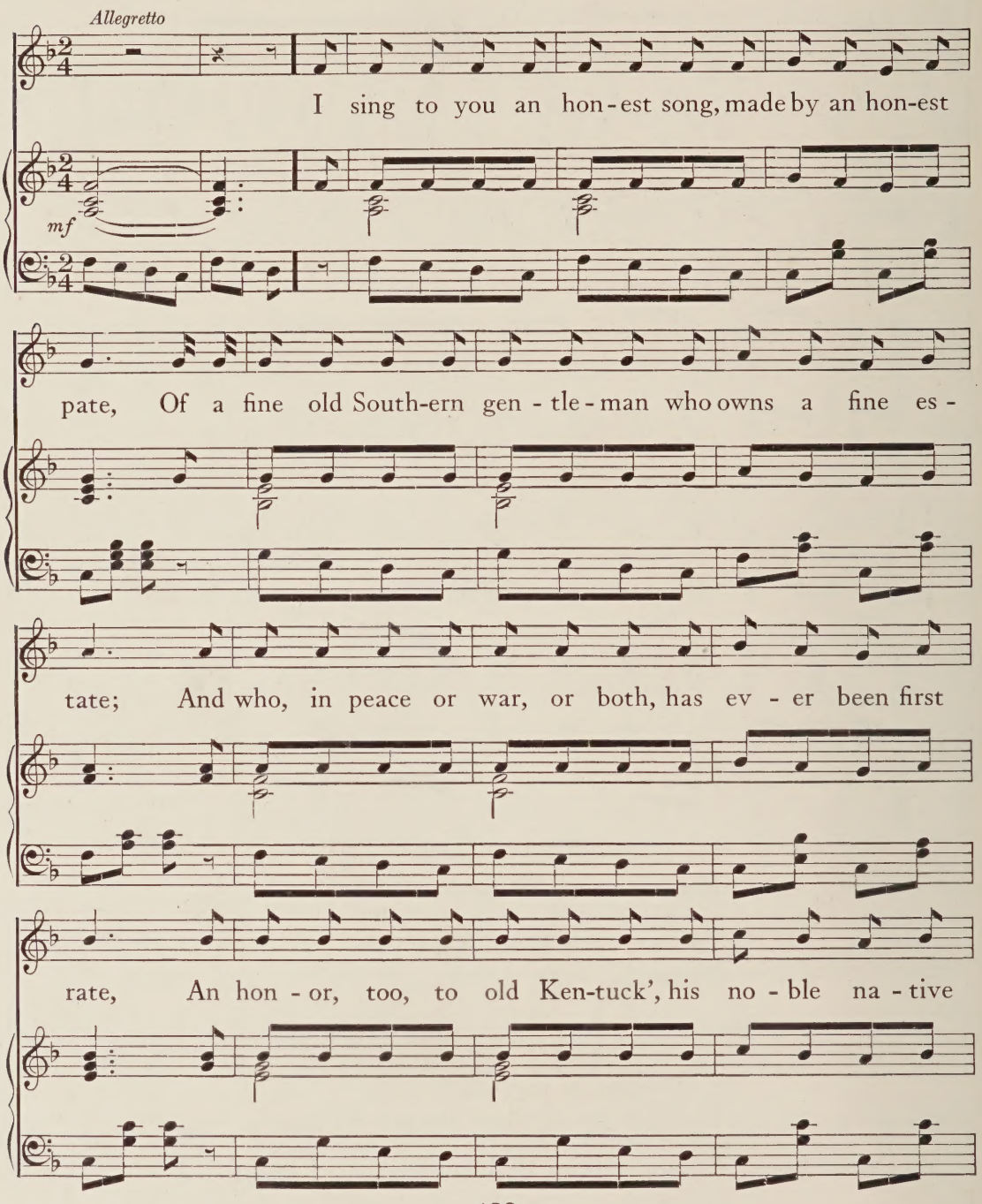
Let every state her might prepare,
The honors of the fight to share,
For every state can boast a son
Whose valor little Texas won.

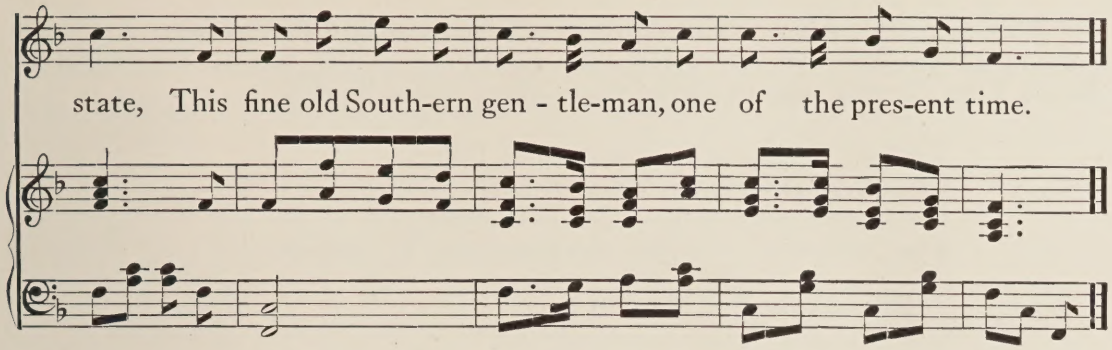
Chorus

Her little star makes twenty-eight,
Our sky-blue flag to decorate;
By Oregon its rays shall shine
To make the glorious *twenty-nine.*
Then march, etc.,
In spite of Bull and Mexico.

TAYLOR, THE FINE OLD SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

True enough, Taylor was anything but a "Broadway beau." He generally wore a pair of cotton trousers, an old brown coat, and a straw hat, and during an engagement he could be seen sitting sidewise on his old white horse, with both legs dangling from the same side of the saddle.


Allegretto
mf
I sing to you an hon-est song, made by an hon-est
pate, Of a fine old South-ern gen-tle-man who owns a fine es-
tate; And who, in peace or war, or both, has ev-er been first
rate, An hon-or, too, to old Ken-tuck', his no-ble na-tive



He isn't like your "nice young men"—your dandy Broadway beaux—
Who smell of Goraud's *"eau jasmine,"* and all other kinds of *eaux!*
And pinch, in true Parisian boots, the excruciated toes—
He never "cut a swell"—a *friend*—or ought but fighting foes,
This fine old Southern gentleman—one of the present time.

When of veterans old the blood ran cold at the savage Indians' yell,
"Old Zachary" stood 'midst death and blood, and earned his laurels well—
Nor was the voice of charity e'er driven from his heart,
Which still has been, 'mid every scene, fair mercy's counterpart.
He's a fine old Southern gentleman—one of the present time!

He never stood, in time of war, for holiday parade;
Or heeded all the technicals of some Generals of *Parade;*
He fought with gallant soldiers, who of hasty *"supes"* were made,
And proved that volunteers, with him, soon learned the fighting trade
Of the fine old Southern gentleman—one of the present time.

ZACHARY TAYLOR

This doggerel, which undoubtedly was composed by soldiers, gives a correct account of Taylor's operations from the beginning of the war to the battle of Buena Vista. It was sung to an old tune called "Billy Taylor."

Zachary Taylor was a brave old feller,
Brigadier-General, A, Number One,
He fought twenty thousand Mexicanoes;
Four thousand he killed, the rest they "cut and run."

Arista was the first that he gave "fits" to,
Just this side of the Rio Grand-ee;
Resaca de Palma and Palo Alto
Proved to the Mexicanoes they couldn't come to tea.

Matamoras he disturbed with American thunder.
He knocked their houses and soldiers down;
And when the inhabitants had knocked under
He struck up "Yankee Doodle" and marched into town.

Camargo was the place where he next went to;
The individuals there received him well;
They wheeled up their flour and their vegetables,
And other "fixin's" they had a mind to sell.

To Monterey then he turned his attention,
And ousted 'leven thousand, every mother's son;
When the Yankee nation came for to hear it,
They very much applauded what he had done.

To Saltillo town he introduced himself,
And marched right in and made himself at home,
Until he heard the valiant Santa Anna,
To that place he had a mind to come.

Twelve miles old Rough and Ready traveled out to meet him.
At Buena Vista Pass they had a bloody fight;
Santa Anna and his army had a touch of Yankee mettle
That showed them "the Elephant" just about right.

In the thickest of the fight old Zachary appeared,
The shot flew about him as hot as any hail,
And the only injury that he received there
Was a compound fracture of his brown coat tail.

Long live old Zachary and his brave army!
Three time three! Now give them a shout!
To punish all foes whenever they are "sassy,"
Yankee Volunteers are always about!

THE TEXAS WAR-CRY

The Texans must have been courageous singers as well as brave fighters. Several of their war songs were set to the difficult tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner," formerly known as "Anacreon in Heaven."

Up, Texians, rouse hill and vale with your cry;
No longer delay, for the bold foe advances.
The banners of Mexico tauntingly fly,
And the valleys are lit with the gleam of their lances;
With justice our shield,
Rush forth to the field,
And ne'er quit your posts till our foes fly or yield,
For the bright star of Texas shall never grow dim,
While her soil boasts a son to raise rifle or limb.

Rush forth to the lines, then, these hirelings to meet;
Our lives and our homes we will yield unto no man.
Death! death, on our free soil we'll willingly meet,
Ere our free temple's soiled by the feet of the foeman;
Grasp rifle and blade,
With hearts undismayed,
And swear by the temple brave Houston has made,
That the bright star of Texas shall never be dim,
While her soil boasts a son to raise rifle or limb.

THE DEATH OF CROCKETT

Tune: "The Star-Spangled Banner." The first stanza is a line too short for the tune.

To the memory of Crockett fill up to the brim!
The hunter, the hero, the bold Yankee yeoman!
Let the flowing oblation be poured forth to him,
Who ne'er turned his back on his friend or his foeman.
And grateful shall be
His fame to the free;
Fill! Fill! to the brave who for liberty bled—
May his name and his fame to the last—*Go ahead!*

THE DEATH OF CROCKETT

When the Mexican leaguered thy walls, Alamo!
'Twas Crockett looked down on the war-storm's commotion
And smiled, as by thousands the foe spread below,
And rolled o'er the plain like the waves of the ocean.
The Texans stood there—
Their flag fanned the air.
And their shot bade the foe try what freemen will dare.
What recked they tho' by thousands the prairie o'erspread?
The word of their leader was still—*"Go ahead!"*

They came! like the sea-cliffs that laugh at the flood
Stood that dread band of heroes the onslaught repelling;
Again! and again! yet undaunted they stood;
While Crockett's deep voice o'er the wild din was swelling.
"Go ahead!" was the cry.
"Let us conquer or die;
"And shame to the wretch, and the dastard who'd fly!"
And still, 'mid the battle-cloud, lurid and red,
Rang the hero's dread cry—*"Go ahead! Go ahead!"*

He fought, but no valor that horde could withstand;
He fell—but behold where the wan victor found him!
With a smile on his lips, and his rifle in hand,
He lay with his foemen heaped redly around him;
His heart poured its tide
In the cause of his pride;
A freeman he lived and a freeman he died;
For Liberty struggled, for Liberty bled—
May his name and his fame to the last—*Go ahead!*

Then fill up to Crockett—fill up to the brim!
The hunter, the hero, the bold Yankee yeoman!
Let the flowing oblation be poured forth to him
Who ne'er turned his back on his friend or his foeman!
And grateful shall be
His fame to the free,
For a bolder or better they never shall see.
Fill! fill! to the brave who for Liberty bled—
May his name and his fame to the last—*Go ahead!*

UNCLE SAM TO TEXAS

The reference to Johnny Bull in this and other songs of the Mexican War recalls the fact that England was not very friendly to the United States at this time. She wanted Oregon, and was jealous of any westward expansion by the United States. In fact, Polk had been elected on the issue of "annexation of Texas and fifty-four forty or fight."

Walk in my tall-haired Indian gal,
Your hand, my star-eyed Texas;
You're welcome to our White House hall,
Tho' Mexy's hounds would vex us;
Come on and take some Johnny-cake,
With 'lasses snug and coodle,
For that and Independence make
A full-blood Yankee Doodle.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle is the word,
Surpassin' all creation,
With the pipe or with the sword,
It makes us love our nation.

My overseer, young Jimmy Polk,
Shall show you all my nieces,
And then the cabinet we'll smoke
Until our eagle sneezes;
If Johnny Bull's fat greedy boys
About our union grumble,
I'll kick up sich a tarnal noise
'Twill make 'em feel quite humble.
Chorus

If Mexy, backed by secret foes,
Still talks of taking you, gal,
Why, we can lick 'em all, you know,
An' then annex 'em too, gal;
For Freedom's great millennium
Is working airth's salvation,
Her sassy kingdom soon will come,
Annexin' all creation.
Chorus

WE'RE THE BOYS FOR MEXICO

Tune: "Yankee Doodle"

Who said anything about Liberty and Freedom? We'll leave that for the Corps of Editors.

The Mexicans are doomed to fall,
God has in wrath forsook 'em,
And all their goods and chattels call
On us to go and hook 'em.

Chorus

We're the boys for Mexico,
Sing Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Gold and silver images,
Plentiful and handy.

Churches grand, with altars rich,
Saints with diamond collars,
(That's the talk to understand)
With lots of bright new dollars.

Chorus

The Mexicans have cut up high,
And we have let 'em do it,
Till they have got our "dander riz"
And now they'll have to rue it.

Chorus

We have a Corps of Editors,
Each with a mighty bellows,
To strike a mortal terror in
Them tarnal Spanish fellows.

Chorus

And when we've laid aside our arms,
With nothing more to vex us,
We'll vote ourselves extensive farms,
Each one as big as Texas.

Chorus

And when our flag has been upheld,
And crushed lies each presumer,
We'll open "free and easy's" in
The Halls of *Montezumer.*

Chorus

MY DADDY TO MY MAMMY SAID

This "Yankee Doodle" must have been a real "wow" in some burlesque show.

My daddy to my mammy said,
"Do marry me, my dear miss."
My mammy, blushing, hung her head
And softly sighed, "Oh yes!"
My daddy loved his backer pipe,
My mother loved her poodle,
Till I appeared a cherry ripe,
Dear little Yankee Doodle.

My beauty was so great and grand,
To kiss me each would squeeze;
My mouth was like a haystack,
And my lips like buttered peas.
When breeched, at length, ye gods! how fine!
'Tis true or I'm a noodle,
They called me then the genuine
Right charming Yankee Doodle.

The most correctest possibly
Of hofficers I am;
Lauks, how the gals all laughs at I,
And how I laughs at 'em!
But 'tis my beauty makes of all
The most completest noodle,
They loves me long, short, large, and small,
The dashing Yankee Doodle.

A captain Millintary deck't,
Take heed, ye lovely friskers,
For very soon I does expect
To vear a pair of viskers;
But vith a tear I now departs;
Don't think vot I'm a noodle;
If I stays here you'll lose your hearts,
Aye, all to Yankee Doodle.

LOVE AND BATTLE

"Yankee Doodle" has served as the tune for many kinds of songs, but this is believed to be the only instance of its use for a love-song.

A soldier wooed a peerless maid,
Soft love his bosom swelling,
And as they on the mountain strayed,
His tender tale was telling;
When, across the distant vale
They heard the war drums rattle.
The trump far-sounding in the gale
Called him from love to battle.

The soldier looked a long adieu,
His breast with ardor glowing,
And she with sobs sad, soft, and true,
Beheld her lover going.
"Fare thee well," the soldier cried,
"Again the war drums rattle."
A fervent prayer to Heaven she sighed
To bring him back from battle.

The soldier fell among the slain
Upon the bed of glory;
And, from another favored swain
She heard the fatal story.
"I thought," said she, "'twould be his last
When I heard the war drums rattle;
Had he stayed here he'd not been shot,
So never go to battle."

NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS' CAMP SONG

This was sung to the tune of an "old ballad" which is now forgotten.

Our rifles are ready and ready are we,
Neither fear, care, nor sorrow in this company;
Our rifles are ready to welcome the foe,
So onward, brave soldiers, to battle we go
For Texas, the land where the bright rising star
Leads to beauty in peace and glory in war.

With aim never erring we strike down the deer;
We chill the false heart of the red man with fear;
The blood of the Saxon flows full in the veins
Of the lads who will lord over Mexico's plains.
O'er the plains where the breeze from the south woos the flowers,
As we press those we love in their sweet summer bowers.

One pledge to our loves—when the battle is done
They shall share the broad lands that our rifles have won.
No tear on their cheeks should we sleep with the dead;
There are rovers to follow who will still go ahead,
Who will still go ahead with the bright rising star
That leads to beauty in peace, or glory in war.

POINT ISABEL CHANT

Point Isabel, just north of the mouth of the Rio Grande, was the port of debarkation for Taylor's army after hostilities commenced. Troops and supplies were shipped by boat from New Orleans and concentrated there.

Our warrior hearts for battle burn, Hurrah!
Our thoughts to glory now we turn, Hurrah!
Farewell to home and all its charms,
We break from love's entwining arms.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Behold the enemy appears, Hurrah!
The din of battle fills our ears,
The bugles ring, the banners wave,
Each warrior grasps his shining blade.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

But not for fame, but not for gold, Hurrah!
The battle flag we unfold, Hurrah!
United in a holy band,
For God, and for our native land.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

WITH THESE WE'LL BIVOUAC

(*Tune and Origin Unknown*)

He who wears a regimental suit,
Oft is poor as is some raw recruit,
But what of that!
Girls will follow when they hear the drum,
To view the tassel and the waving plume
That deck his hat!
Oh! he will sing when he's not on duty,
Smoke his cigars, or flirt with some gay beauty.
Oh, *vive l'amour,* cigars, and cognac,
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra! with these we'll bivouac.

Chorus

Oh, *vive l'amour,* cigars, and cognac,
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra! with these we'll bivouac.

When we march into a country town,
Prudes may fly from us and dames may frown.
All that's absurd!
When we march away we leave behind
Prudes and dames that have been vastly kind.
Pray take my word!
Off, off we go and tell them we're on duty,
Smoke a cigar, and seek for some new beauty.
Oh, *vive l'amour,* cigars, and cognac,
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra! with these we'll bivouac.

FEMALE VOLUNTEER FOR MEXICO

"The Dashing White Sergeant" furnished the tune and verse form for this song. Originally it was "The Female Volunteer for Texas," but after the United States declared war the word "Mexico" was substituted for "Texas." The complete piano score and history of "The Dashing White Sergeant" will be found in the West Point section of this book.

Oh! had I a beau,
Who for Mexico would go,
Do you think I'd say no?
No, no, not I.
When his rifle I saw,
Not a sigh would I draw,
But I'll give him éclat for his bravery.
If a band of young patriots should come in my way,
A volunteer for Mexico I'd march away.

When the field I am on,
Do you think I would mourn,
Or wish to return?
No, no, not I.
With freedom I'd burn,
All fear would I scorn,
Till Mexico was crowned with liberty!
If a band of young patriots should come in my way,
A volunteer for Mexico I'd march away.

Then arouse, man and maid,
Fair Mexico to aid,
Grasp rifle and blade,
And never fly.
Till freedom again
Shall smile on her plain
Your life's blood drain for victory.
If a band of young patriots should come in my way,
A volunteer for Mexico I'd march away.

VI. From the Wabash to the Everglades

The average person thinks of the War of 1812 as our only period of military activity between the Revolution and the Mexican War. Yet there was almost constant fighting with the Indians of the old Northwest Territory from the close of the Revolution until after the War of 1812; and after 1815 the Seminoles in Florida kept our troops busy for many years. In order to make this anthology of soldier songs as complete as possible, I have included here a few stanzas from songs that were sung by our Indian-fighters before the War of 1812, as well as a couple of songs that were used during the Florida war.

The earliest of these songs deals with St. Clair's terrible defeat by the Indians in 1791. With two thousand regulars and militia St. Clair had set out to establish a strong military post on the present site of Fort Wayne, Indiana. He had penetrated the wilderness as far as the banks of the chief tributary of the Wabash when, early on the morning of November 4, two thousand Indians led by Chief Little Turtle and the renegade British agent, Girty, surprised him and massacred half his men and all his artillery officers. Here is a stanza of the song, which was called "Sinclair's Defeat." It was written by a soldier in his army and was sung for many years afterward.

To mention our brave officers is what I write to do;
No sons of Mars e'er fought more brave, or with more courage true.
To Captain Bradfort I belonged, in his artillery;
He fell that day among the slain—a valiant man was he.

Another song which was very popular for a long time in the West commemorates Harrison's famous victory at Tippecanoe over the Indians led by the fanatical Prophet. This stanza is taken from "McCarty's National Song-book":

Harrison, a commander of great renown,
Led on our troops near by the Prophet's town;
After evils o'ercome and obstructions past,
Near this savage town they encamped at last.

Seven other stanzas of solemn doggerel complete the story.

In January, 1812, the terrible massacre of the captured and wounded took place at the river Raisin. The whisky-crazed Indians took their victims' scalps to Fort Malden, where Proctor praised their "bravery" and paid them. This so infuriated the Kentuckians, many of whom had lost kinsmen at the Raisin, that they were filled with an almost savage desire for revenge. In Harrison's expedition against Fort Malden in September, 1813, "Remember the Raisin" was the battle-cry, and around their camp-fires the Kentuckians sang songs that recounted the cruelties of Proctor and his Indians. Here is a stanza and the chorus from one of them:

Freemen! No longer bear such slaughters;
Avenge your country's cruel woe;
Arouse, and save your wives and daughters!
Arouse, and smite the faithless foe!

Chorus

Scalps are bought at stated prices;
Malden pays the price in gold.

During the operations along the frontier in the early part of the War of 1812, the Canadians had a song called "The Noble Lads of Canada," one stanza of which was as follows:

Oh! now the time has come my boys, to cross the Yankee line!
We'll remember they were rebels once, and conquered John Burgoyne;
We'll subdue those mighty Democrats, and pull their houses down,
And we'll have the states inhabited with subjects of the crown.

In general, the War of 1812 does not seem to have produced many soldier songs. In the first place, since it was a war of sea victories and land reverses, most of the songs that were popular enough to survive were naval. In the second place, the army didn't have a great deal to boast about until toward the end of the war; consequently, several songs of military achievement, such as "Yankee Volunteers" and "The Hunters of Kentucky," appeared after the war was over and were not actually sung by troops until they were adopted by volunteers during the Mexican War.

However, the War of 1812 produced one genuine soldier song that will live as long as the republic. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written by a volunteer soldier during the bombardment of Fort Henry. Among the first to sing it were the men of the Pennsylvania Militia who were camped near Baltimore.

At the end of this section will be found two songs that were sung during the Florida war. Another song that was very popular with the Second Dragoons during this period was "How Stands the Glass Around," the text and music of which will be found in the Revolutionary War section of this book.

That our national anthem is a genuine soldier song, and that Bacchus not only furnished the tune for it but also may have started the chain of events that led to its being written, are some of the interesting things one finds in a report made by the chief of the music division, Library of Congress, in 1910.

It is common knowledge that Francis Scott Key wrote the song while he was detained with the British fleet during the bombardment of Fort Henry, but the reason for his presence with the British is not so generally known. Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, writing in Dawson's Historical Magazine in 1861, states that her great uncle, Doctor Beanes of Upper Marlborough, who had previously been very hospitable to wounded British officers, was celebrating with copious libations of good punch a rumored British defeat at Washington, when three weary, dusty British soldiers appeared and asked for water. The doctor and his friends, being rather exhilarated, made the soldiers prisoners of war. When the British authorities learned of this they seized the doctor and imprisoned him on their fleet.

Soon thereafter Key, a lawyer who was serving as a volunteer in Major Peter's Light Artillery, secured permission in Washington to visit the British fleet under a flag of truce and to try to secure the doctor's release. After great difficulty he succeeded in having the doctor released, but both were detained with the British until after the attack on Fort Henry.

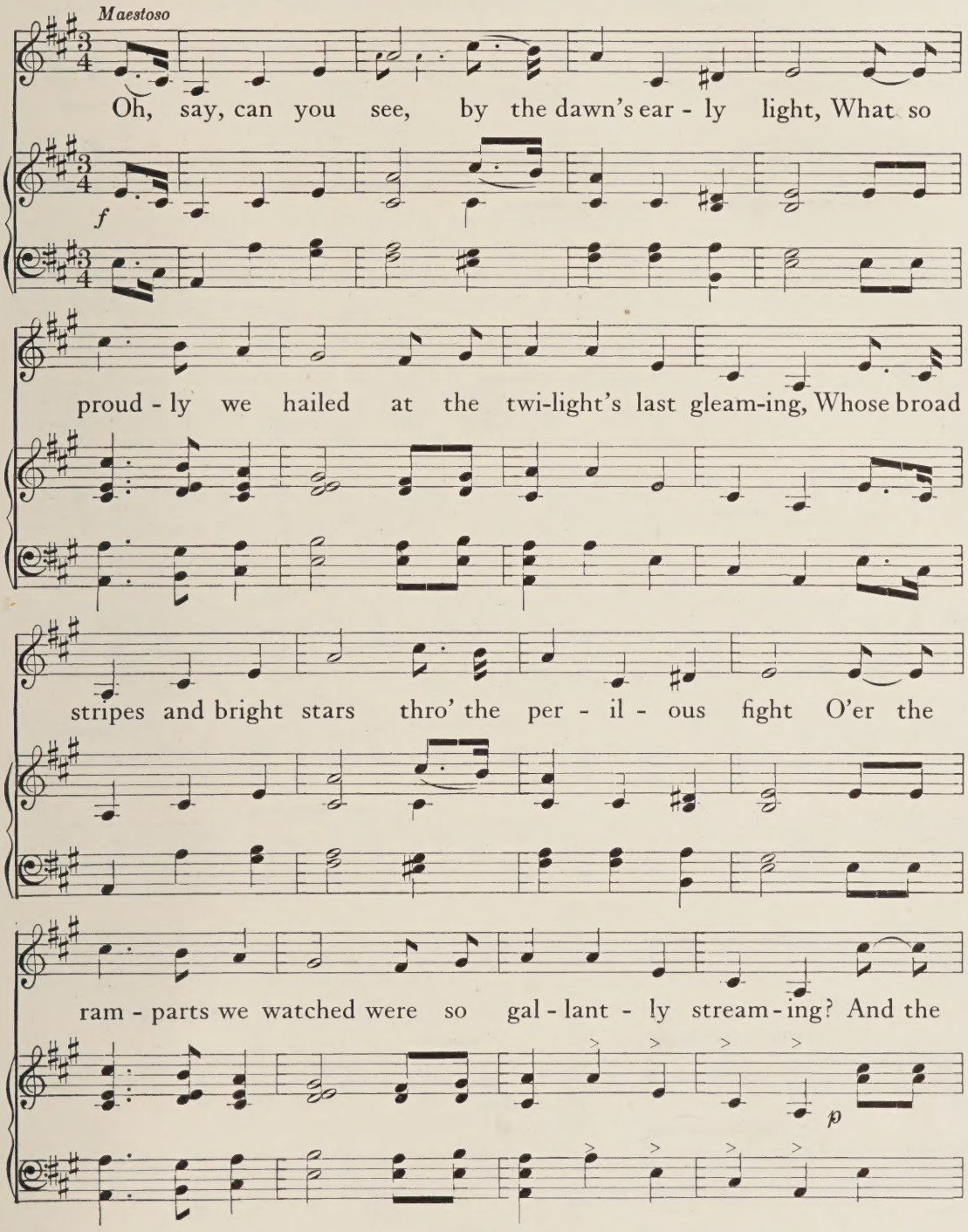
During the night bombardment they anxiously watched the falling shells, and when the firing suddenly ceased they feared that the fort had fallen. They paced the deck anxiously, and as day slowly dawned they were overjoyed to discern the stars and stripes still floating above Fort Henry. Under the excitement and joy of the moment, Key jotted down on the back of an envelope the lines that were eventually to become our national anthem. As soon as he reached Baltimore he took a copy of the song to his friend Judge Nicholson, who had handbill copies printed and distributed at once.

There are many stories concerning the manner in which the words of the song became wedded to the tune of the old English drinking song "Anacreon in Heaven," but the truth probably is that Key intended them to be sung to that tune. "Anacreon in Heaven" was a very popular air of the day and had been used for several patriotic songs. "Key," says one writer, "could not have escaped it." Furthermore, the meter and verse form of "The Star-Spangled Banner" are almost identical with that of "Anacreon in Heaven," as a comparison with the following stanza from that song will show:

To Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of Harmony sent a petition
That he their inspirer and patron would be,
When this answer arrived from the jolly old Grecian:
"Voice, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute,
I'll lend ye my name and inspire ye to boot;
And besides, I'll instruct you, like me, to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

But, regardless of how the tune and words happened to be joined, the union was a happy one. Although it was not until the Civil War that the song became

nationally prominent, it was very popular in Baltimore and was widely sung in the various militia organizations encamped near the city.


Maestoso
Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
f
proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing, Whose broad
stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight O'er the
ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the
p

rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
Chorus
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh,
f
say, does that star - span-gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the
land of the free and the home of the brave?
ff
rit.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

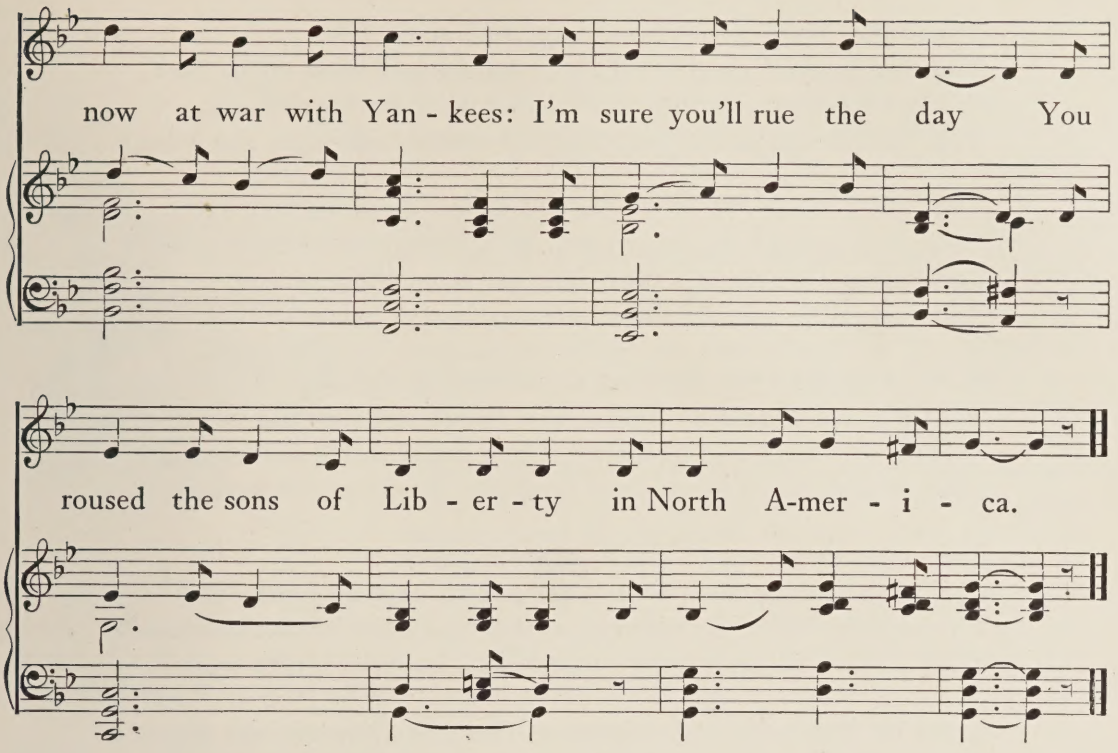
And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation,
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND

Naval songs were far more plentiful than soldier songs in the War of 1812. This song, which some writers think may have originated in the forecastle, "where poets are not exigent in the matter of rhyme," is given here not only because it is a good example of the numerous naval songs of the day, but also because it was extremely popular with everyone, including the militia. Some early versions do not contain the stanzas which refer to Indian allies and claims in Canada. These were probably added later.

Moderato
You Par - lia-ment of Eng - land, you
p
mf
Lords and Com - mons, too, Con - sid - er well what
you're a - bout, and what you mean to do; You're



You first confined our commerce: you said our ships shan't trade,
You then impressed our seamen, and used them as your slaves;
You then insulted Rodgers, while cruising on the main,
And had we not declared war, you'd done it o'er again.

You thought our frigates were but few, and Yankees could not fight,
Until bold Hull the Guerrière took, and banished her from sight.
The Wasp next took your Frolic—you nothing said to that:
The Poictiers being off the coast, of course you took her back.

Next your Macedonian, no finer ship could swim,
Decatur took her gilt-work off, and then he took her in.
The Java by a Yankee ship was sunk, you all must know;
The Peacock, in all her pride, by Lawrence down did go.

Then you sent your Boxer to beat us all about,
We had an Enterprising brig that beat the Boxer out;
Then boxed her up to Portland, and moored her off the town,
To show the sons of Liberty this Boxer of renown.

Then upon Lake Erie brave Perry had some fun:
You own he beat your naval force and caused them all to run;
While Chauncey on Ontario, the like ne'er known before,
Your British squadron beat complete—some took, some run ashore.

Then your brave Indian allies, you called them by that name,
Until they turned the tomahawk, they savages became;
Your mean insinuations they despised from their souls,
And joined the sons of Liberty that scorn to be controlled.

Now remember, you Britons, far distant is the day
That e'er you'll gain by British force your lost America;
Go tell your king and parliament, by all the world it's known,
That British force by sea and land's by Yankees overthrown.

Usé every endeavor to try to cause a peace,
For Yankee ships are building fast, their navy to increase.
They will enforce their commerce: their laws by Heaven were made,
That Yankee ships, in time of peace, to any port might trade.

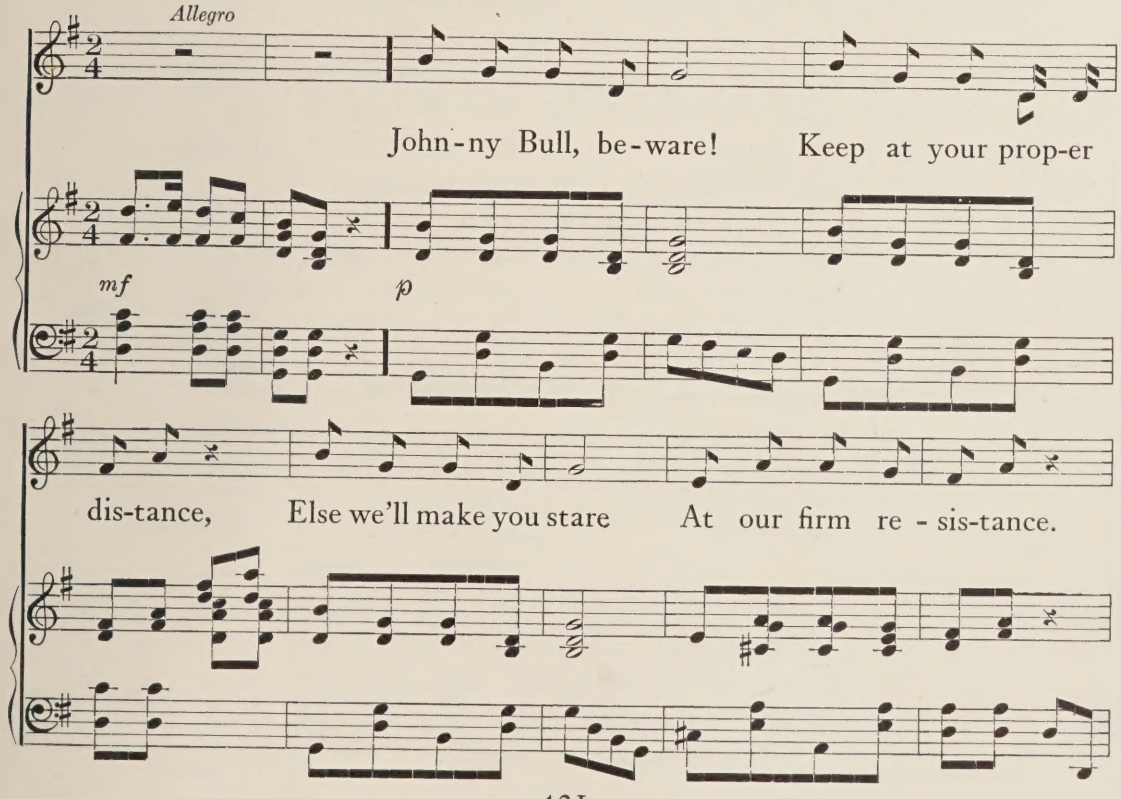
Grant us free trade and commerce, don't you impress our men;
Give up all claims to Canada, then we'll make peace again.
Then, England, we'll respect you, and treat you as a friend;
Respect our flag and citizens, then all these wars will end.

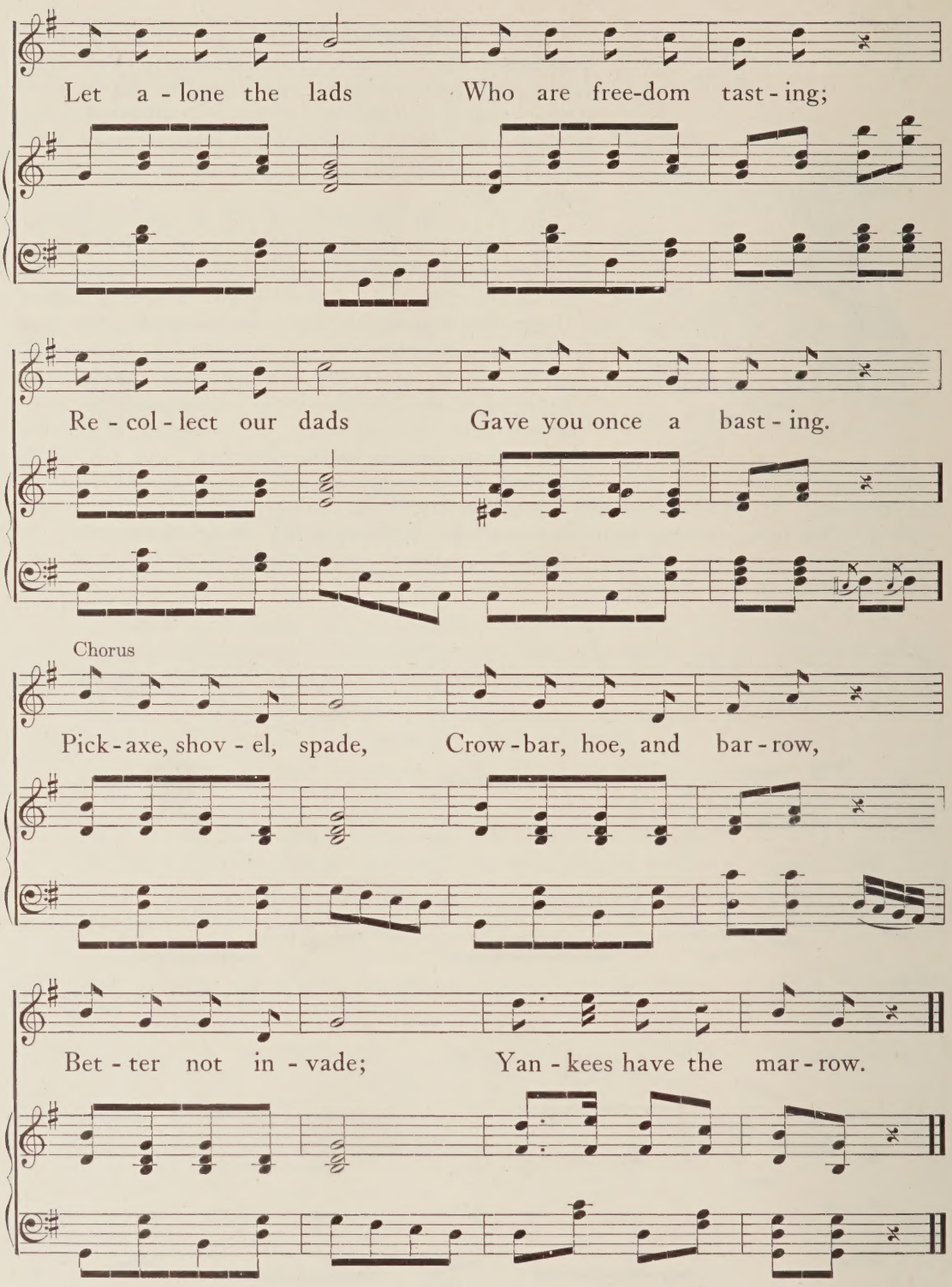
Our Rodgers, in the President, will burn, sink, and destroy,
The Congress, on the Brazil coast, your commerce will annoy.
The Essex, in the South Sea, will put out all your lights,
The flag she wears at mast-head is "Free trade, and sailors' rights."

PATRIOTIC DIGGERS

"For the honor of the cause we are engaged in, freemen to live or die, it is hoped that every man will retire sober." Thus read one of the general orders that governed the group of volunteer fortification builders in Philadelphia, who inspired Samuel Woodworth to write this curious, but widely sung, ballad.

In 1814 the presence of the British in Chesapeake Bay so aroused the people of Philadelphia that numerous militia companies were raised and various fortifications were begun. A committee of defense was appointed, defenses were laid out, and "patriotic diggers" from every trade and profession marched out every day to help build them. "Arriving at the fortifications," says an old account, "the citizens, having been . . . divided into companies, were put to work. At ten o'clock the drum beat for 'grog,' when liquor . . . was dealt out by the captain. At twelve o'clock the drum beat for dinner and more grog was served. This was also the case at three and at five o'clock in the afternoon. At six the drum beat the retreat," and the general order concerning sobriety was read. Perhaps it was needed.




Let a - lone the lads Who are free-dom tast - ing;
Re - col - lect our dads Gave you once a bast - ing.
Chorus
Pick - axe, shov - el, spade, Crow - bar, hoe, and bar - row,
Bet - ter not in - vade; Yan - kees have the mar - row.

PATRIOTIC DIGGERS

To protect our rights 'gainst your flints and triggers,
See on yonder heights our patriotic diggers.
Men of every age, color, rank, profession,
Ardently engaged, labor in succession.
Chorus

Grandeur leaves her towers, poverty her hovel,
Here to join their powers with the hoe and shovel;
Here the Merchant toils with the patriotic Sawyer,
There the Laborer smiles, near him sweats the Lawyer.
Chorus

Here the Mason builds freedom's shrine of glory,
While the Painter gilds the immortal story;
Blacksmiths catch the flame, Grocers feel the spirit.
Printers! Share the fame and record their merit.
Chorus

Scholars leave their schools with their patriotic Teachers,
Farmers seize their tools, headed by their Preachers.
How they break the soil; Brewers, Butchers, Bakers;
Here the Doctors toil, there the Undertakers.
Chorus

Bright Apollo's sons leave their pipe and tabor,
Mid the roar of guns, join the martial labor;
Round the embattled plain in sweet concord rally,
And in Freedom's strain sing the foe's finale.
Chorus

Plumbers, Founders, Dyers, Tinmen, Turners, Shavers,
Sweepers, Clerks, and Criers, Jewelers, Engravers,
Clothiers, Drapers, Players, Cartmen, Hatters, Tailors,
Gaugers, Sealers, Weighers, Carpenters, and Sailors
Chorus

Better not invade; recollect the spirit
Which our dads displayed and their sons inherit;
If you still advance, friendly caution slighting,
You may get by chance a bellyful of fighting.
Chorus

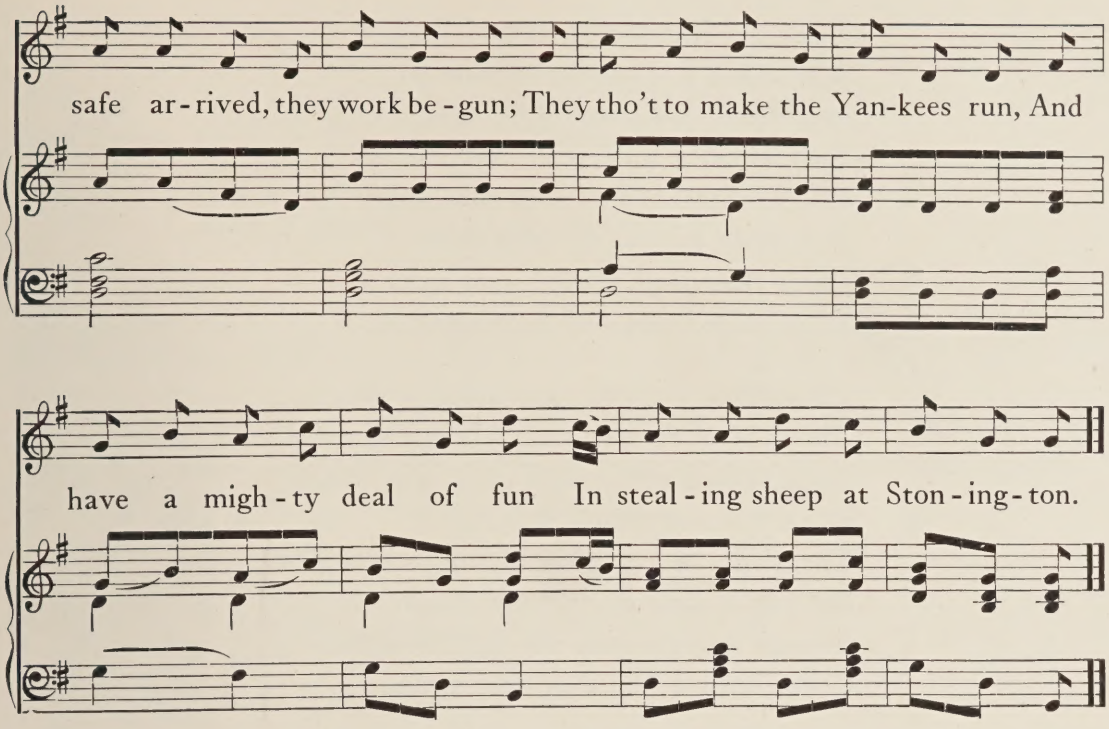
THE BATTLE OF STONINGTON

On the 9th of August, 1814, a British squadron under Commodore Hardy appeared off Stonington, Connecticut, and instructed the town authorities to have the place vacated, as it would be destroyed in an hour. The selectmen replied that they would defend the town to the last extremity and perish in its ruins.

The British soon began a terrific bombardment, but militia and unorganized volunteers soon flocked to Stonington and handled its few old cannon so well that, after three days, the British withdrew. Although the British had poured fifty tons of shot into the town, only one man was mortally wounded. The British had twenty killed and fifty wounded and were greatly mortified by their failure to destroy the place.

The following popular ballad was written by Philip Freneau, the "bard of the Revolution."

Allegretto
Three gal - lant ships from Eng-land came,
mf
p
Freight - ed deep with fire and flame, And oth - er things we
need not name, To have a dash at Ston - ing - ton. Now


safe ar-rived, they work be-gun; They tho't to make the Yan-kees run, And
have a migh-ty deal of fun In steal-ing sheep at Ston-ing-ton.

A Yankee then popped up his head,
And Parson Jones our sarmon read,
In which our Reverend Doctor said
That they must fight for Stonington.
Their ships advancing several ways,
The Britons soon began to blaze,
Which put old Williams in amaze,
Who feared the loss of Stonington.

The Ramilies first began the attack,
And Nimrod made a mighty crack,
And none can tell what kept them back
From setting fire to Stonington.
Their bombs were thrown, their rockets flew,
And not a man of all their crew,
Though every man stood full in view,
Could kill a man of Stonington.

Their old razee, with red-hot ball,
Soon made a farmer's barrack fall,
And did a cow-house sadly maul,
That stood a mile from Stonington.
We Yankees to our fort repaired,
And made as how we little cared
About their shot, though very hard
They blazed away at Stonington.

They killed a goose, they killed a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen;
They dashed away—and pray, what then?
That was not taking Stonington.
The shells were thrown, the rockets flew,
But not a shell of all they threw,
Though every house was in full view,
Could burn a house in Stonington.

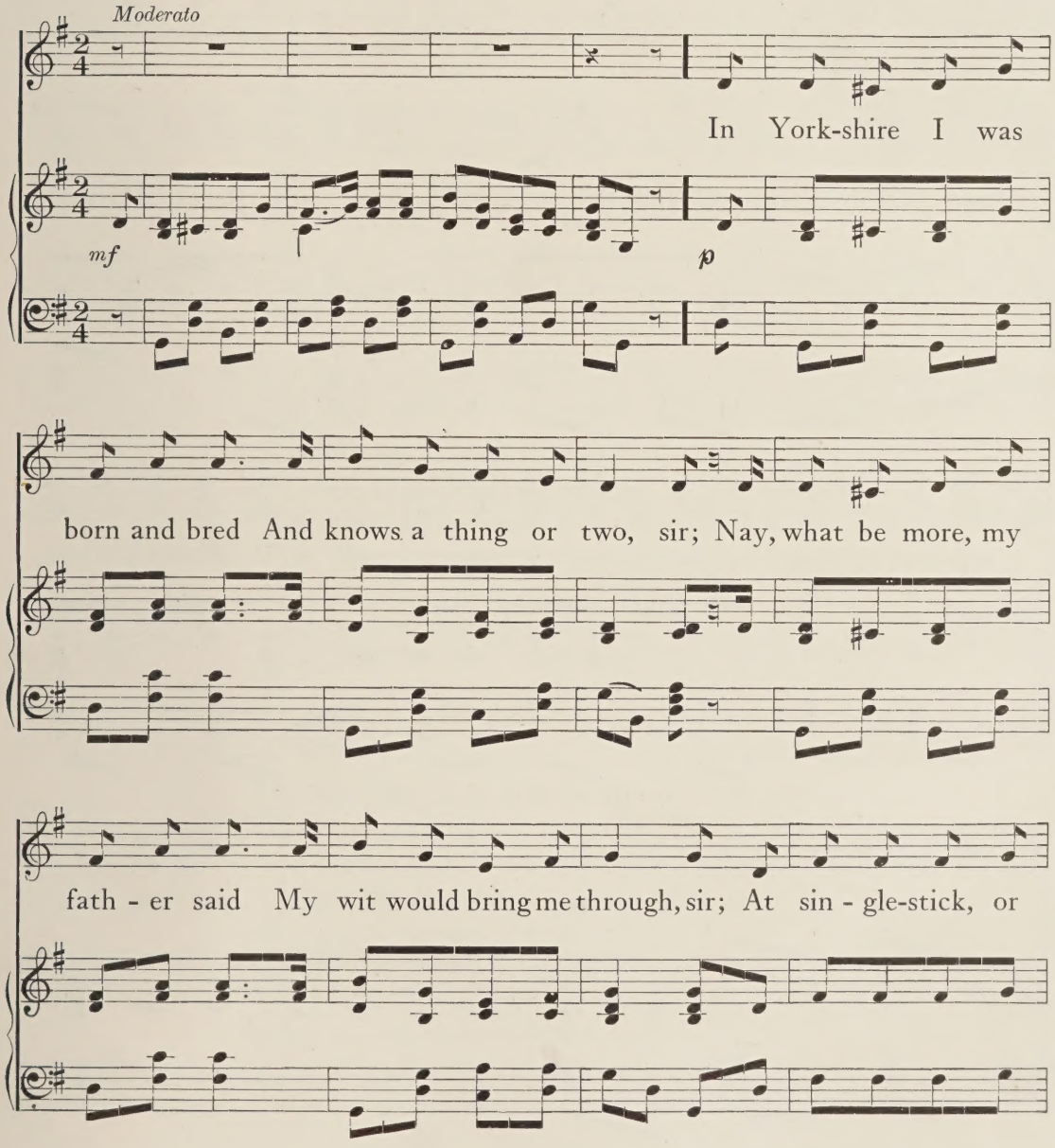
To have a turn we thought but fair.
We Yankees brought two guns to bear,
And, sir, it would have made you stare
To have seen the smoke at Stonington.
We bored the Nimrod through and through,
And killed and mangled half her crew,
When, riddled, crippled, she withdrew
And cursed the boys of Stonington.

The Ramilies then gave up the fray,
And with her comrades sneaked away;
Such was the valor on that day
Of British tars at Stonington.
Now, some assart on sartin grounds,
Beside their damage and their wounds,
It cost the king ten thousand pounds
To have a fling at Stonington.

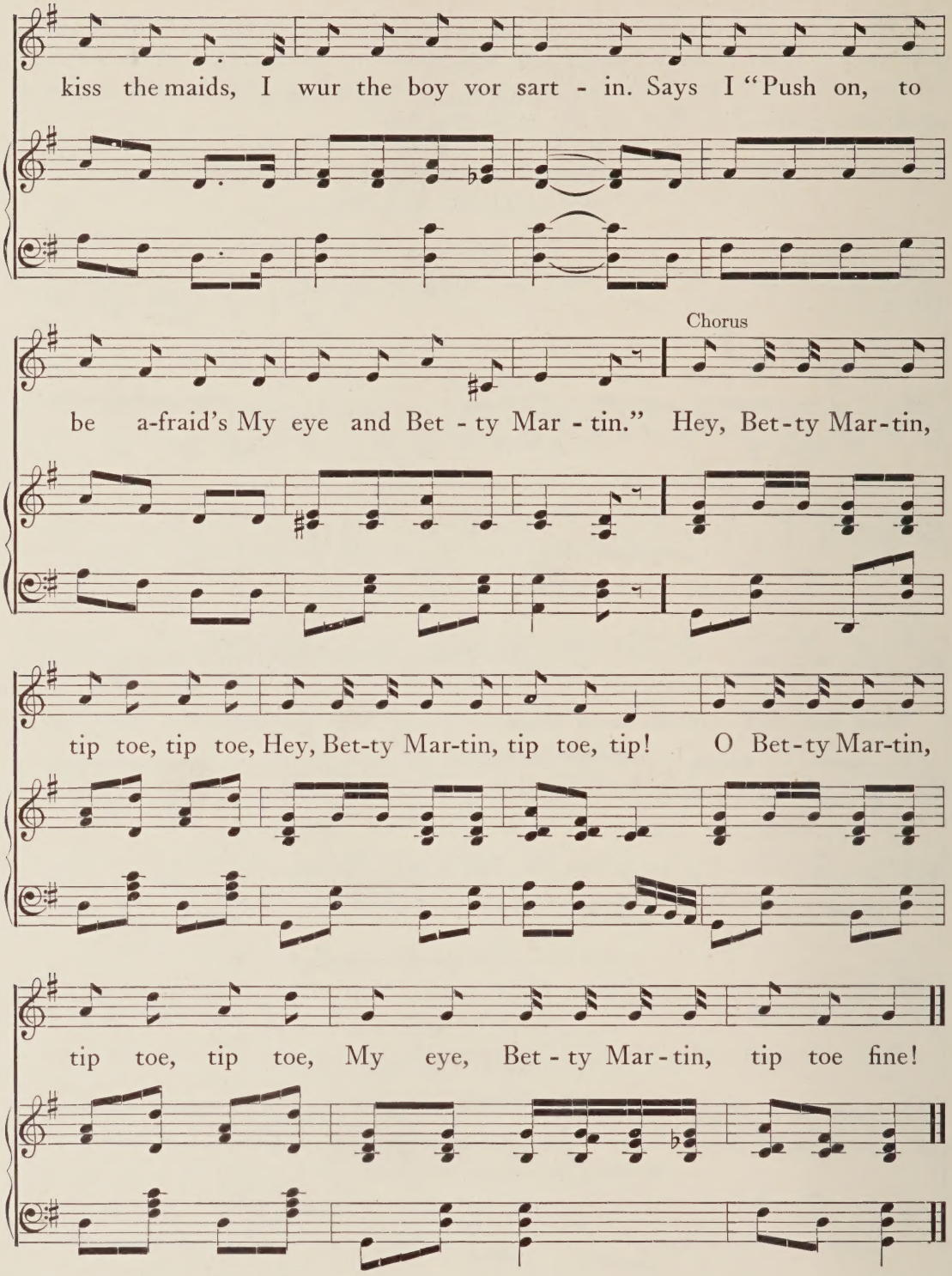
HEY, BETTY MARTIN, TIP TOE FINE

The fifers and drummers frequently played this tune during the War of 1812. The text is from Howe's "Songs and Ballads of ye Olden Times" in the Library of Congress. In "The American Songbag," Carl Sandburg says that the tune was used during the Civil War for the following lines:

Johnny, git your gun and your sword and your pistol,
Johnny, git your gun and come with me.


Moderato
In York-shire I was
mf
p
born and bred And knows a thing or two, sir; Nay, what be more, my
fath - er said My wit would bring me through, sir; At sin - gle-stick, or

HEY, BETTY MARTIN, TIP TOE FINE


kiss the maids, I wur the boy vor sart - in. Says I "Push on, to
Chorus
be a-fraid's My eye and Bet - ty Mar - tin." Hey, Bet-ty Mar-tin,
tip toe, tip toe, Hey, Bet-ty Mar-tin, tip toe, tip! O Bet-ty Mar-tin,
tip toe, tip toe, My eye, Bet - ty Mar - tin, tip toe fine!

At home I'd often heard folks talk
Of Lunnon's famous city,
And that the streets on which they walk
Wur paved with gold so pretty;
To mam and dad I gave a buss,
Says I, "I'm off vor sartin,
So about my trip to make a fuss,
Is my eye and Betty Martin."
Chorus

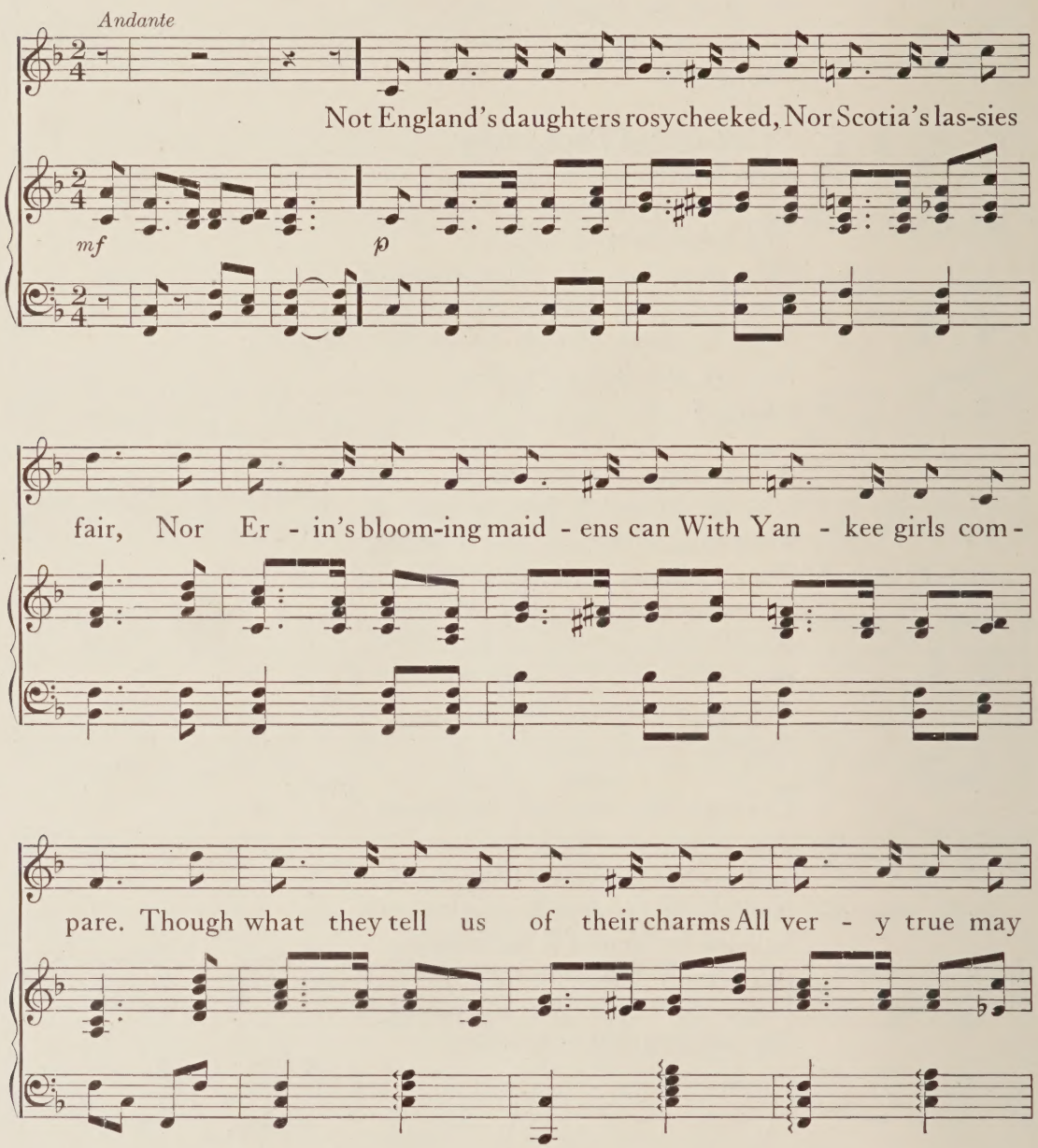
At inn arrived I met a man
Who offered me his sarvise,
To take my baggage wur his plan,
And help me to a jarvis;
"But stop," says I, "This wu-no do.
Your rigs I'ze known vor sartin,
Your kindness, friend, 'tween me and you's
My eye and Betty Martin."
Chorus

A lady next, a flashy dame
I in the Strand did meet, sir;
Who said as how it wur a shame
That I should walk the street, sir;
She talked of love, and servants, too,
And thought her prey right sartin;
But "No," says I, "to go with you's
My eye and Betty Martin."
Chorus

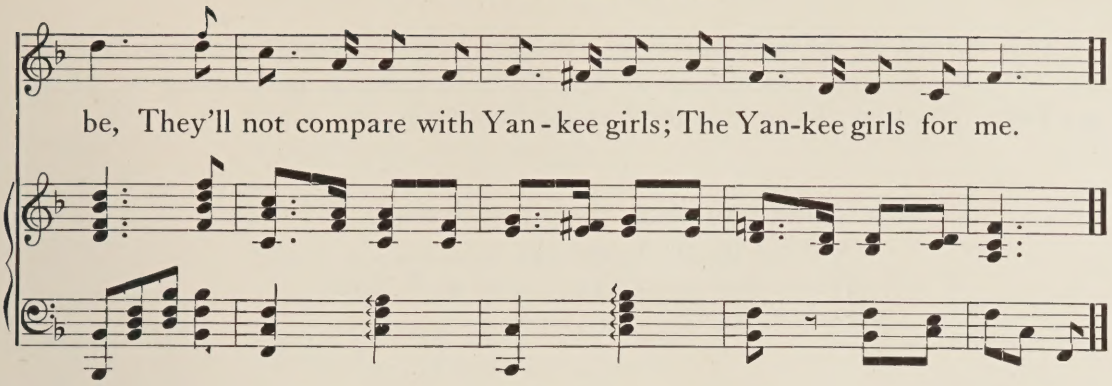
I'ze seen the lions and the tower,
The circus, Ashley's, too, sir;
The play, and giants strike the hour,
And all that's strange to view, sir;
So back to home I'll turn again,
And marry Doll vor sartin;
I'ze please her so that to complain's
My eye and Betty Martin.
Chorus

THE YANKEE GIRLS

This tribute to the Yankee girls was not only popular during the period following the War of 1812, but was also included in a collection of soldier songs as late as 1847. The tune is "Auld Lang Syne."


Andante
Not England's daughters rosycheeked, Nor Scotia's las-sies
mf
p
fair, Nor Er - in's bloom-ing maid - ens can With Yan - kee girls com -
pare. Though what they tell us of their charms All ver - y true may

THE YANKEE GIRLS



Let Byron of Italian maids
  In glowing numbers sing,
And let the Turk his Georgian bride,
  And black-eyed Houries bring;
Yet what they tell us of their charms,
  All very true may be,
They can't compare with the Yankee girls,
  The Yankee girls for me.

Their faultless forms! their peerless eyes
  As bright as morning dew!
Their cheeks so fair! their spirits light!
  Their hearts so warm and true!
They're chaste as fair, their minds unchained,
  In thought and action free,
There's nothing like the Yankee girls,
  The Yankee girls for me.

Unto Columbia's daughters, then,
  We'll drain the goblet dry,
Naught can the universe produce
  With Yankee girls to vie;
Oh, they are the fairest of the fair,
  And ever may they be!
There's nothing like the Yankee girls;
  The Yankee girls for me.

NEW YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

This survey of the war appeared after the battle of New Orleans in celebration of the successful termination of hostilities. It was also used during the Mexican War. The tune, of course, is "Yankee Doodle."

Come, push about the jorum, boys,
And let us all be merry;
We've had our *Coffee*—now we'll drink
Our *Porter* and our *Perry*.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle is the tune,
It comes so nation handy,
And nothing makes a Briton run
Like Yankee Doodle Dandy!

The wars are o'er and peace is come,
Our foes away are far gone;
We sent the *Britons striking home,*
And flogged 'em in the bargain.

Chorus

They thought our sires were dead and gone,
And they could beat us handy;
But soon they found the sons could play
At Yankee Doodle Dandy!

Chorus

They first attacked and thought to crush
Our gallant little navy;
But Yankee tars soon stopped their grog,
And sent 'em to old Davy!

Chorus

The noble deeds of Yankee tars,
The trump of fame rehearses;
But I've no time to tell 'em now—
'Twould make a heap of verses!

Chorus

I'll merely mention, just to give
Your memories a jogging,
That only show our tars a foe,
And I'll ensure his flogging!
Chorus

The foes next tried our boys ashore,
Their Sirs and Lords commanded—
But pretty soon they found themselves
All Yankee Doodle Dandyed!
Chorus

Immortal *Pike* first shipped his troops,
Upon the lake, at *Sacket's;*
He sought and found the foe at *York,*
And dusted well their jackets!
Chorus

The hero there laid down his life,
To raise his country's glory;
As all our sons will pant to do,
Whene'er they hear the story.
Chorus

Our gallant *Pearce* then took command,
And stormed the fortress handy;
Our STARS were hoisted to the tune
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Chorus

Brave *Brown* and *Scott* next taught the foe,
And taught 'em mighty quick, sirs,
That we had still kept up the breed
Of our old Seventy-Sixers!
Chorus

There's forty more as brave as they,
But now I can't recall 'em;
Yet long as freemen love their rights,
Our Country's Pride will hail 'em.
Chorus

The foe at last being tired out,
With many a hearty thrashing,
They all went down to New Orleans,
And thought to get possession.
Chorus

The troops of *Wellington* went there,
His brother, too, commanded—
But there again they got themselves
All Yankee Doodle Dandyed!
Chorus

The veterans troops who conquered Spain
Thought that our folks would vanish;
But JACKSON settled half their men,
And made the rest walk *Spanish.*
Chorus

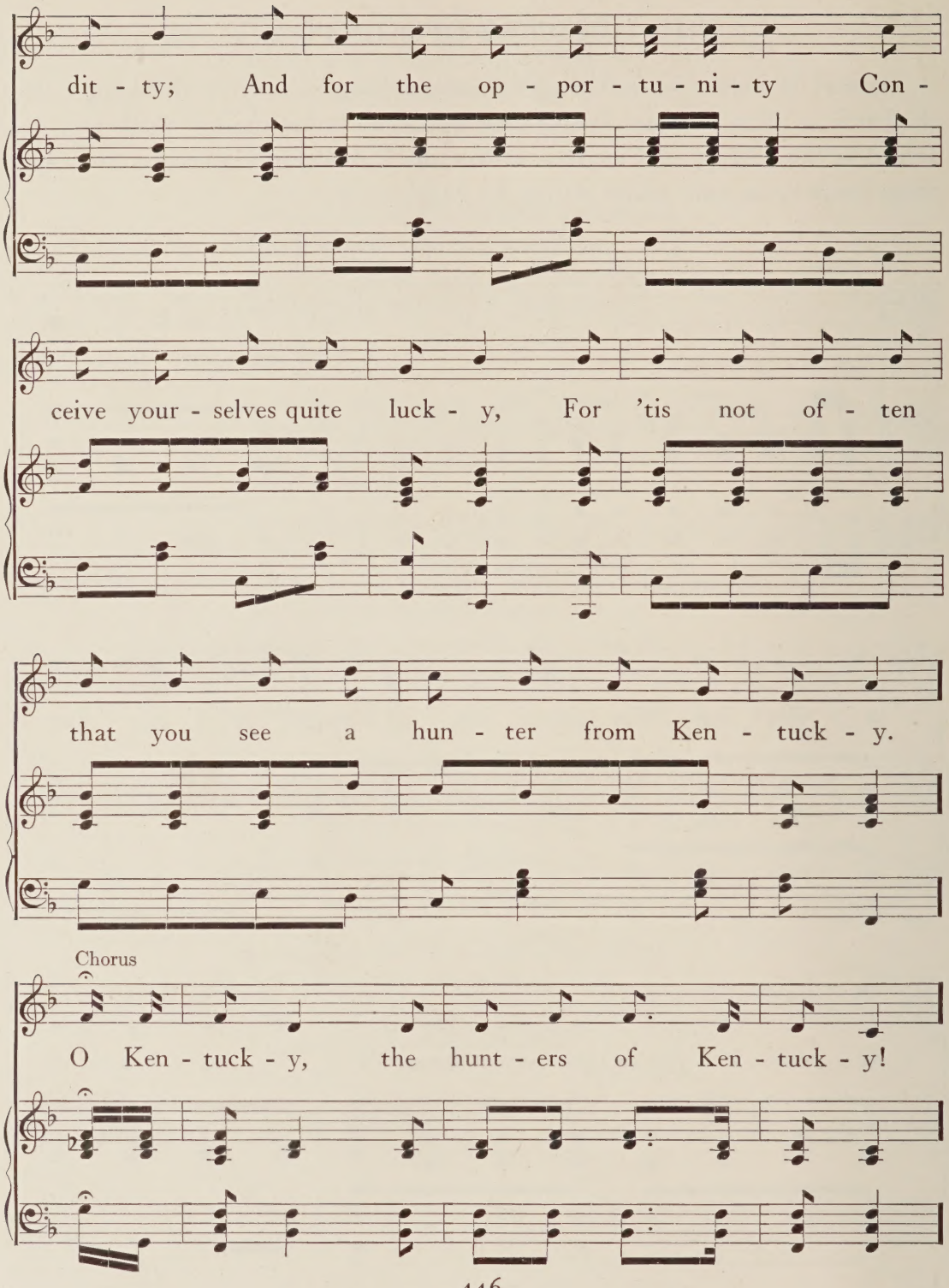
The foe now thought 'twas time for *peace,*
And so they made it handy,
For all that they could get from us
Was Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Chorus

Then keep the bottle full, my boys,
And keep it in rotation;
We'll drink a health to those that fought
The battles of the nation.
Chorus

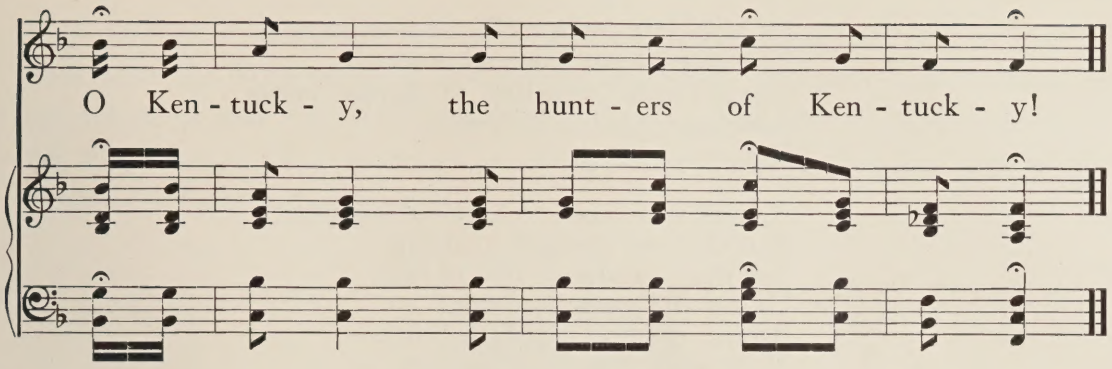
Long may they live, and long enjoy
The peace they gained so handy;
And teach their sons to play the tune
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy!
Chorus

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY

Samuel Woodworth, author of "Patriotic Diggers," wrote this song after the battle of New Orleans. It was later published in broadsides which are preserved in the Library of Congress. It was also included in a collection of soldier songs made by an army officer during the Mexican War.


dit - ty; And for the op - por - tu - ni - ty Con -
ceive your - selves quite luck - y, For 'tis not of - ten
that you see a hun - ter from Ken - tuck - y.
Chorus
O Ken - tuck - y, the hunt - ers of Ken - tuck - y!

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY



We are a hardy, free-born race,
Each man to fear a stranger;
Whate'er the game we join in chase,
Despising time and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are alligator horses.
O Kentucky, etc.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make old Hickory Jackson wince—
But soon his scheme repented;
For we, with rifles ready cock'd,
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the general flock'd
The hunters of Kentucky.
O Kentucky, etc.

You've heard, I s'pose how New Orleans
Is fam'd for wealth and beauty—
There's girls of every hue it seems,
From snowy-white to sooty.
So Packenham he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their girls and cotton bags,
In spite of old Kentucky.
O Kentucky, etc.

But Jackson he was wide awake,
And was not scar'd at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles.

So he led us down to Cypress swamp—
The ground was low and mucky,
There stood John Bull in martial pomp
And here was old Kentucky.
O Kentucky, etc.

A bank was rais'd to hide our breasts,
Not that we thought of dying,
But that we always like to rest,
Unless the game is flying;
Behind it stood our little force—
None wished it to be greater,
For ev'ry man was half a horse,
And half an alligator.
O Kentucky, etc.

They did not let our patience tire,
Before they show'd their faces—
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places;
But when so near we saw them wink,
We thought it time to stop 'em,
And 'twould have done you good I think,
To see Kentuckians drop 'em.
O Kentucky, etc.

They found, at last, 'twas vain to fight,
Where lead was all the booty;
And so they wisely took to flight,
And left us all our beauty.
And now, if danger e'er annoys,
Remember what our trade is;
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect you, ladies.
O Kentucky, etc.

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS

Like two or three others in this section, this song was not sung by soldiers until after the War of 1812, but it is included here because it was inspired by the events of that war. This was at first simply a post-war patriotic song. During the Mexican War appropriate stanzas were added, and it was sung by the "Yankee volunteers" of that day.

The days of seventy-six, my boys,
We ever must revere,
Our fathers took their muskets then,
To fight for freedom dear.
Upon the plains of Lexington,
They made the foe look queer;
Oh, 'tis great delight to march and fight
As a Yankee Volunteer.
(*Spoken*) Ready! Aim! Fire!

Then next on famous Bunker's Hill,
Our standard they did rear;
'Twas there our gallant Warren fell,
I tell it with a tear;
But for their victory that day,
The foe did pay full dear.
Oh, 'tis great delight, etc.

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS

Through snow and ice at Trenton, boys,
They crossed the Delaware;
Led by immortal Washington,
No danger they did fear.
They gave the foe a drubbing, boys,
Then back to town did steer.
Oh, 'tis great delight, etc.

At Saratoga next, my boys,
Burgoyne they beat severe;
And at the siege of Yorktown,
They gained their cause so dear.
Cornwallis there gave up his sword,
Whilst Freedom's sons did cheer.
Oh, 'tis great delight, etc.

Throughout our latest struggle, boys,
We still victorious were,
And Jackson's deeds at New Orleans
In bright array appear;
His virtue and his bravery
Each freeman must revere.
Oh, 'tis great delight, etc.

And should a foeman e'er again
Upon our coast appear,
There's hearts around me, brave and true,
Who'd quickly volunteer
To drive invaders from the soil
Columbia's sons hold dear;
Oh, they'd each delight to march and fight
Like Yankee Volunteers.

THE AMERICAN STAR

This rallying song was sung to the tune "Humours of Glen."

Come, strike the bold anthem, the war dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff at their prey;
The red cloud of war o'er our forest is scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away;
The infants affrighted cling close to their mothers;
The youths grasp their swords, for combat prepare,
While beauty weeps fathers, lovers, and brothers
Who rush to display the American Star.

Come, blow the shrill bugles—the loud drum awaken—
The dread rifle seize—let the cannons deep roar.
No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore;
Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair?
Oh, no! From the hills the proud eagle comes swooping,
And waves to the brave the American Star.

PAUVRE MADELON

Apparently Madelon was a soldier's sweetheart long before the World War. Here is a stanza from a song that appeared in the earliest American songsters. It was probably used in the War of 1812, although no explanatory notes were printed with it.

Could you to battle march away
And leave me here complaining?
I'm sure 't would break my heart to stay
When you are gone campaigning.
Ah, non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Could never leave her lover!
Ah, non, non, non!
Pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over.

THE BOYS OF OHIO

The "boys of Ohio" were among the first to respond to the call for volunteers. In April, 1812, Governor Meigs, in response to a request from the War Department, called for 1200 volunteers. Inflamed by the Indian atrocities, and burning with a desire for revenge upon the British who had instigated them, the frontier men flocked to Dayton, where they organized three regiments. Governor Hull, of Michigan, who had been commissioned brigadier-general, took command about June 1. After a speech in which Hull aroused them to a high pitch by his reference to the British and Indian outrages, the troops set out for Detroit, several hundred miles away through the wilderness. They built a number of forts and blockhouses on the way and later took part in the first battle and victory of the war, that of Ta-ron-tee, near Fort Malden in Canada.

Step forth, ye sons of Freedom,
Who strangers are to fear;
Repair unto your quarters
And enter volunteer;
Where you will be advanced
Above all worldly store,
Whilst we stand under arms
Amid a loyal corps.
We're the boys of Ohio!

If our officers command us
We'll cheerfully obey;
If the British and Indians stand us,
We'll show them Yankee play;
We'll rout them from their trenches
With our bold musketeers,
And we'll boldly let them know
We're the gallant volunteers.
We're the boys of Ohio!

And when that we have conquered,
As homeward we do come,
Triumphant colors flying
With the loud fife and drum,
Our sweethearts, wives, and children
Will meet us with three cheers,
Crying huzza, huzza, huzza,
There's the gallant volunteers.
There's the boys from Ohio!

THE FRONTIER MAN'S CALL

This appears in one or two of the early American songsters. It refers to the Indian wars in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, where, before and during the War of 1812, British agents were active in inciting the Indians to drive out the American settlers. I have not found the tune, but the air of "The Bear Went over the Mountain" will serve very nicely for anyone who wants to try it.

Come, border men, awake now,
By mountain and by lake now,
And make the mountains shake now
With your rifles' loud alarms.
  The red men come in swarms,
  Each frontier man to arms,
For the savage is over the border,
The savage is over the border,
Prepared for fight and murder;
  Then frontier men to arms.

From field and cottage come now,
At the sound of horn and drum now,
Defend your native home now,
From danger and alarm;
  Loud whoops and yells resound,
  Then leap forth at the sound,
For the savage is over the border,
The savage is over the border,
They come for plunder and murder;
Then, frontier men, to arms.

THE FRONTIER MAN'S CALL

We swear to know no rest, boys,
In our green home of the west, boys,
Till our wives with peace are blest, boys,
And safety shields our farms.
  Our cause each true heart warms;
  Then frontier men to arms;
For the savage is over the border,
Our wives to scalp and murder;
Then shout the battle word clear
And boldly rush to arms.

THE INDIAN YELL

Here is another song from the early Indian wars. The air was from "The Troubadour."

Tune: The Troubador

Hark to the Indian yell
Ring on the air!
Wake then, Indians' sons,
For contest prepare!
Wave your broad banner boys,
Roll the loud drums,
Strike in defense of
Your girls and your homes.

Point well your rifles now,
And charge the red foe—
See! Your strong volleys now
Lay the files low;
They fly—wild despair now
Throughout each band roams—
Huzza! we've gained peace for
Our girls and our homes.

Gaily at fireside
Soon we will sing
The joys that security
And kind women bring;
Each soldier's sweetheart now
This way fondly roams
To bless those who fought for
Their girls and their homes.

BENJAMIN BEALL IN THE FLORIDA WAR

Benjamin Beall was a captain in the Second Dragoons, a regiment that saw a great deal of service in the Florida War. He was a jovial companion and a splendid officer. Officers' diaries and regimental histories that deal with the Florida War not only give a good picture of the life the troops led while scattered in lonely Florida posts or fighting the Seminoles in the Everglades, but also show how much Beall's stories and songs helped in passing away many an otherwise lonely evening around the camp-fire.

This song was written by Colonel A. T. Lee, who served in the Florida War with the Eighth Infantry.

Oh, a jolly brave knight was our Benjamin Beall
In the Florida War;
As many a jolly bright camp-fire could tell
In the Florida War.
Oh! the stories he told that never grow old
And the songs that he trolled until reveille rolled,
In the Florida War,
Made chiefs and subalterns as merry as bold
In the Florida War.

Who was brave as a lion, yet soft as a child
In the Florida War?
Who could swim the Suwanee when waters were wild
In the Florida War?
Who could harass Sam Jones till he ached in his bones,
Rap a redskin whilst laughing, then weep o'er his groans
In the Florida War?
Then chant him a requiem in reverent tones,
In the Florida War?

Who, when shattered and broken, from scoutings and toils,
In the Florida War,
Could smile at grim death as he felt its cold coils,
In the Florida War?
Who but valiant old Ben—beau ideal of men,
Who wore gay soldier's togs in the days that we ken,
In the Florida War?
God rest his old head where his blanket is spread
Far from toil and cold lead
In the Florida War.

THE DRAGOON BOLD

This was a favorite with the old Second Dragoons during the Florida War.

Oh, the dragoon bold! he scorns all care
As he goes the rounds with uncropped hair;
He spends no time on the evil star
That sends him away to the border war.

His form in the saddle he lightly throws,
And on the moonlight hunt he goes,
And merrily trolls out some old-time song
As over the trail he bounds along.

Oh, blithe is the life that soldier leads
When a lawless freedom marks his deeds;
Oh, gay his path o'er the wildwood sod
Where a white man's foot hath never trod.

VII. In the Days of Yankee Doodle

Songs with the real soldier tang become increasingly scarce as one follows the back trail in the history of soldier singing. This doesn't indicate that the Boys of 'Seventy-Six were lacking in imagination or were more chaste of mind than the men who immortalized the well-known and generous young lady from Armentières. As a matter of fact, one or two Revolutionary diaries hint that there were some stanzas of Yankee Doodle that would compare very favorably with those about the mademoiselle "who never heard of underwear." It does indicate, however, the truth of Laurence Stallings's statement that "anything pertaining to the true gusto of the soldier is rarely saved."

Although few genuine soldier songs of the Revolution have been preserved, one can find a number of ballads that were popular in the camps of that day. A few of them were even composed by soldiers. The majority, however, were written by civilians and published in newspapers and broadsides before they were sung in the army.

The oldest American war ballad was written about 1725 in commemoration of Captain Lovewell's victory over the Indians at Pigwacket on May 8 of that year. It is called Lovewell's Fight. The following extract shows that they had "fighting parsons" even in those days.

> Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,
> They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
> Who was our English chaplain; he many Indians slew,
> And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew.

During the decade preceding the battle of Bunker Hill the Americans frequently wrote ballads to express their ideas about tea and taxation. There is some evidence that a few of them were later sung in the army; but, as a rule, the soldiers preferred songs which dealt with the events of the war itself. Ballads of the Burgoyne Campaign, and songs such as "The Battle of the Kegs" and "Mad Anthony Wayne" were very popular.

Nearly all of these Revolutionary songs were sung to tunes borrowed from the British. The airs of British military songs, as well as old English tunes that had been known in the colonies for a long time, were used. This was natural, for soldier songs are generally sung to old, well-known tunes, or to popular music of the day. But it was also necessary; for, with the exception of the versatile Francis Hopkinson and one or two others, America had no native composers. It was

not until many years after the Revolution that we began to have a national music of our own.

Another reason why old airs were generally used is that there were no musical instruments in the Continental Army with which to help spread and popularize any new tunes. The British had a few horns, oboes, and clarinets, and the French had fairly good regimental bands; the Continental troops had nothing but a few fifes and drums. Of course, people in those days were accustomed to sing without musical accompaniment; but it cannot be denied that the frequent playing of a catchy new tune helps greatly in popularizing it.

It is unfortunate that only the words of many of these old songs have been preserved. The tunes of some of them are not even indicated. However, the music that is available helps us to form a fairly good idea of what the tunes of the Revolutionary soldiers' songs were like.

YANKEE DOODLE

Whether the prototype of "Yankee Doodle" was a twelfth century chant in a Roman church, a folk-tune of the Pyrenees, a harvest dance in Holland, a Hungarian folk-dance, a Welsh jig, an Irish air, or a tune used to ridicule Cromwell, will probably never be satisfactorily determined. And whether "Yankee" is an Indian corruption of the word, "English," a variation of a Dutch term of contempt, or a Scotch or Persian (!) derivative is likewise a matter of speculation.

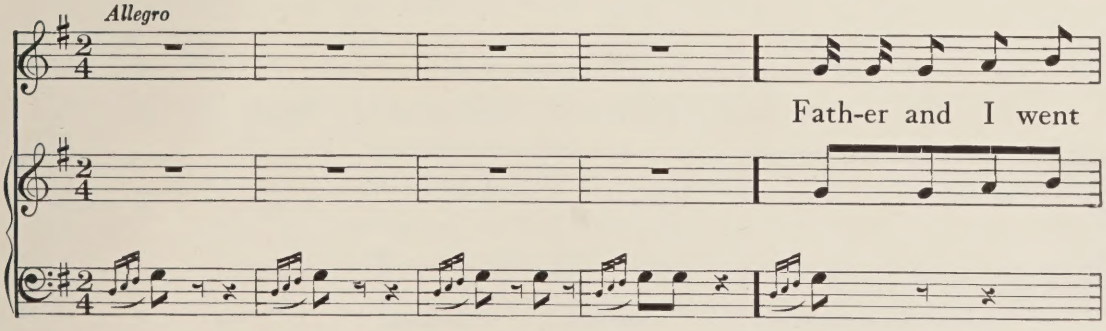
In trying to settle these points and determine what the original version of the song was, and who wrote it, historians and research workers have written enough articles to fill several volumes. Some of these articles are utterly silly; others are obviously designed to bolster up the author's own pet theory. A very few present the unvarnished results of research and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

From the mass of material given, I select the following account, not only because it is frequently found, but also because it seems entirely plausible and has much to substantiate it.

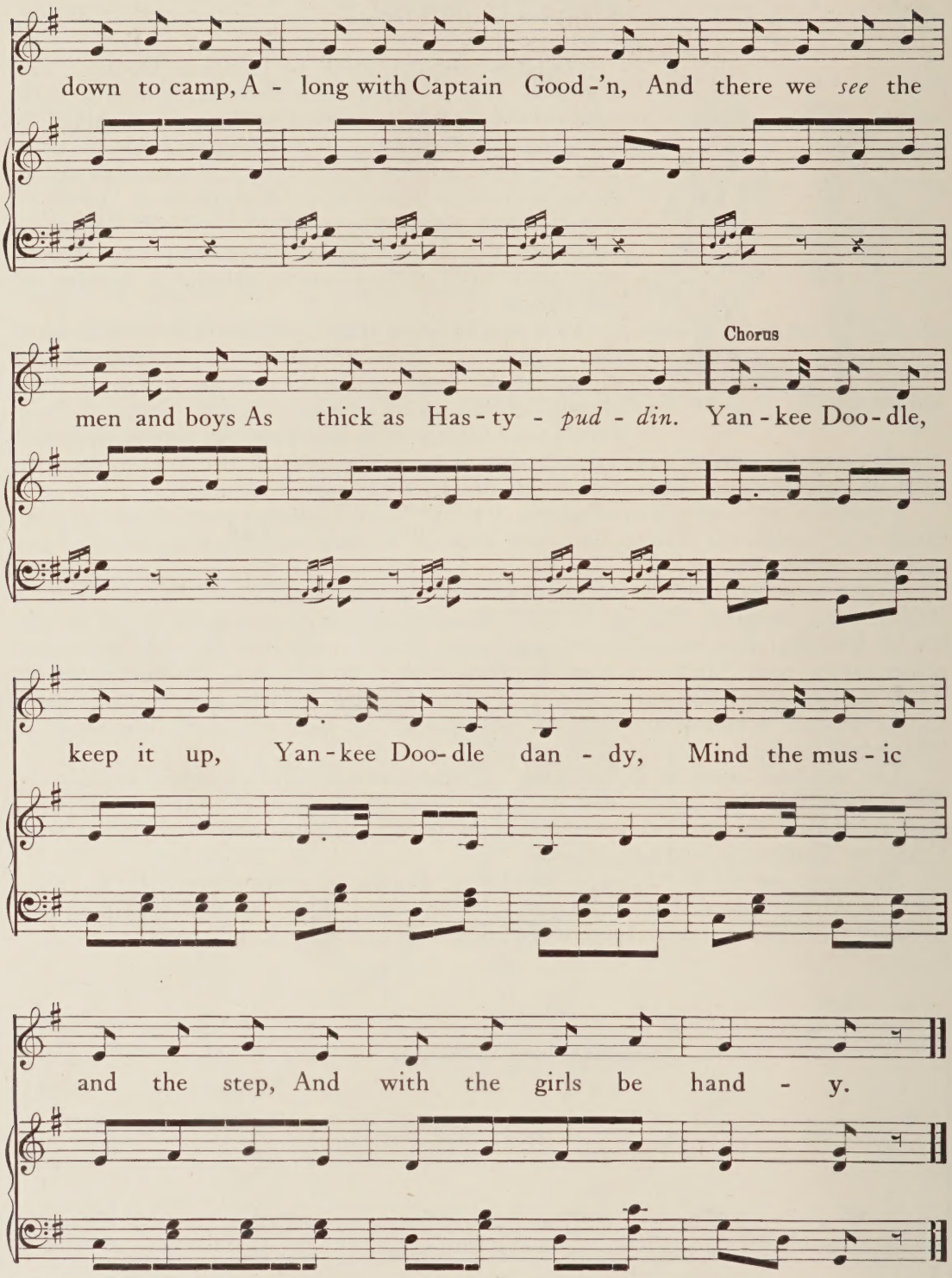
In the summer or early fall of 1758, during the French and Indian War, a British army surgeon, Doctor Richard Shuckburgh, who had spent most of his life in America, was encamped with General Abercrombie on the old Van Rensselaer estate, near Albany. A number of provincial troops were mobilizing there. Their rustic appearance was so ludicrous that Doctor Shuckburgh, who was quite a wit, wrote a song about them and set it to an old tune which we now know as "Yankee Doodle."

The original song is lost among the many verses that appeared during the Revolution. All that can be said of the version given here is that it was probably composed about 1775 when Washington was in command of the Provincial Camp at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Although the air of "Yankee Doodle" is known by every schoolboy, the song itself is seldom heard. But during all of our wars, down to and including the Civil War, a great many songs were composed and sung to this tune.



YANKEE DOODLE


down to camp, A - long with Captain Good-'n, And there we *see* the
Chorus
men and boys As thick as Has-ty - *pud - din.* Yan-kee Doo-dle,
keep it up, Yan-kee Doo-dle dan - dy, Mind the mus-ic
and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

YANKEE DOODLE

There was *Captain* Washington
Upon a *slapping* stallion,
A-giving orders to his men—
I *guess* there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They look'd so *tarnal fina,*
I wanted *pockily* to get
To give to my Jemima.

And there they had a *swampin'* gun
As large as log of maple,
On a *deuced* little cart—
A load for father's cattle;

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a *nation* louder.

I went as near to it myself
As Jacob's *underpinnin',*
And father went as *near again*—
I thought the *deuce* was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It scar'd me so, I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He *kind-a* clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I *see* a pumpkin shell,
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd *like the nation.*

And there I *see* a little keg,
Its heads were made of leather—
They knock'd upon't with little sticks
To call the folks together.

And there they'd fife *away like fun,*
And play on *cornstock* fiddles,
And some had *ribbands* red as blood,
All *wound* about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scar'd me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

Old uncle Sam *come* there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For *'lasses-cakes,* to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

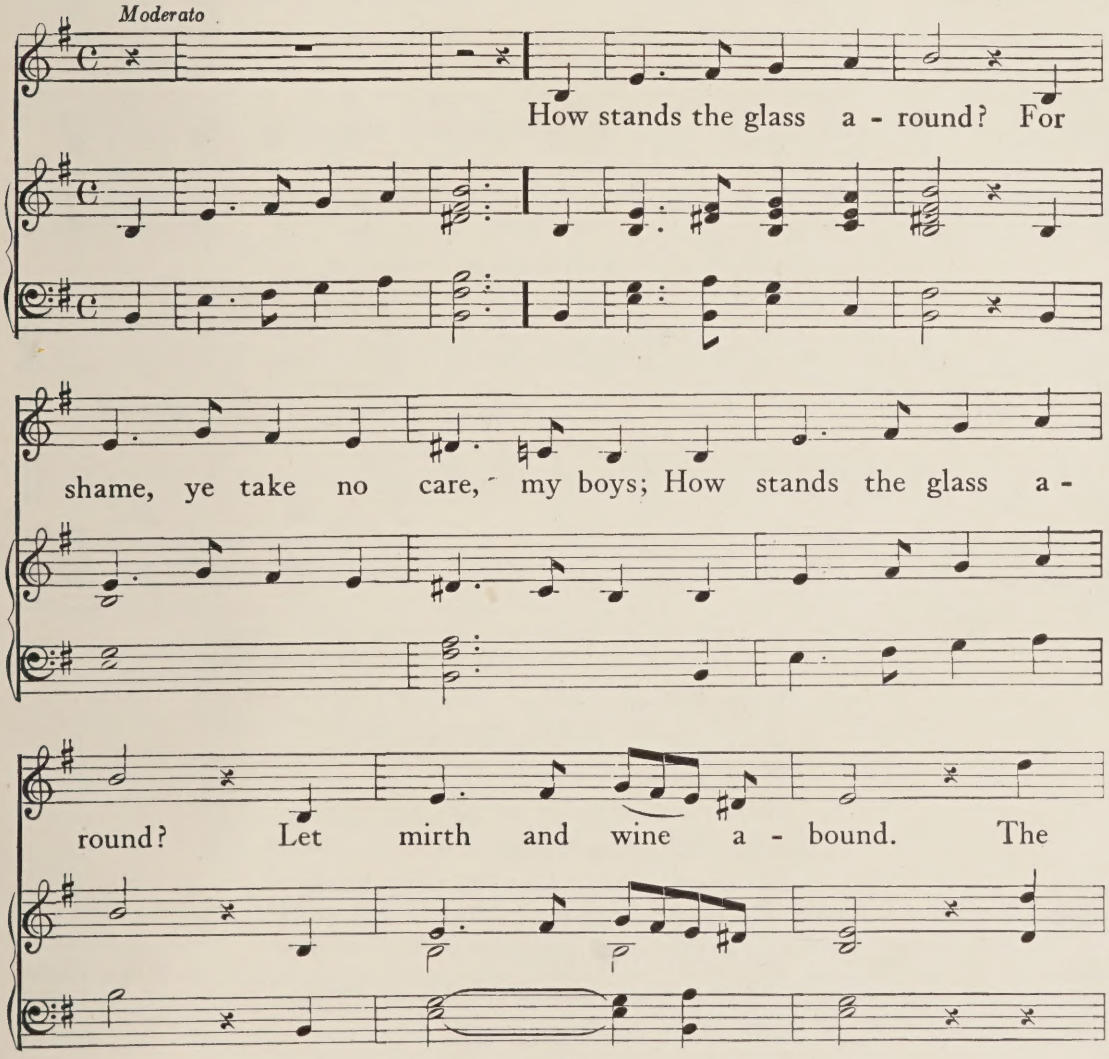
I *see* another *snarl* of men
A-digging graves, they told me,
So *tarnal* long, so *tarnal* deep,
They *tended* they should hold me.

It scar'd me so, I *hook'd* it off
Nor stopt as I remember,
Nor turn'd about till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

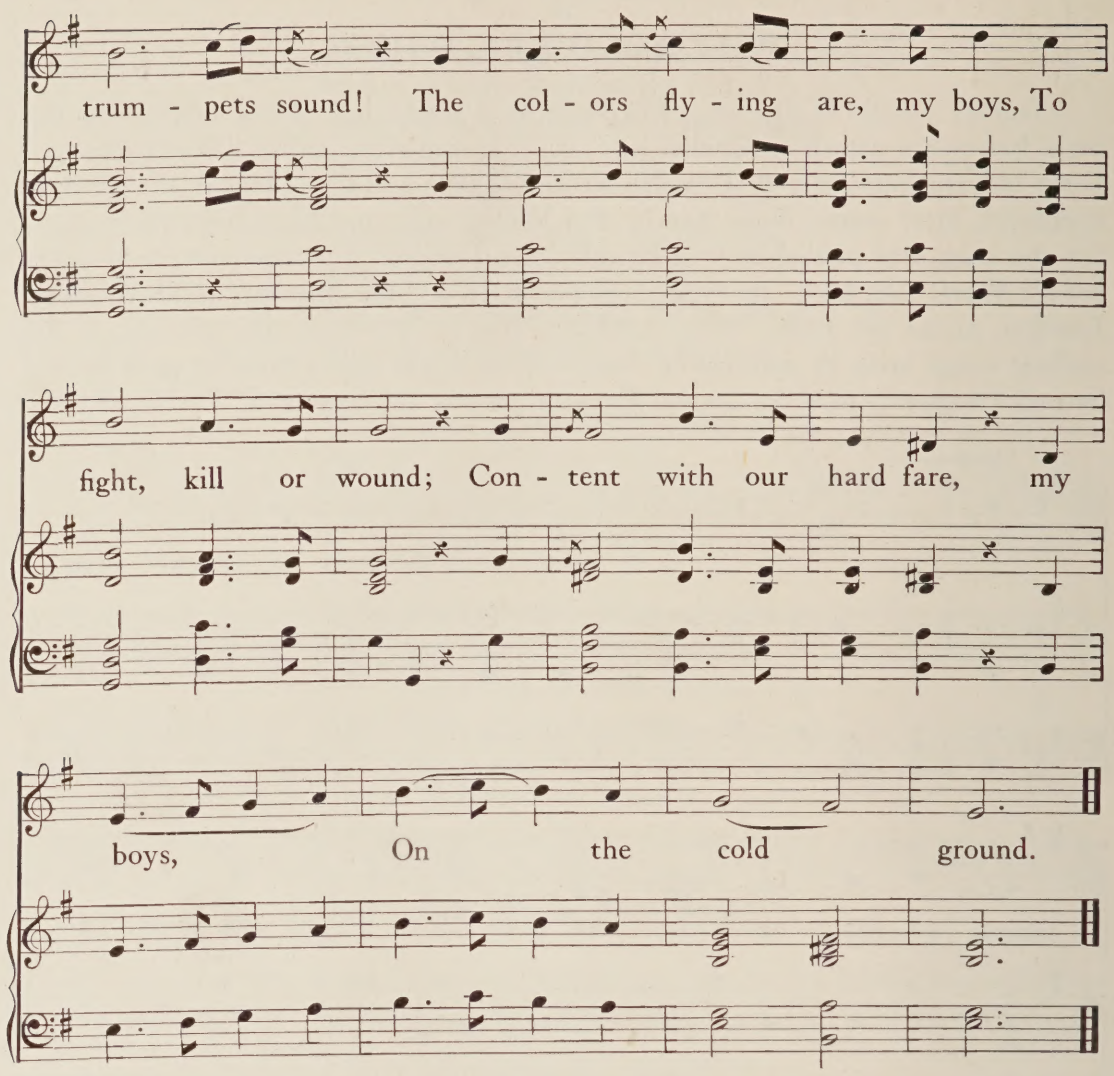
But I can't tell you half I *see*
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off—made a bow,
And scamper'd home to mother.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?
or
WHY, SOLDIERS, WHY?

General James Wolfe sang this song at a gathering of his officers on the night before the attack on Quebec in 1759. It is sometimes called "Wolfe's Song." Some old accounts state that Wolfe wrote the song and that Handel, the German composer, later wrote music for it. But Wolfe could not have been the author, for the song was published in a broadside in London in 1710—seventeen years before Wolfe was born. In 1729 it was sung in a little theater in Haymarket, London, under the title, "Why, Soldiers, Why?" Not only was this one of the earliest songs sung by soldiers in America, but it was also a favorite with the old Second Dragoons, now the Second Cavalry, during the Seminole War in 1836.


Moderato
How stands the glass a - round? For
shame, ye take no care, my boys; How stands the glass a -
round? Let mirth and wine a - bound. The

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?



Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die.
What? Sighing? Fie!
Drink on; drown fear; be jolly, boys;
'Tis he, you, or I;
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

'Tis but vain
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys),
'Tis but vain
For soldiers to complain;
Should next campaign
Send us to Him that made you, boys,
We're free from pain;
But should we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Cures all again.

COME, SWALLOW YOUR BUMPERS, YE TORIES

In 1768 John Dickinson of Delaware, later a member of the First Continental Congress and an officer in the Continental Army, wrote "The Liberty Song," which was widely sung in Boston and in New England villages. The first stanza was as follows:

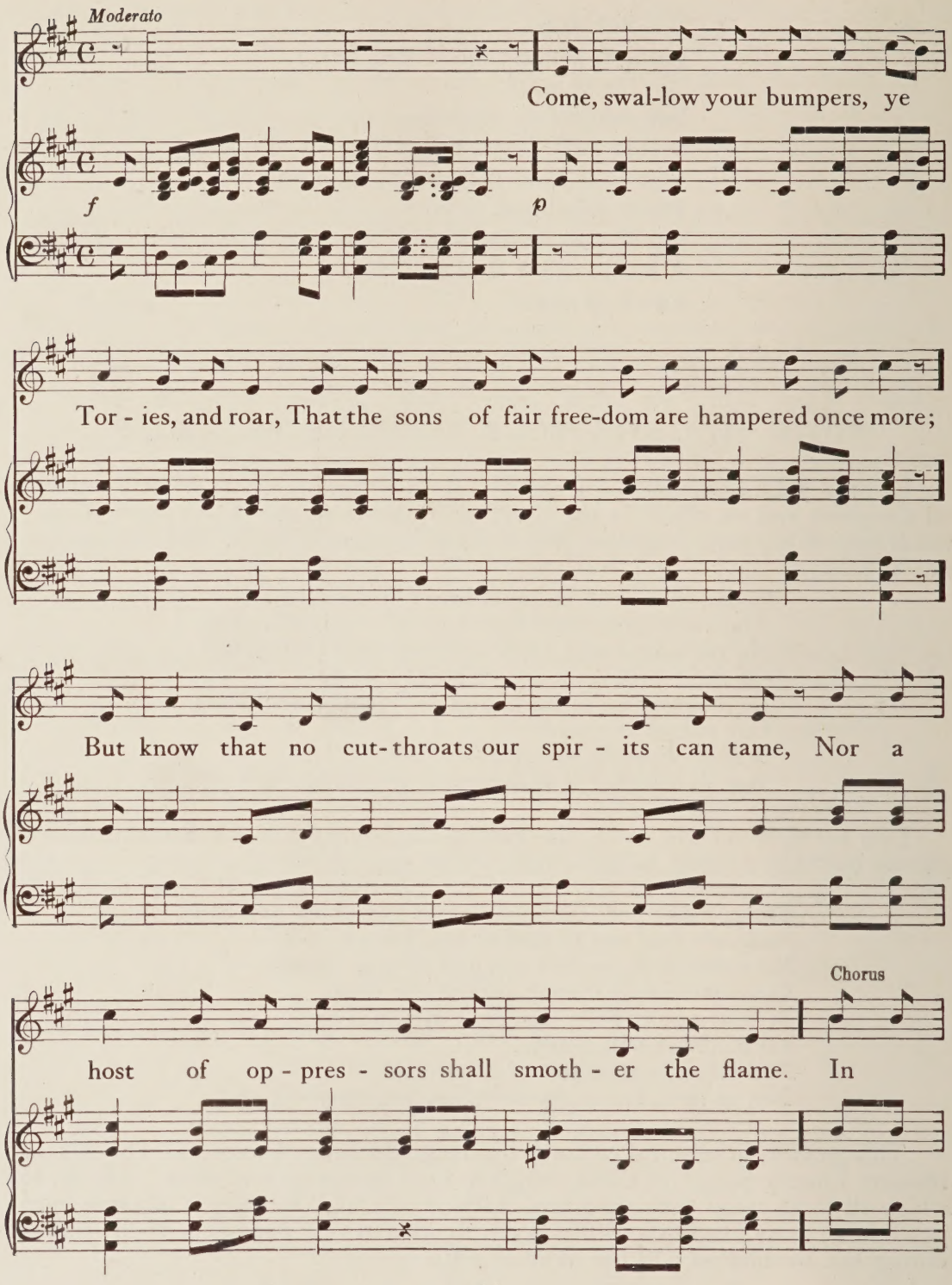
Come, join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts, shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name.
In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready,
Steady, Friends, steady,
Not as slaves, but as freemen our money we'll give.

Two or three months later, the Boston Gazette published a British soldiers' parody on "The Liberty Song." Here are the opening lines:

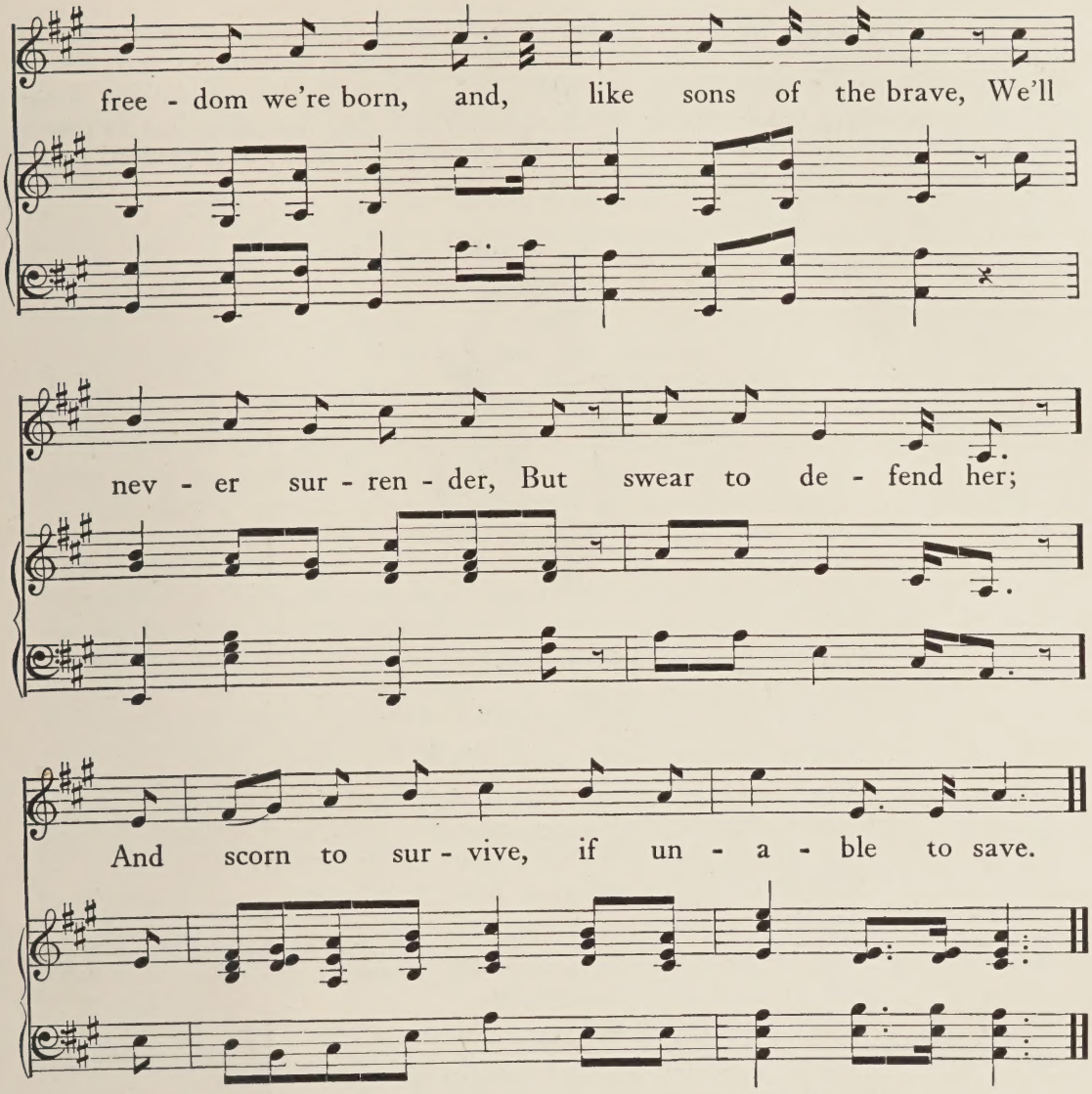
Come, shake your dull noddles, ye pumpkins, and bawl,
And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's call;
No scandalous conduct can add to your shame,
Condemn'd to dishonor, inherit the fame.
In folly you're born, and in folly you'll live,
To madness still ready,
And stupidly steady,
Not as men, but as monkeys, the tokens you give.

This parody, in turn, called forth a parody which was known as "The Massachusetts Liberty Song; or Come, Swallow Your Bumpers, Ye Tories." The air to which all three songs were sung was "Hearts of Oak," a majestic old tune composed in 1759 by David Garrick and Dr. Boyce and very popular with the British during the Revolution and the War of 1812.

COME, SWALLOW YOUR BUMPERS, YE TORIES


Moderato
Come, swal-low your bumpers, ye
f
p
Tor - ies, and roar, That the sons of fair free-dom are hampered once more;
But know that no cut-throats our spir - its can tame, Nor a
Chorus
host of op - pres - sors shall smoth - er the flame. In

COME, SWALLOW YOUR BUMPERS, YE TORIES


free - dom we're born, and, like sons of the brave, We'll
nev - er sur - ren - der, But swear to de - fend her;
And scorn to sur - vive, if un - a - ble to save.

COME OUT, YE CONTINENTALERS

This has the flavor of a true soldier song—one of the kind that grows out of incidents in soldiers' own lives. It was sung during the Revolution and, nearly three-quarters of a century later, was published in a collection of soldier songs that an army officer made during the Mexican War. Any man who has had military service will recognize at once that this amusing picture of an awkward squad is just as true to life today as it was in 'Seventy-Six.

Come out, ye Continentalers!
We're going for to go
To fight the red-coat enemy,
Who're plaguy "cute," you know.

Now, shoulder whoop!—eyes right and dress—
Front!—Davis wipe your nose—
Port whoop!—that's slick—now, carry whoop!
Mike Jones, turn out your toes.

Charge bagnet!—that's your sort, my boys;
Now, quick time!—march!—that's right;
Just so we'd poke the enemy
If they were but in sight.

Halt!—shoulder whoop!—stop laughing, Nick.
By platoons, wheel!—halt—dress!
Hold up your muzzle on the left;
No talking more or less.

Bill Sneezer keep your canteen down,
We're going for to travel;
"Captain, I wants to halt a bit,
My shoes is full of gravel."

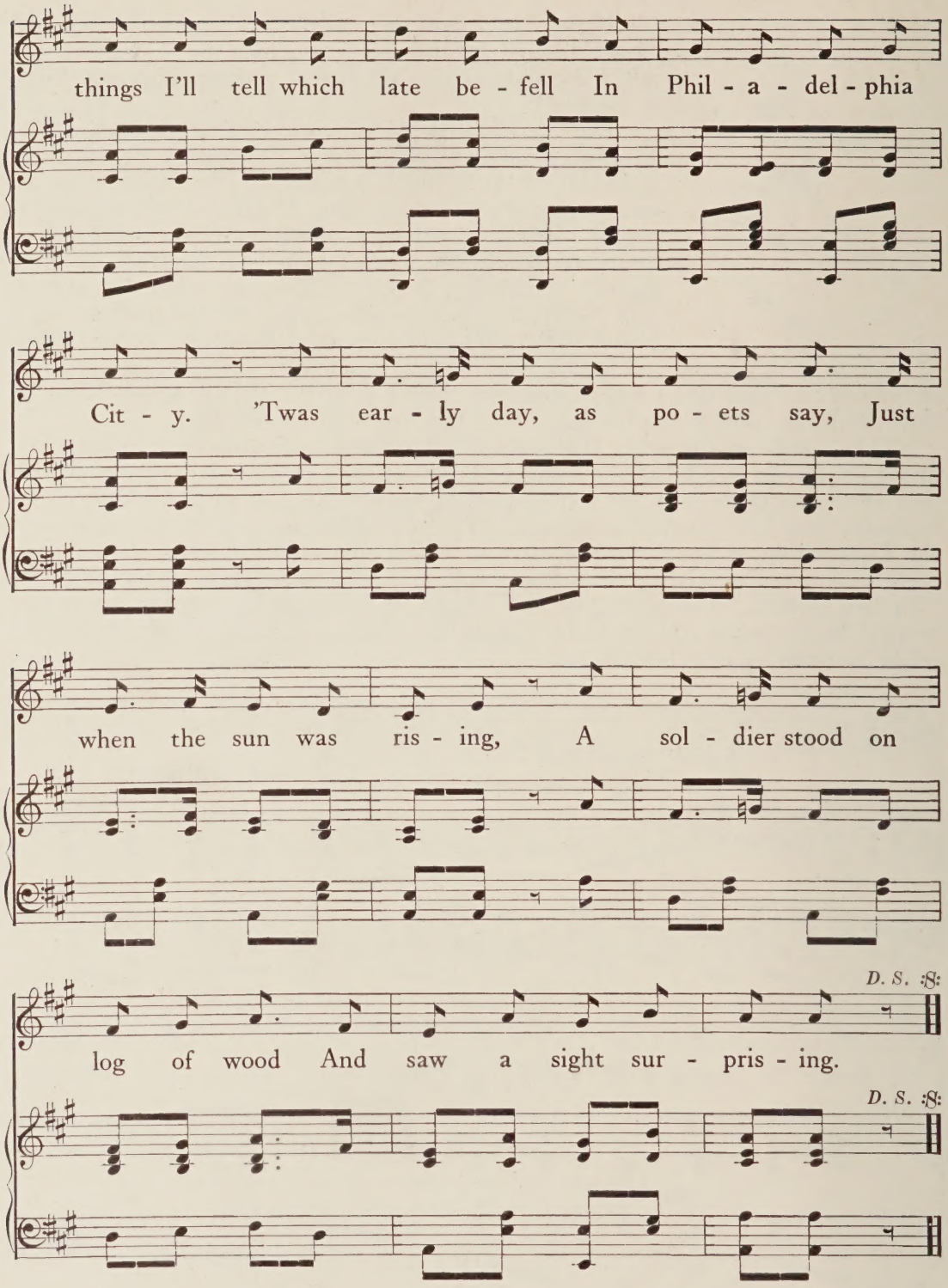
Ho—strike up music—for'ard march!
Now point your toes, Bob Rogers.
See! Yonder are the red-coat men—
Let fly upon them, sogers.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

If the first submarine had been a success, or if Lord Howe had not got into the wrong bed, the "Continentals" might never have had the fun of singing this song. Here is the story:

During the British occupation of Philadelphia, a Mr. Bushnel invented a submarine to destroy the British ships in the Delaware River. It was shaped like a water-tortoise and was operated by one man. It carried thirty minutes' supply of air, had valves to admit water for submerging, and carried a bomb loaded with one hundred and fifty pounds of powder. It was designed to submerge and attach a bomb and time-fuse device to the bottom of a vessel. It was not very successful, however, so Mr. Bushnel loaded a number of kegs with powder and put them in the river to float down and explode on contact with the British ships. Most of them blew up among the ice cakes, but they did destroy one boat.

The British on the other ships and in Philadelphia became panic-striken and opened a terrific fire on every floating object in the river. The ships poured broadside after broadside into the water, and the soldiers on the wharves kept up an incessant fire. This incident so amused Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, that he wrote this satirical poem. It soon became very popular with Washington's soldiers, who sang it to a variation of "Yankee Doodle." The bedfellow with whom Sir William lay snoring when this bombardment began appears to have been the wife of a Tory whom Howe had made commissary of prisoners.


things I'll tell which late be - fell In Phil - a - del - phia
Cit - y. 'Twas ear - ly day, as po - ets say, Just
when the sun was ris - ing, A sol - dier stood on
D. S. :S:
log of wood And saw a sight sur - pris - ing.
D. S. :S:

As, in amaze, he stood to gaze;
The truth can't be denied, sirs,
He spied a score—of kegs—or more,
Come floating down the tide, sirs.
A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief brewing.

"The kegs now hold the rebel bold
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they've come down to attack the town
In this new way of ferrying."
The soldier flew, the sailor, too,
And, scared almost to death, sirs,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sirs.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.
Some "fire" cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quakéd;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half-naked.

Sir William, he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a-snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with ————
Now, in a fright, he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sirs;
Upon one foot he had a boot,
And t'other in his hand, sirs.
"Arise! Arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.
Therefore, prepare for bloody war!
Those kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dead array, sirs,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sirs.
The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

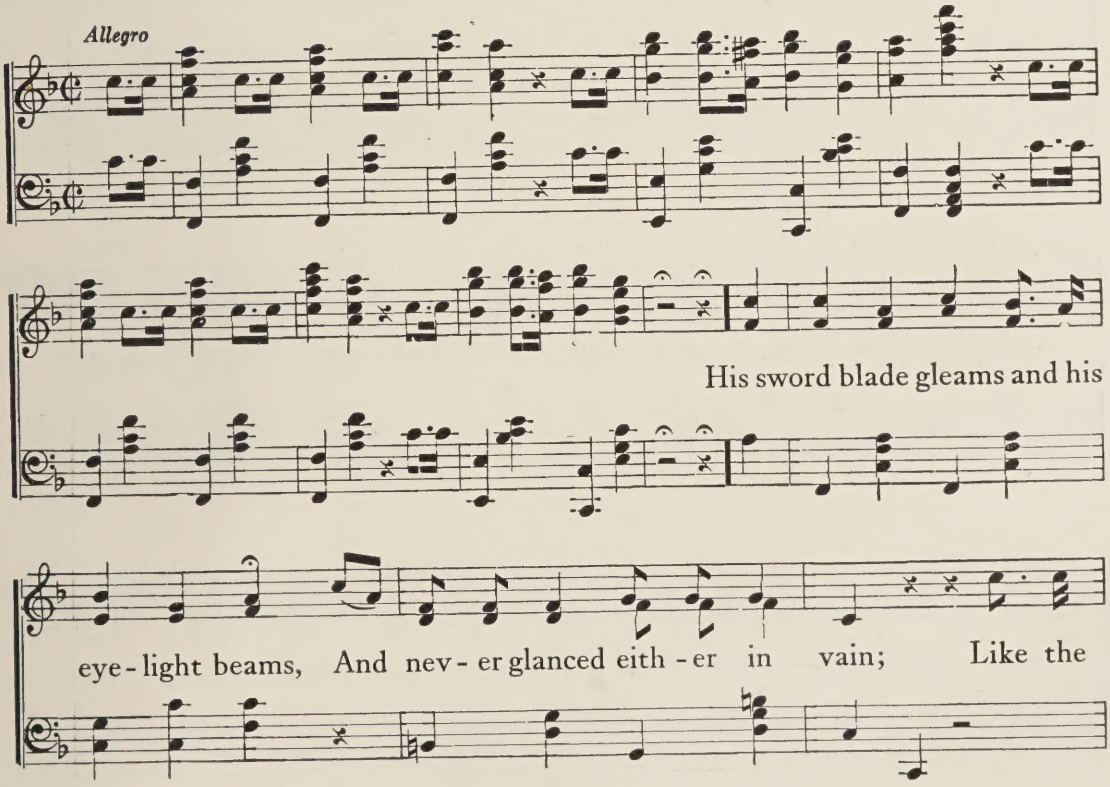
The rebels vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.
The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter—
"Why, sure," thought they, "the devil's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sirs,
Could not oppose the powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sirs.
From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage,
And when the sun was fairly down
Returned to sup their porridge.

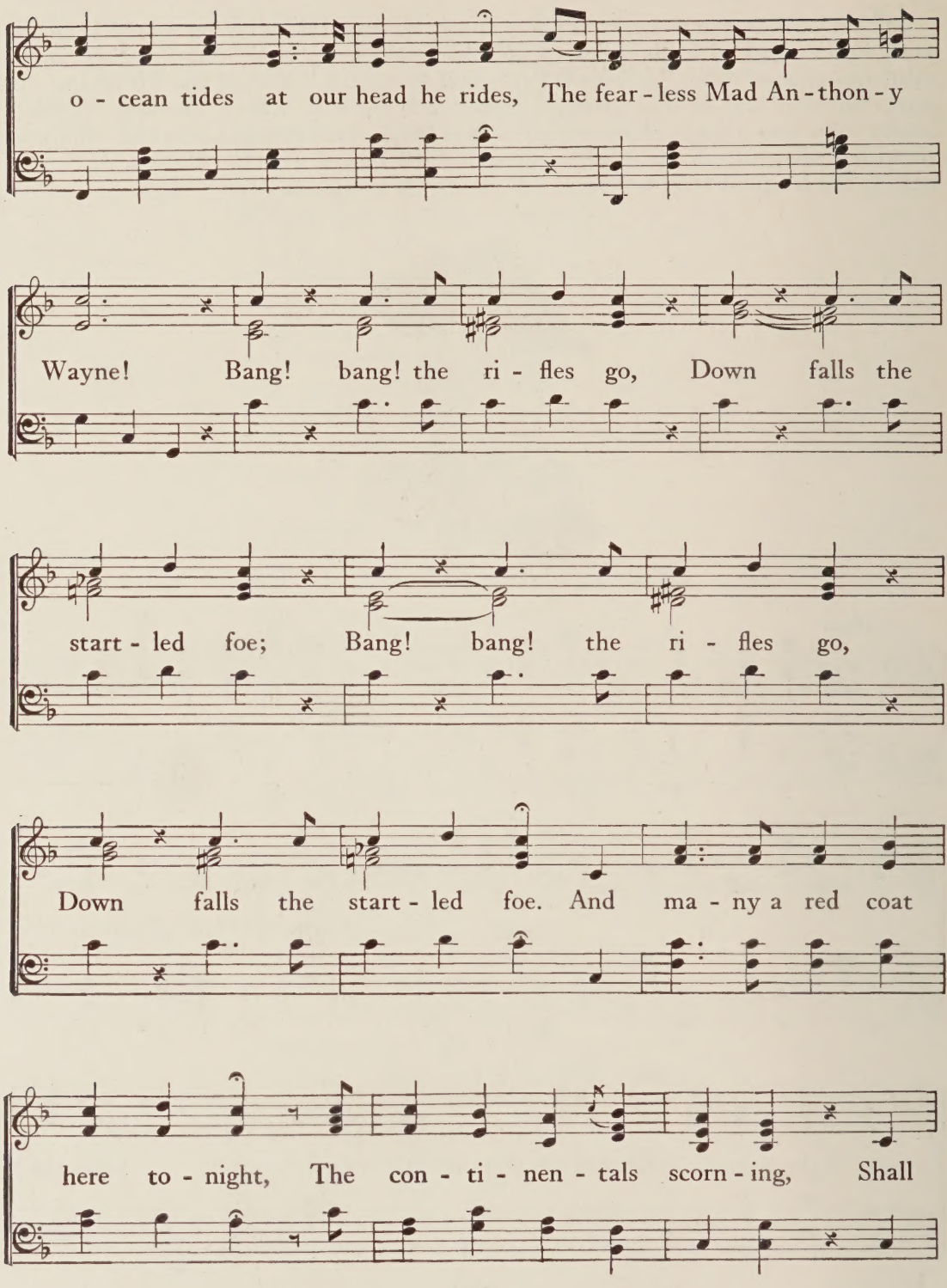
A hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more—upon my words, sirs,
It is most true—would be too few
Their valor to record, sirs,
Such feats did they perform that day
Upon those wicked kegs, sirs,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sirs.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE

If an aide-de-camp wrote a song about his general today he would immediately be charged with "bootlicking" in the first degree. In writing this song, however, the aide of Mad Anthony was on safe ground, for Wayne was the idol of his men. Not only was he a picturesque figure, but he was also a fearless, dashing leader who was always at the head of his troops. This explains why this song was so widely sung at officers' and soldiers' messes during the Revolution. Unfortunately, the original tune was lost. This one was composed about 1840.



MAD ANTHONY WAYNE


o - cean tides at our head he rides, The fear - less Mad An - thon - y
Wayne! Bang! bang! the ri - fles go, Down falls the
start - led foe; Bang! bang! the ri - fles go,
Down falls the start - led foe. And ma - ny a red coat
here to - night, The con - ti - nen - tals scorn - ing, Shall

nev - er meet the blaze of the broad sunlight That shines on the mor-row
Chorus
morn - ing. And man - y a red coat here to - night, The
con - ti - nen - tals scorn - ing, Shall nev - er meet the blaze of the
broad sun - light That shines on the mor - row
morn - ing.

Was e'er a chief of his speech so brief,
Who utters his wishes so plain?
Ere he speaks a word the orders are heard
From the eyes of Mad Anthony Wayne!
Aim! Fire! exclaim his eyes;
Bang! Bang! each gun replies.
And many a red coat here tonight, etc.

It is best to fall at our country's call,
If we must leave this lifetime of pain;
And who would shrink from the perilous brink
When led by Mad Anthony Wayne?
Ran! Tan! the bugles sound,
Our forces fill the ground.
And many a red coat here tonight, etc.

Let them form their ranks in firm phalanx—
It will melt at our rifle-ball rain;
Every shot must tell on a red coat well,
Or we anger Mad Anthony Wayne.
Tramp! Tramp! away they go;
Now retreats the beaten foe.
And many a red coat here tonight, etc.

OLD SOLDIERS OF THE KING

A certain cockiness has always characterized the American soldier. The Continentaler's ration was often missing; his bed was the cold, hard ground and his tent the starry sky. His uniform was often "nothing much before and a little less than half of that behind," but the spirit which has always made us feel that we could lick our weight in wild-cats was not lacking. In this derisive recital of British failures, which was chanted after the fashion of prose psalms, our forefathers of Washington's army ridiculed King George's regulars and recited the achievements of the untrained but highly practical Continental soldiers.

Since you all will have singing, and won't be said nay,
I cannot refuse, when you so beg and pray;
So, I'll sing you a song,—as a body may say,
'Tis of the king's regulars, who ne'er ran away.
O the old soldiers of the king, and the king's own regulars.

At Prestonpans we met with some rebels one day,
We marshall'd ourselves all in comely array;
Our hearts were all stout, and bid our legs stay,
But our feet were wrong-headed, and took us away.
O the old soldiers, etc.

At Falkirk we resolved to be braver,
And recover some credit by better behavior;
We would not acknowledge feet had done us any favor,
So feet swore they would stand, but—legs ran, however.
O the old soldiers, etc.

No troops perform better than we at reviews,
We march and we wheel, and whatever you choose;
George would see how we fight, and we never refuse,
There we all fight with courage—you may see 't in the News.
O the old soldiers, etc.

To Monongahela, with fifes and with drums,
We march'd in fine order, with cannon and bombs;
That great expedition cost infinite sums,
But a few irregulars cut us all into crumbs.
O the old soldiers, etc.

OLD SOLDIERS OF THE KING

It was not fair to shoot at us from behind trees:
If they had stood open, as they ought, before our great guns, we should have beat 'em with ease;
They may fight with one another that way, if they please,
But it is not regular to stand, and fight with such rascals as these.
O the old soldiers, etc.

At Fort George and Oswego, to our great reputation,
We show'd our vast skill in fortification;
The French fired three guns; of the fourth they had no occasion;
For we gave up those forts—not through fear, but—mere persuasion.
O the old soldiers, etc.

To Ticonderoga we went in a passion,
Swearing to be revenged on the whole French nation;
But we soon turn'd tail without hesitation,
Because they fought behind trees—which is not the regular fashion.
O the old soldiers, etc.

Lord Loudon, he was a regular general, they say;
With a great regular army he went his way,
Against Louisburgh, to make it his prey,
But return'd—without seeing it—for he did not feel bold that day.
O the old soldiers, etc.

Grown proud at reviews, great George had no rest;
Each grandsire, he had heard, a rebellion suppress'd:
He wish'd a rebellion, look'd round and saw none,
So resolved a rebellion to make—of his own.
O the old soldiers, etc.

The Yankees he bravely pitch'd on, because he thought they wouldn't fight,
And so he sent us over to take away their right;
But lest they should spoil our review-clothes, he cried braver and louder;
"For God's sake, brother kings, don't sell the cowards—any powder!"
O the old soldiers, etc.

Our general with his council of war did advise
How at Lexington we might the Yankees surprise;
We march'd and remarch'd, all surprised at being beat;
And so our wise general's plan of surprise was complete.
O the old soldiers, etc.

For fifteen miles they follow'd and pelted us: we scarce had
time to pull a trigger;
But did you ever know a retreat perform'd with more vigor?
For we did it in two hours, which saved us from perdition;
'Twas not in going out, but in returning, consisted our expedition.
O the old soldiers, etc.

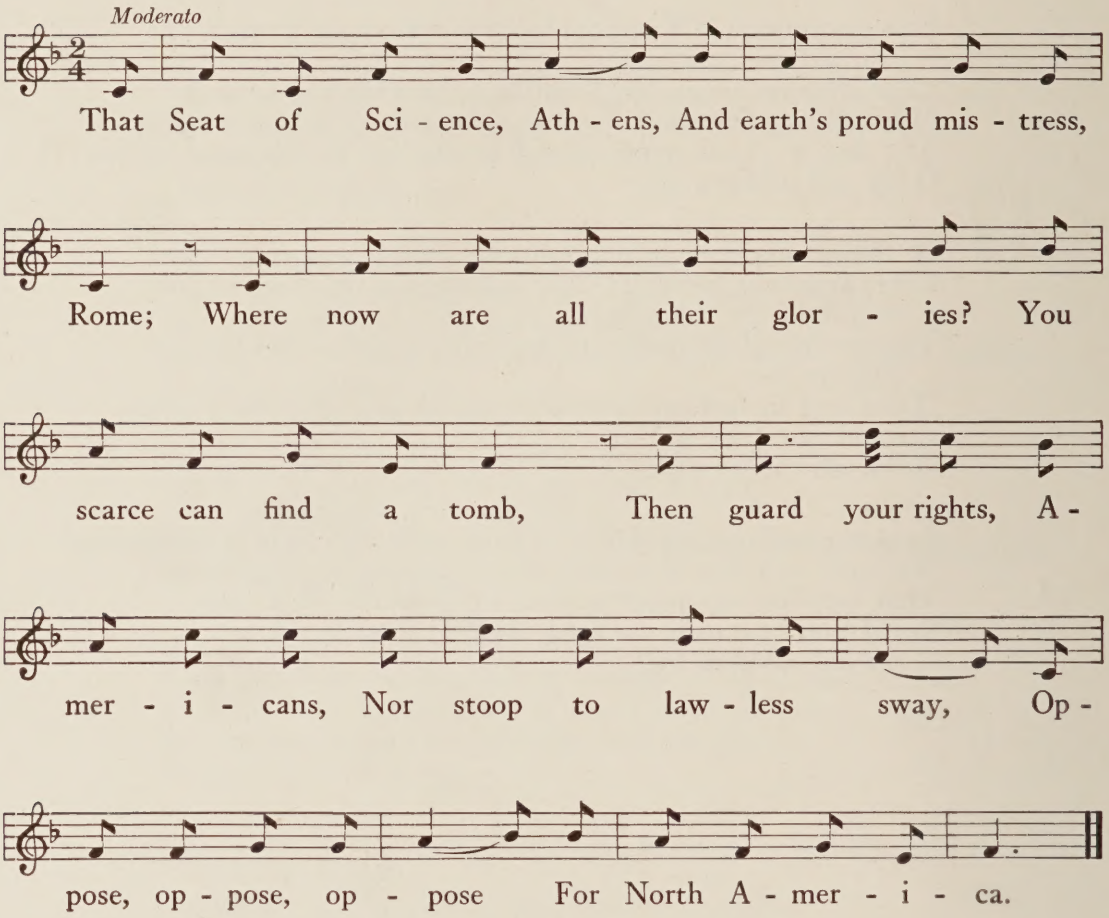
Says our general, "We were forced to take to our arms in our
own defense";
(For arms read legs, and it will be both truth and sense:)
"Lord Percy, (says he), I must say something of him in civility,
And that is—I can never enough praise him for his great agility."
O the old soldiers, etc.

Of their firing from behind fences he makes a great pother:
Every fence has two sides; they made use of one, and we only
forgot to use the other.
That we turn'd our backs and ran away so fast, don't let that
disgrace us;
'Twas only to make good what Sandwich said, that the Yankees
could not face us.
O the old soldiers, etc.

As they could not get before us, how could they look us in the face?
We took care they shouldn't, by scampering away apace.
That they had not much to brag of, is a very plain case;
For if they beat us in the fight, we beat them in the race.
O the old soldiers, etc.

FREE AMERICA

Not long before he fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, Joseph Warren wrote this early rallying song of the Revolution. It was sung to that grand old tune "The British Grenadiers," a complete piano arrangement of which will be found with "The Mountain Battery" song in another section of this book.


Moderato
That Seat of Sci - ence, Ath - ens, And earth's proud mis - tress,
Rome; Where now are all their glor - ies? You
scarce can find a tomb, Then guard your rights, A -
mer - i - cans, Nor stoop to law - less sway, Op -
pose, op - pose, op - pose For North A - mer - i - ca.

We led fair Freedom hither,
And lo, the desert smiled!
A paradise of pleasure
Was opened in the wild!
Your harvest, bold Americans,
No power shall snatch away!
Huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

FREE AMERICA

Torn from a world of tyrants,
Beneath this western sky,
We formed a new dominion,
A land of liberty:
The world shall own we're masters here
Then hasten on the day:
Huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Proud Albion bowed to Cæsar,
And numerous lords before;
To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
And many masters more:
But we can boast, Americans,
We've never fallen a prey;
Huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

God bless this maiden climate,
And through its vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster,
Who scorn to wear a chain:
And blast the venal sycophant
That dares our rights betray;
Huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Lift up your hands, ye heroes,
And swear with proud disdain,
The wretch that would ensnare you,
Shall lay his snares in vain:
Should Europe empty all her force,
We'll meet her in array,
And fight and shout, and fight
For North America.

Some future day shall crown us,
The masters of the main,
Our fleets shall speak in thunder
To England, France, and Spain;
And the nations over the ocean spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons,
Of brave America.

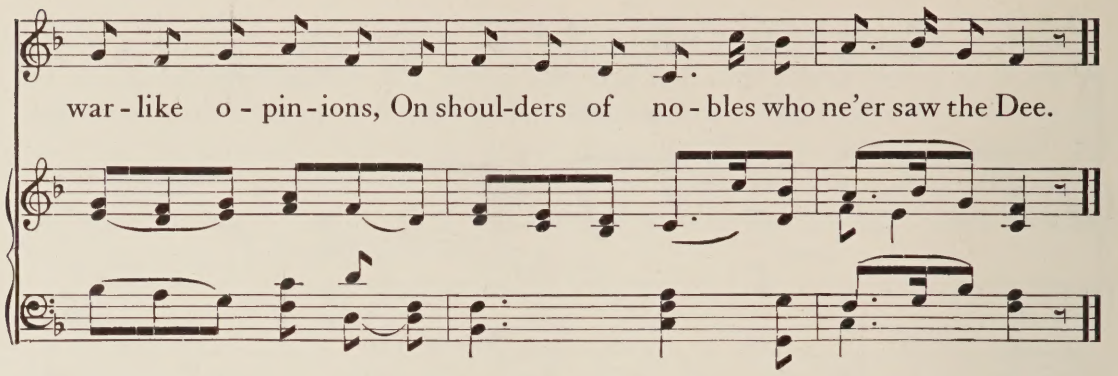
PARODY ON "THE BANKS OF THE DEE"

The original "Banks of the Dee" was written by John Trait, a contributor to the Signet in England. He wrote the song upon the departure of a friend to join the British forces in America. The song tells the story of a girl who is lamenting the absence of her lover, Jaime, who has gone from her "to quell the proud rebels." Oliver Arnold, a relative of the traitor Benedict, wrote the following parody in 1775 when the British troops were in Boston and clashes between them and "the rebels" were taking place.

Moderato
'Twas win - ter, and blue Tor - y
mf
p
nos - es were freez - ing, As they march'd o'er the land where they
ought not to be; The val - iants com-plain'd at the

fi - fers' curs'd wheez - ing, And wish'd they'd re - main'd on the
banks of the Dee. Lead on, thou paid cap - tain! Tramp
on, thou proud min - ions! Thy ranks, bas - est men, shall be
strung like ripe on - ions, For here thou hast found heads with

PARODY ON "THE BANKS OF THE DEE"



Prepare for war's conflict; or make preparation
For peace with the rebels, for they're brave and glee;
Keep mindful of dying, and leave the foul nation
That sends out its armies to brag and to flee.
Make haste, now, and leave us thou miscreant tories!
To Scotland repair! there court the sad houris,
And listen once more to their plaints and their stories
Concerning the "glory and pride of the Dee."

Be quiet and sober, secure and contented:
Upon your own land, be valiant and free,
Bless God that the war is so nicely prevented,
And till the green fields on the banks of the Dee.
The Dee then will flow, all its beauty displaying,
The lads on its banks will again be seen playing,
And England thus honestly taxes defraying,
With natural drafts from the banks of the Dee.

THE BRITISH LIGHT INFANTRY

The British Light Infantry were rather prominent in song during the Revolution. Not only did they compose several songs which extolled their own courage and gallantry, but they also favored Washington with a special composition. In it they thanked him for ordering certain herds of cattle to be fattened, mentioned their own fondness for fresh beef, and promised to leave the hides to make shoes for his barefoot army. Here is one stanza:

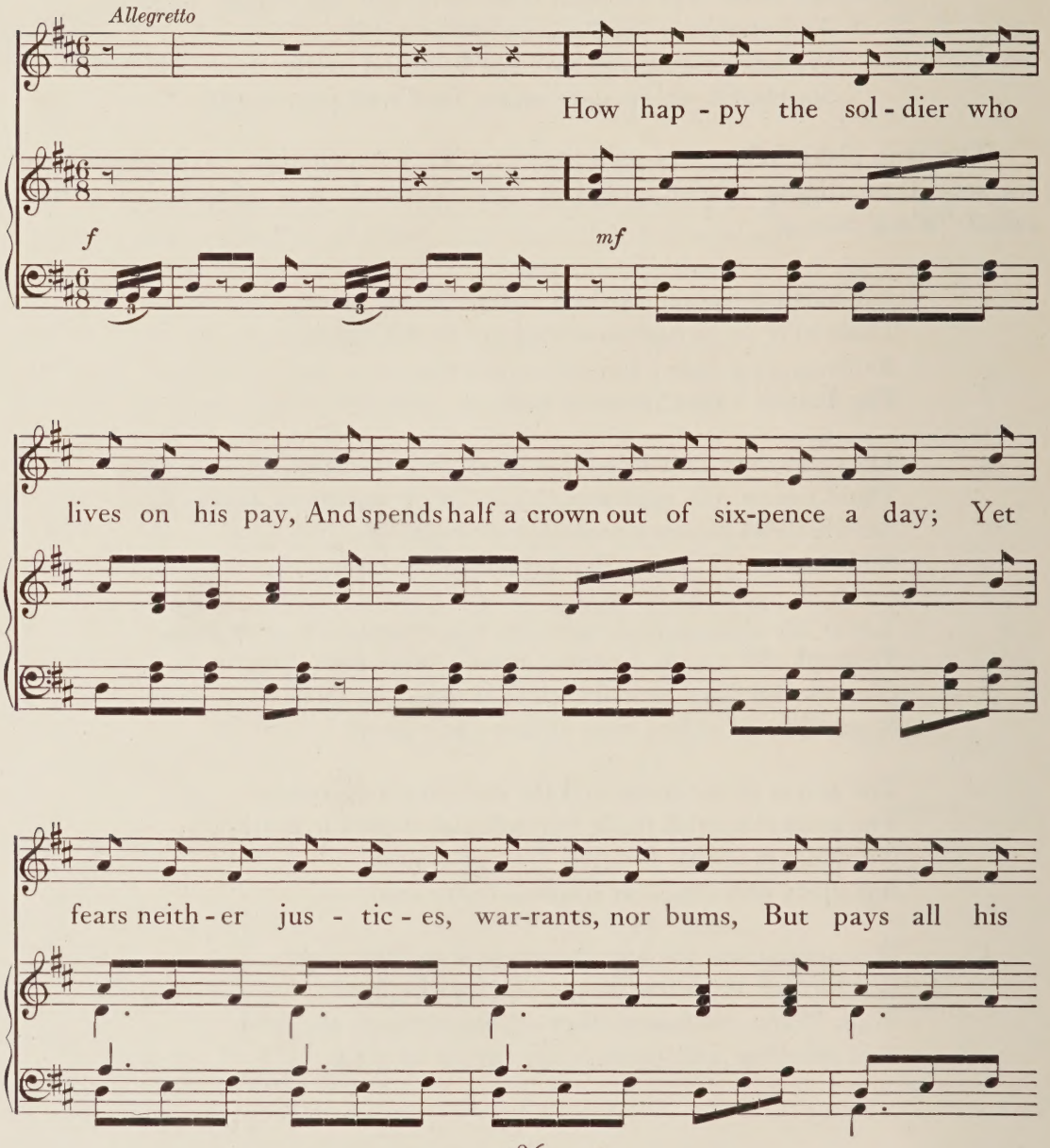
> We know that we light bobs are tough and hardy,
> And at a push you'll never find us tardy.
> We have a stomach both for beef and battle;
> So, honest whigs, once more, feed well your cattle.

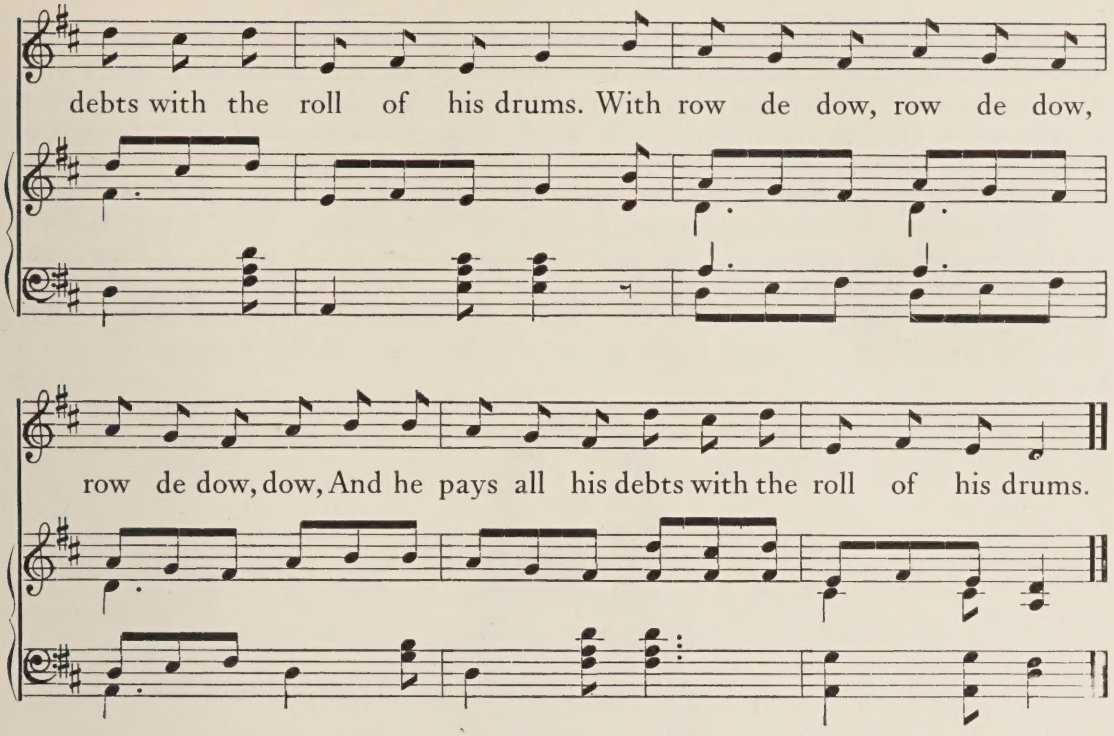
The song given below was published in a Tory paper after having been sung for several months by British troops in New York. It was adapted to a tune called "Black Sloven."

> For battle prepared in their country's just cause,
> Their king to avenge and support all his laws;
> As fierce as a tiger, as swift as the roe,
> The British Light Infantry rush on their foe.
>
> Though rebels unnumber'd oppose their career,
> Their hearts are undaunted; they're strangers to fear;
> No obstacles hinder; resistless they go;
> And death and destruction attend every blow.
>
> 'Cross the deep-gullied vale, up the mountain's steep side,
> Through the rough foaming river's impetuous tide,
> O'er the fortified redoubt, close wedged in array,
> Regardless of safety they follow their prey.
>
> The alarm of the drum and the cannon's loud roar;
> The musket's quick flash, but inflames them the more.
> No dangers appal, for they fear no control,
> But glory and conquest inspires every soul.
>
> Whenever their foe stands arrang'd in their sight,
> With ardor impatient they pant for the fight;
> Rout, havoc, confusion, they spread through the field,
> And rebellion and treason are forcèd to yield.

HOW HAPPY THE SOLDIER

Here is one of the favorites of the British soldiers during the Revolution. But the Americans liked it, too, as is shown by its inclusion in "The American Musical Miscellany" in 1798. In fact, during the War of 1812, the tune was used by Charles L. S. Jones for his patriotic song "The Stripes and Stars."


Allegretto
How hap - py the sol - dier who
f
mf
lives on his pay, And spends half a crown out of six-pence a day; Yet
fears neith - er jus - tic - es, war-rants, nor bums, But pays all his



He cares not a marnedy how the world goes;
His King finds his quarters, and money, and clothes;
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums,
With row de dow, row de dow, row de dow, dow;
And he pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight;
No girl, when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
With row de dow, row de dow, row de dow, dow;
And he pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.

BRAVE PAULDING AND THE SPY

It is unfortunate that legend is so often mingled with fact in the history of the American Revolution that it is difficult to separate the true from the false. There are many stories concerning the capture of Major André, and there are a number of graves in various hamlets of New York State that are said to contain the bones of his captors. All stories agree, however, that John Paulding was the leading figure in apprehending the young British spy.

Throughout the thirteen states feeling ran high against Arnold, but André's manly conduct and courage in the face of ignominious death on the gallows created universal sympathy and admiration for him. Many songs were written lamenting his unhappy fate. This one, which was sung in homes and camps alike, was first published in ballad form during the last year of the war.

Come all you brave Americans, and unto me give ear,
And I'll sing you a ditty that will your spirits cheer,
Concerning a young gentleman whose age was twenty-two;
He fought for North America; his heart was just and true.

They took him from his dwelling, and they did him confine,
They cast him into prison, and kept him there a time;
But he with resolution resolved not long to stay;
He set himself at liberty, and soon he ran away.

He with a scouting party went down to Tarrytown
Where he met a British officer, a man of high renown,
Who says unto these gentlemen, "You're of the British cheer,
I trust that you can tell me if there's any danger near?"

Then up stepped this young hero, John Paulding was his name,
"Sir, tell us where you're going, and also whence you came?"
"I bear the British flag, sir; I've a pass to go this way,
I'm on an expedition, and have no time to stay."

Then round him came this company, and bid him to dismount;
"Come, tell us where you're going, give us a strict account;
For we are now resolved that you shall ne'er pass by."
Upon examination they found he was a spy.

He begged for his liberty, he plead for his discharge,
And oftentimes he told them, if they'd set him at large,
"Here's all the gold and silver I have laid up in store,
But when I reach the city, I'll give you ten times more."

"I want not the gold and silver you have laid up in store,
And when you get to New York you need not send us more.
But you may take your sword in hand, to gain your liberty,
And if that you do conquer me, O, then you shall be free."

"The time it is improper our valor for to try,
For if we take our swords in hand, then one of us must die;
I am a man of honor, with courage brave and bold,
And I fear not the face of clay, although 'tis clothed in gold."

He saw that his conspiracy would soon be brought to light;
He begged for pen and paper, and askèd leave to write
A line to *General Arnold,* to let him know his fate,
And beg for his assistance; but now it was too late.

When the news it came to Arnold, it put him in a fret;
He walked the room in trouble till tears his cheeks did wet;
The story soon went through the camp, and also through the fort.
And he called for the Vulture, and sailed for New York.

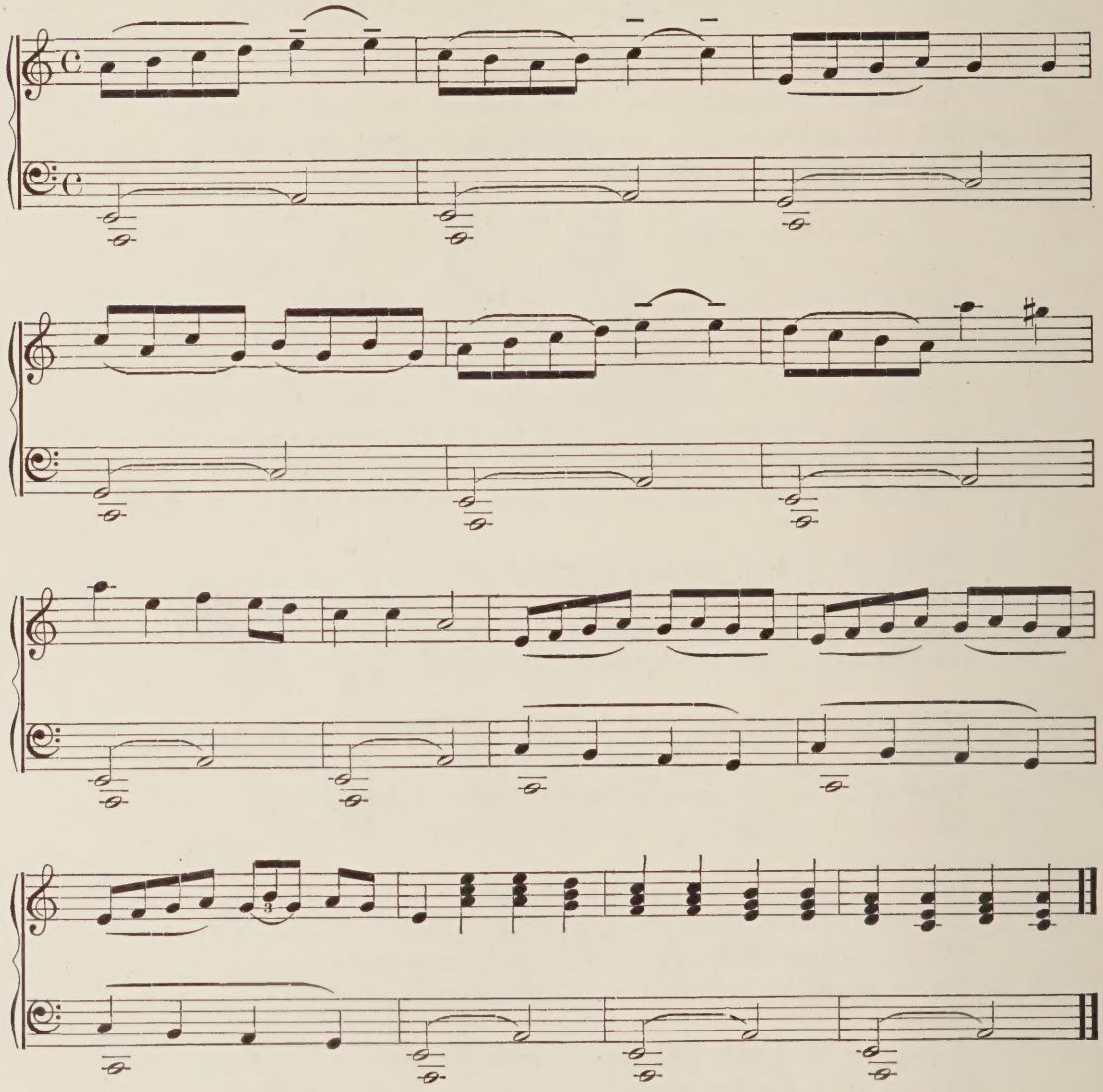
Now Arnold to New York has gone, a-fighting for his king,
And left poor Major André on the gallows for to swing;
When he was executed he looked both meek and mild;
He looked on his spectators, and pleasantly he smiled.

It moved each eye with pity, caused each heart to bleed;
And every one wished him released and Arnold in his stead.
He was a man of honor, in Britain he was born;
To die upon the gallows most highly he did scorn.

A bumper to JOHN PAULDING! now let your voices sound;
Fill up your flowing glasses, and drink his health around;
Also to those gentlemen who bore him company;
Success to North America, ye sons of Liberty!

THE BLUE BIRD

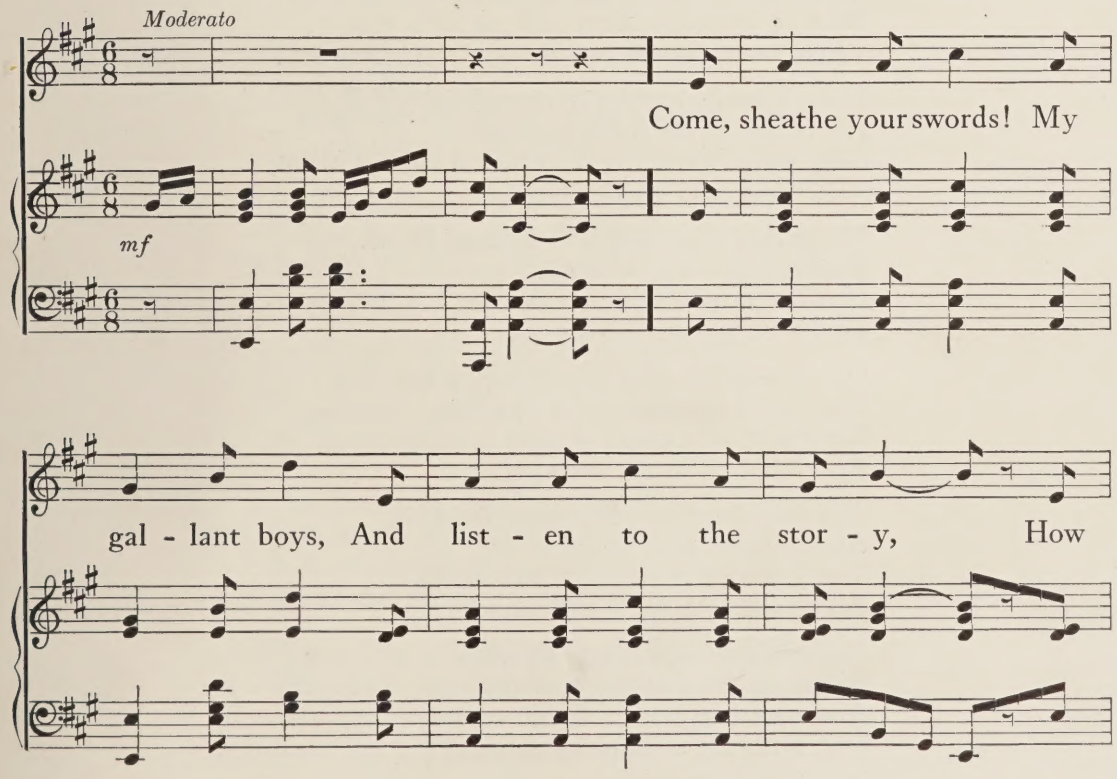
So far as I know, there were never any words to this little piece of fife-and-drum music. But it is closely related to the ballad of John Paulding, for it was played at the hanging of the ill-starred Major André, whom Paulding helped to capture. The melody was taken from the yellow pages of a faded old book of hand-copied Revolutionary tunes in the Drexel collection of the New York Public Library.



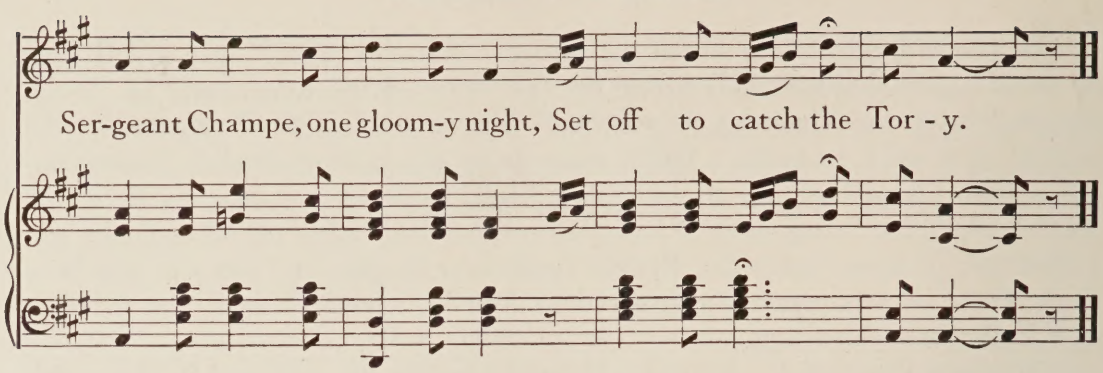
SERGEANT CHAMPE

This ballad, which was set to the tune of "Barbara Allen," was widely sung by soldiers and civilians alike during the last years of the Revolution. In "Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution," Moore states that Washington, who desired very much to make a public example of the traitor Arnold, caused Sergeant John Champe of the dragoons to pretend to desert and join the British in New York. After being hotly pursued by his own comrades, who thought he was a deserter, Champe reached a British vessel near Bergen, and was sent into New York. Here he was pleasantly received by Arnold, who persuaded him to enlist in a legion he was raising.

Champe's plan was to overpower Arnold when he was strolling in his garden at night, and, with the aid of friends in New York, to carry him across the North River to a party of Americans waiting in the woods near Hoboken. On the very night on which this was to be carried out, however, Arnold moved to other quarters and the corps to which Champe belonged boarded transports for Virginia. Hence the plan failed. After reaching Virginia, Champe deserted the British service and rejoined the American Army. Washington, who was afraid that Champe might be captured by the British and executed, gave him an honorable discharge and permitted him to return home.



SERGEANT CHAMPE



You see the general had got mad,
To think his plans were thwarted,
And swore by all, both good and bad,
That Arnold should be carted.

So unto Lee he sent a line,
And told him all his sorrow,
And said that he must start the hunt,
Before the coming morrow.

Lee found a sergeant in his camp,
Made up of bone and muscle,
Who ne'er knew fear, and many a year
With Tories had a tussle.

Bold Champe, when mounted on old Rip,
All button'd up from weather,
Sang out, "Good-bye!" crack'd off his whip,
And soon was in the heather.

He gallop'd on towards Paulus Hook,
Improving every instant—
Until a patrol, wide awake,
Descried him in the distance.

On coming up, the guard call'd out
And ask'd him where he's going—
To which he answer'd with his spur,
And left him in the mowing.

The bushes pass'd him like the wind,
And pebbles flew asunder.
The guard was left far, far behind,
All mix'd with mud and wonder.

Lee's troops paraded, all alive,
Although 'twas one the morning,
And counting o'er a dozen or more,
One sergeant is found wanting.

SERGEANT CHAMPE

A little hero, full of spunk,
But not so full of judgment,
Press'd Major Lee to let him go,
With the bravest of his reg'ment.

Lee summon'd cornet Middleton,
Expressèd what was urgent,
And gave him orders how to go
To catch the rambling sergeant.

Then forty troopers, more or less,
Set off across the meader;
'Bout thirty-nine went jogging on
A-following their leader.

At early morn, adown a hill
They saw the sergeant sliding;
So fast he went, it was not ken't,
Whether he's rode, or riding.

None looked back, but on they spurr'd,
A-gaining every minute.
To see them go, 'twould done you good,
You'd thought old Satan in it.

The sergeant miss'd 'em, by good luck,
And took another tracing,
He turn'd his horse from Paulus Hook,
Elizabethtown facing.

It was the custom of Sir Hal
To send his galleys cruising,
And so it happenèd just then,
That two were at Van Deusen's.

Strait unto these the sergeant went,
And left old Rip, all standing,
A waiting for the blown cornet,
At Squire Van Deusen's landing.

The troopers didn't gallop home,
But rested from their labors;
And some 'tis said took gingerbread
And cider from the neighbors.

'Twas just at eve the troopers reach'd
The camp they left that morning.
Champe's empty saddle, unto Lee,
Gave an unwelcome warning.

"If Champe has suffered, 'tis my fault";
So thought the generous major:
"I would not have his garment touch'd,
For millions on a wager!"

The cornet told him all he knew,
Excepting of the cider.
"The troopers, all, spurr'd very well
But Champe was the best rider!"

And so it happen'd that brave Champe
Unto Sir Hal deserted,
Deceiving him, and you, and me,
And into York was flirted.

He saw base Arnold in his camp,
Surrounded by the legion,
And told him of the recent prank
That threw him in that region.

Then Arnold grinn'd, and rubb'd his hands,
And e'enmost chok'd with pleasure,
Not thinking Champe was all the while
A "taking of his measure."

"Come now," says he, "my bold soldier,
As you're within our borders,
Let's drink our fill, old care to kill,
To-morrow you'll have orders."

Full soon the British fleet set sail!
Say! wasn't that a pity?
For thus it was brave Sergeant Champe
Was taken from the city.

To southern climes the shipping flew,
And anchored in Virginia,
When Champe escaped and join'd his friends
Among the picininni.

Base Arnold's head, by luck, was sav'd,
Poor André's was gibbeted,
Arnold's to blame for André's fame,
And André's to be pitied.

THE IRISHMAN'S EPISTLE TO THE TROOPS IN BOSTON

The minute-men who chased the British back to Boston after the fighting at Concord and Lexington must have greatly enjoyed singing this song. In "Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution," published in 1855, Moore states that four different broadside editions of it were published shortly after the battle of Concord.

By my faith, but I think ye're all makers of bulls,
With your brains in your breeches, your ———— in your skulls
Get home with your muskets, and put up your swords,
And look in your books for the meaning of words.
You see now, my honies, how much you're mistaken,
For Concord by discord can never be beaten.

How brave ye went out with your muskets all bright,
And thought to be-frighten the folks with the sight;
But when you got there how they powder'd your pums,
And all the way home how they pepper'd your ————,
And is it not, honies, a comical crack,
To be proud in the face, and be shot in the back?

How come ye to think, now, they did not know how,
To be after their firelocks as smartly as you?
Why, you see now, my honies, 'tis nothing at all,
But to pull at the trigger, and pop goes the ball.

And what have you got now with all your designing,
But a town without victuals to sit down and dine in,
And to look on the ground like a parcel of noodles,
And sing, how the Yankees have beaten the Doodles?
I'm sure if you're wise you'll make peace for a dinner,
For fighting and fasting will soon make ye thinner.

THE SWAMP FOX

The northeastern part of South Carolina was the region in which the romantic exploits of Marion's partizan band took place. The "Swamp Fox's" men had no uniforms or tentage and often lacked food and ammunition, but they were imbued with the spirit of their leader and united by their hatred of the British. Lord Cornwallis was in control of the entire region, but Marion's frequent forays kept the British in a constant state of alarm. This song gives a good idea of the life the band led in their swampy retreat.

We follow where the Swamp-Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy tussock is our bed,
Our home is in the red-deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day, and shun its light;
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount, and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress,
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free—
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
And we are Marion's men you see.

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp-Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and, hark!
You hear his order calm and low—
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em should they find the strife,
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life:

They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then—not till then—they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease;
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers, too—but, hush!
He's praying, comrades: 'tis not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day,
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoecake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idle stand
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaff'd,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log:
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head,
That's half the time in brake and bog,
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the plashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What—'tis the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, heaven help us, half asleep!
But courage, comrades, Marion leads,
The Swamp-Fox takes us out tonight;
So clear your swords, and coax your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp-Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shout, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

FOLLOW WASHINGTON

An old account states that this song was written soon after the battle of Trenton and was very popular during the Revolution.

The day is broke; my boys, push on,
And follow, follow Washington,
'T is he that leads the way,
'T is he that leads the way.

When he commands, we will obey,
Through rain or snow, by night or day,
Determined to be free,
Determined to be free.

Kind Providence our troops inspires
With more than Greek or Roman fires,
Until our cause prevails,
Until our cause prevails.

Heaven has favor'd a virtuous few,
The tyrant's legions to subdue;
For justice never fails,
For justice never fails.

With heart and hand, and God our trust,
We'll freely fight—our cause is just.
Push on, my boys, push on,
Push on, my boys, push on!

Till Freedom reigns, our hearty bands
Will fight like true Americans,
And follow, follow Washington,
And follow, follow Washington.

CHESTER

Old accounts state that William Billings, the author of this hymn, was the earliest American composer. One commentator says that Billings was more noted for being the earliest writer of music in America than for his verses. If anyone disagrees, let him try this war "anthem" which Billings composed and called "Retrospect":

Was not the day, was not the day,
Was not the day dark, and gloomy?
The enemy said, "Let us draw a line,
Even from York to Canada."
But praised be the Lord!
But praised be the Lord!
The snare is broken, and we are escaped!
But praised be the Lord!
But blessed be the Lord!
The snare is broken, and we are escaped!
Hark, hark, hear the adjuration;
Cursed be the man that keepeth back his sword!
Oh, dismal! oh, horrible! oh, dismal!
My bowels! my bowels!
I am pained at my very heart!
My heart maketh a noise within me,
For thou hast heard, oh, my soul! the alarm of war.

I suspect that the real cause of the composer's pain was not war's alarm but indigestion. But his songs were often sung in camp by New England troops.

(*A Hymn*)

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And slavery clank her galling chains;
We fear them not; we trust in God—
New England's God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne, and Clinton, too,
With Prescott and Cornwallis join'd;
Together plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combin'd.

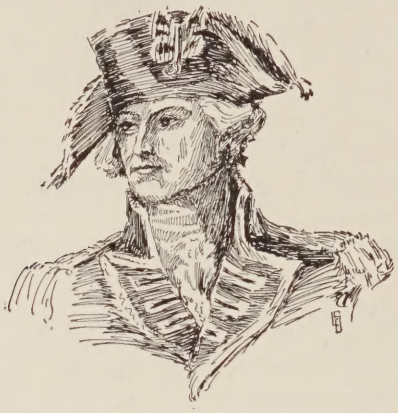
When God inspir'd us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd;
Their ships were shatter'd in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

The foe comes on with haughty stride;
Our troops advance with martial noise;
Their veterans flee before our youth,
And generals yield to beardless boys.

What grateful offering shall we bring?
What shall we render to the Lord?
Loud hallelujahs let us sing,
And praise his name on every chord.

SARATOGA SONG

This lengthy ballad, which gives a complete account of the Burgoyne campaign, was one of many on the same subject. In "Curiosities of American Literature," published in 1843, Rufus W. Griswold attributes its authorship to a private in Colonel Brooke's regiment.



Come unto me, ye heroes,
Whose hearts are true and bold,
Who value more your honor,
Than others do their gold;
Give ear unto my story,
And I the truth will tell,
Concerning many a soldier,
Who for his country fell.

Burgoyne, the king's commander,
From Canada set sail,
With full eight thousand reg'lars,
He thought he could not fail;
With Indians and Canadians,
And his curs'd Tory crew,
On board his fleet of shipping,
He up the Champlain flew.

Before Ticonderoga,
The first day of July,
Appear'd his ships and army,
And we did them espy.
Their motions we observèd,
Full well both night and day,
And our brave boys preparèd,
To have a bloody fray.

Our garrison they viewed them,
And straight their troops did land,
And when St. Clair, our chieftain,
The fact did understand,
That they the Mount Defiance
Were bent to fortify,
He found we must surrender,
Or else prepare to die.

The fifth day of July, then,
He ordered a retreat,
And when next morning we started,
Burgoyne thought we were beat.
And closely he pursued us,
Till when near Hubbardton,
Our rear guards were defeated,
He thought the country won.

And when 'twas told in Congress,
That we our forts had left,
To Albany retreated,
Of all the North bereft;
Brave General Gates they sent us,
Our fortunes to retrieve,
And him with shouts of gladness,
The army did receive.

SARATOGA SONG

Where first the Mohawk's waters,
Do in the sunshine play,
For Herkimer's brave soldiers,
Sellinger ambush'd lay;
And them he there defeated,
But soon he had his due,
And scared by Brooks and Arnold,
He to the north withdrew.

To take the stores and cattle,
That we had gather'd then,
Burgoyne sent a detachment
Of fifteen hundred men;
By Baum they were commanded,
To Bennington they went;
To plunder and to murder,
Was fully their intent.

But little did they know then,
With whom they had to deal,
It was not quite so easy,
Our stores and stock to steal;
Bold Stark would give them only,
A portion of his lead;
With half his crew ere sunset,
Baum lay among the dead.

The nineteenth of September,
The morning cool and clear,
Brave Gates rode through our army,
Each soldier's heart to cheer;
"Burgoyne," he cried, "advances,
But we will never fly;
No—rather than surrender,
We'll fight him till we die."

The news was quickly brought us,
The enemy was near,
And all along our lines then
There was no signs of fear;
It was above Stillwater
We met at noon that day,
And every one expected
To see a bloody fray.

Six hours the battle lasted,
Each heart was true as gold,
The British fought like lions,
And we like Yankees bold;
The leaves with blood were crimson,
And then brave Gates did cry—
" 'Tis diamond now cut diamond!
We'll beat them boys or die."

The darkness soon approaching,
It forced us to retreat,
Into our lines till morning,
Which made them think us beat;
But ere the sun was risen,
They saw before their eyes,
Us ready to engage them,
Which did them much surprise.

Of fighting they seem weary,
Therefore to work they go,
Their thousand dead to bury,
And breastworks up to throw;
With grape and bombs intending
Our army to destroy,
Or from our works our forces
By stratagem decoy.

The seventh day of October,
The British tried again,
Shells from their cannons throwing,
Which fell on us like rain
To drive us from our stations,
That they might thus retreat;
For now Burgoyne saw plainly,
He never could us beat.

But vain was his endeavor
Our men to terrify;
Though death was all around us,
Not one of us would fly,
But when an hour we'd fought them,
And they began to yield,
Along our lines the cry ran,
"The next blow wins the field!"

SARATOGA SONG

Great God, who guides their battles,
Whose cause is just and true,
Inspire our bold commander,
The course he should pursue.
He ordered Arnold forward,
And Brooks to follow on;
The enemy was routed!
Our liberty was won!

Then burning all their luggage,
They fled with haste and fear;
Burgoyne with all his forces,
To Saratog' did steer;
And Gates, our brave commander,
Soon after him did hie,
Resolving he would take them,
Or in the effort die.

As we came nigh the village,
We overtook the foe;
They'd burned each house to ashes,
Like all where'er they go.
The seventeenth of October,
They did capitulate,
Burgoyne and his proud army,
Did we our pris'ners make.

Now, here's a health to Arnold,
And our commander Gates,
To Lincoln and to Washington,
Whom every Tory hates;
Likewise unto our Congress,
God grant it long to reign;
Our Country, Right, and Justice,
For ever to maintain.

Now finish'd is my story,
My song is at an end;
The freedom we're enjoying
We're ready to defend;
For while our cause is righteous,
Heaven nerves the soldier's arm,
And vain is their endeavor,
Who strive to do us harm.

THE PROGRESS OF SIR JACK BRAG

Here is another of the numerous Burgoyne ballads. The text is from McCarty's "National Song Book," published in the early part of the last century.

Said Burgoyne to his men, as they passed in review,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
These rebels their course very quickly will rue,
And fly as the leaves 'fore the autumn tempest flew,
When him who is your leader they know, boys!
They with men have now to deal,
And we soon will make them feel—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
That a loyal Briton's arm, and a loyal Briton's steel,
Can put to flight a rebel, as quick as other foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

As to Sa-ra-tog' he came, thinking how to jo the game,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
He began to see the grubs, in the branches of his fame,
He began to have the trembles, lest a flash should be the flame
For which he had agreed his perfume to forego, boys!
No lack of skill, but fates,
Shall make us yield to Gates,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
The devils may have leagues, as you know, with the States,
But we never will be beat by any mortal foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

THE VOLUNTEER BOYS

This has been called one of the best convivial songs produced during the American Revolution. Its authorship is attributed to Henry Archer, a young Englishman of fortune and military education who came to America in 1778 and enlisted as a volunteer in the Continental Army.

Hence with the lover who sighs o'er his wine,
Chloes and Phillises toasting;
Hence with the slave who will whimper and whine,
Of ardor and constancy boasting.
Hence with love's joys.
Follies and noise,
The toast that I give is the Volunteer Boys.

Nobles and beauties and such common toasts,
Those who admire may drink, sir;
Fill up the glass to the volunteer hosts,
Who never from danger will shrink, sir.
Let mirth appear,
Every heart cheer,
The toast that I give is the brave volunteer.

Here's to the squire who goes to parade,
Here's to the citizen soldier;
Here's to the merchant who fights for his trade,
Whom danger increasing makes bolder.
Let mirth appear,
Union is here,
The toast that I give is the brave volunteer.

THE VOLUNTEER BOYS

Here's to the lawyer, who, leaving the bar,
Hastens where honor doth lead, sir,
Changing the gown for the ensigns of war,
The cause of his country to plead, sir.
Freedom appears,
Every heart cheers,
And calls for the health of the law volunteers.

Here's to the soldier, though batter'd in wars,
And safe to his farm-house retir'd;
When called by his country, ne'er thinks of his scars,
With ardor to join us inspir'd.
Bright fame appears,
Trophies uprear,
To veteran chiefs who became volunteers.

Here's to the farmer who dares to advance
To harvests of honor with pleasure;
Who with a slave the most skilful in France,
A sword for his country would measure.
Hence with cold fear,
Heroes rise here;
The plowman is chang'd to the stout volunteer.

Here's to the peer, first in senate and field,
Whose actions to titles add grace, sir;
Whose spirit undaunted would never yet yield
To a foe, to a pension or place, sir.
Gratitude here,
Toasts to the peer,
Who adds to his titles, "the brave volunteer."

Thus the bold bands for old Jersey's defense,
The muse hath with rapture review'd, sir;
With our volunteer boys, as our verses commence,
With our volunteer boys they conclude, sir.
Discord or noise,
Ne'er damp our joys,
But health and success to the volunteer boys.

VIII. Songs From the Regiments

Esprit—regimental spirit—is as indispensable to a good military organization as self-confidence is to a successful man. Distinctive regimental songs and marches are an important factor in promoting esprit; yet it is a regrettable fact that many of our regiments have mediocre songs and many have none at all.

The constantly changing personnel of our regiments and the frequent changes in the organization of the army itself are responsible for this scarcity of good regimental songs. In the British Army, where organizations have many years of traditions behind them and where personnel changes are gradual, many regiments have songs and marches that have been handed down for generations. "The British Grenadiers," for example, has been the marching song of the famous Grenadier Guards for two hundred years. In our army it is not unusual to have an almost complete turnover in personnel in three or four years. New commanding officers sometimes order the adoption of a new song or march. A song must have some outstanding quality in order to survive these changes.

What are the requisites of a good regimental song? Poetic merit is not a necessary quality. Few regimental songs possess it. High sentiment and idealism are likewise non-essential. To endure, a song must appeal to the men of the regiment. What the soldier wants is a good marching tune—something that picks his feet up, raises his chest, and sends him swinging along with pride in himself and his outfit—and a virile set of words that are full of action and fit for a he-man to sing. Add to this combination the flavor of tradition, and you will have the ideal regi-

mental song. In the opinion of many it has not yet been written. When someone does for his regiment what Major E. L. Gruber did for the field artillery in producing "The Caisson Song" we shall have *the* regimental song.

A number of good regimental songs, however, have been produced in the army since the World War. Before the war some of our best regimental marching songs, such as "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "Garryowen," were adopted from other sources. Others were set to popular tunes of the day. Since the war, however, there has been widespread activity in regimental song writing. This activity has gone hand in hand with the adoption of distinctive regimental insignia and the attempt to foster regimental spirit. The Seventy-sixth Field Artillery Song and "The Hiking Song" of the Eighth Infantry are products of this period.

Obviously, a collection of the songs of all the regiments would make a volume by itself. In this section, therefore, only representative songs of various kinds have been included. Infantry, cavalry, field artillery, coast artillery and engineers are represented. Old and well-known songs are included along with more recent productions. One or two old and nearly forgotten songs have been resurrected. Humorous as well as serious songs are given. Some of them do not bear the stamp of official approval, but all have been closely identified with the regiments concerned.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

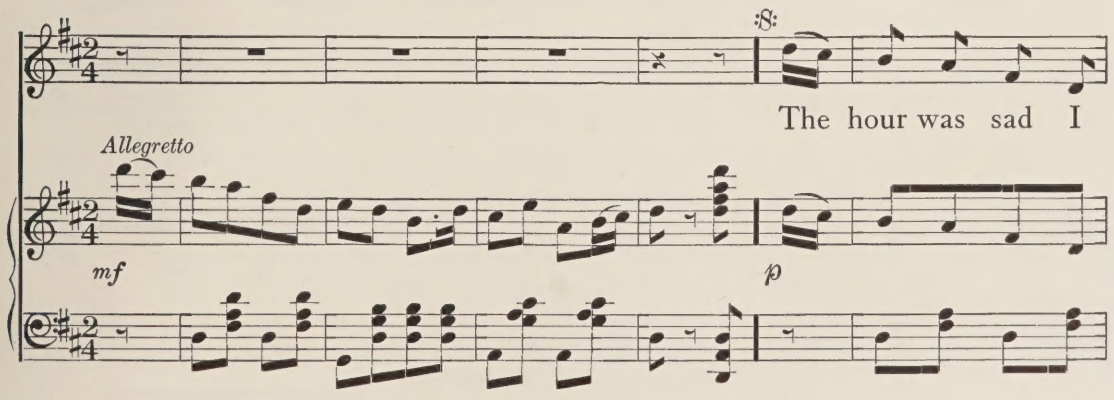
Regimental Song of the Seventh Infantry

The Irish were ever great soldiers and great lovers; it is altogether fitting that this song should have originated with them. Who has listened to this lively old tune or watched a column swing by to its stirring strains without feeling the dash and romance of the Irish in it?

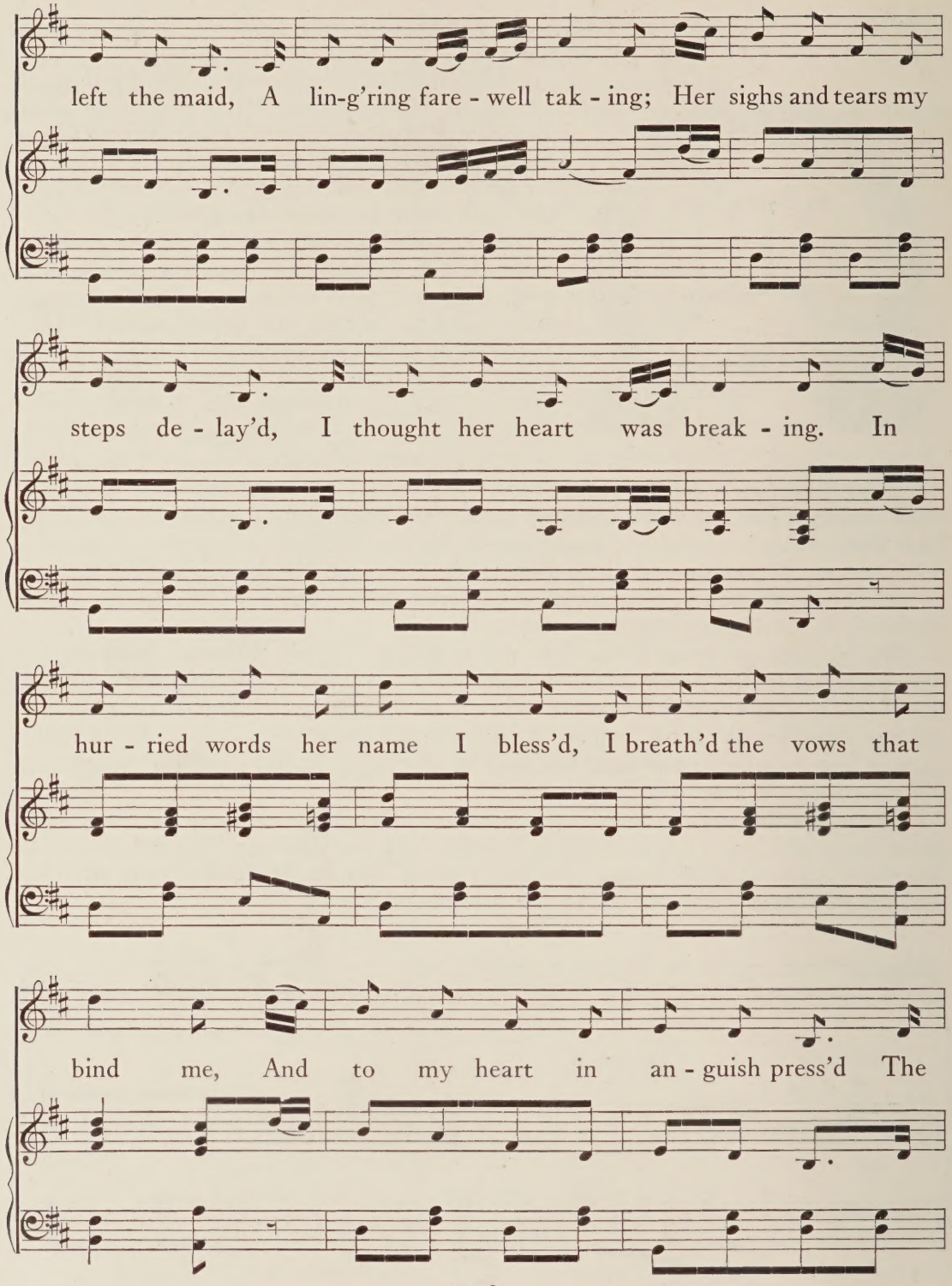
Although it is now the marching song of the Seventh U.S. Infantry, it was a favorite soldier song long before the American Army existed. The tune was old and well known when O'Neil, the celebrated Irish harpist (born 1730), was a boy. An interesting old tradition concerns an Irish bandmaster who was serving with a British regiment in southern England. He was such a male coquette that, as a result of his flirtations, he was ever bidding good-by to the victims of his charms when the regiment changed stations. In a spirit of sarcasm his band began to play "The Girl I Left Behind Me" whenever he was engaged in one of these sad partings. Thus the piece became the regimental parting tune. Its use gradually spread throughout the British Army, so that in time it was considered disrespectful to the ladies for a regiment to march away without playing it.

During the American Civil War the stripling Virginia Military Institute cadets marched to the battle of Newmarket with their fifers and drummers playing this piece. In Custer's day it was second only to "Garryowen" in popularity in the old Seventh Cavalry. Each June at West Point the graduating class stands in ranks for the last time while the band marches by playing a medley march of which this old tune forms a prominent part.

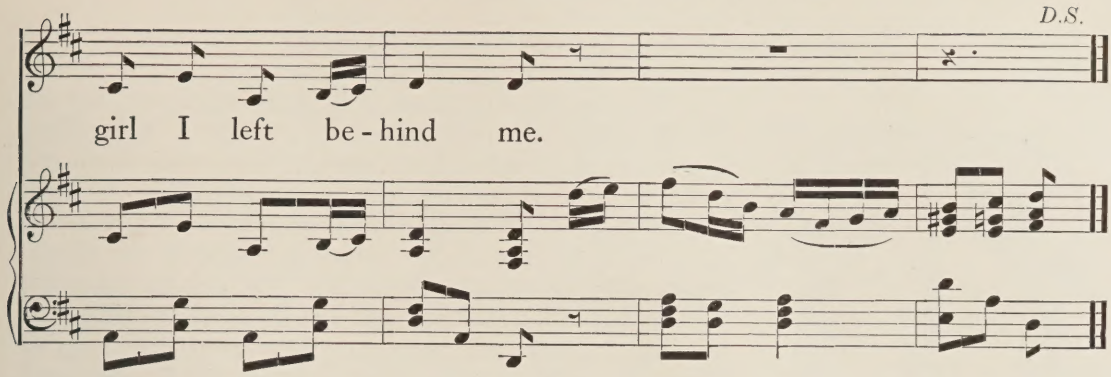
There are different versions; new wars have brought new stanzas. The words given here, which were popular with Custer, show the Crimean War influence. Below them is an old Irish stanza ("Alma") which is undoubtedly the work of Irish soldiers of fortune who served in the continental wars.



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME


left the maid, A lin-g'ring fare - well tak - ing; Her sighs and tears my
steps de - lay'd, I thought her heart was break - ing. In
hur - ried words her name I bless'd, I breath'd the vows that
bind me, And to my heart in an - guish press'd The

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME



Then to the East we bore away,
To win a name in story,
And there, where dawns the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory;
Both blazed in noon on Alma's heights
When in the post assigned me
I shared the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were of the days of yore,
In which we had no sharing;
But now our laurels freshly won
With the old ones shall entwined be,
Still worthy of his sire each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee
And of my fond returning.
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt find me;
Dishonor's breath shall never stain
The name I leave behind me.

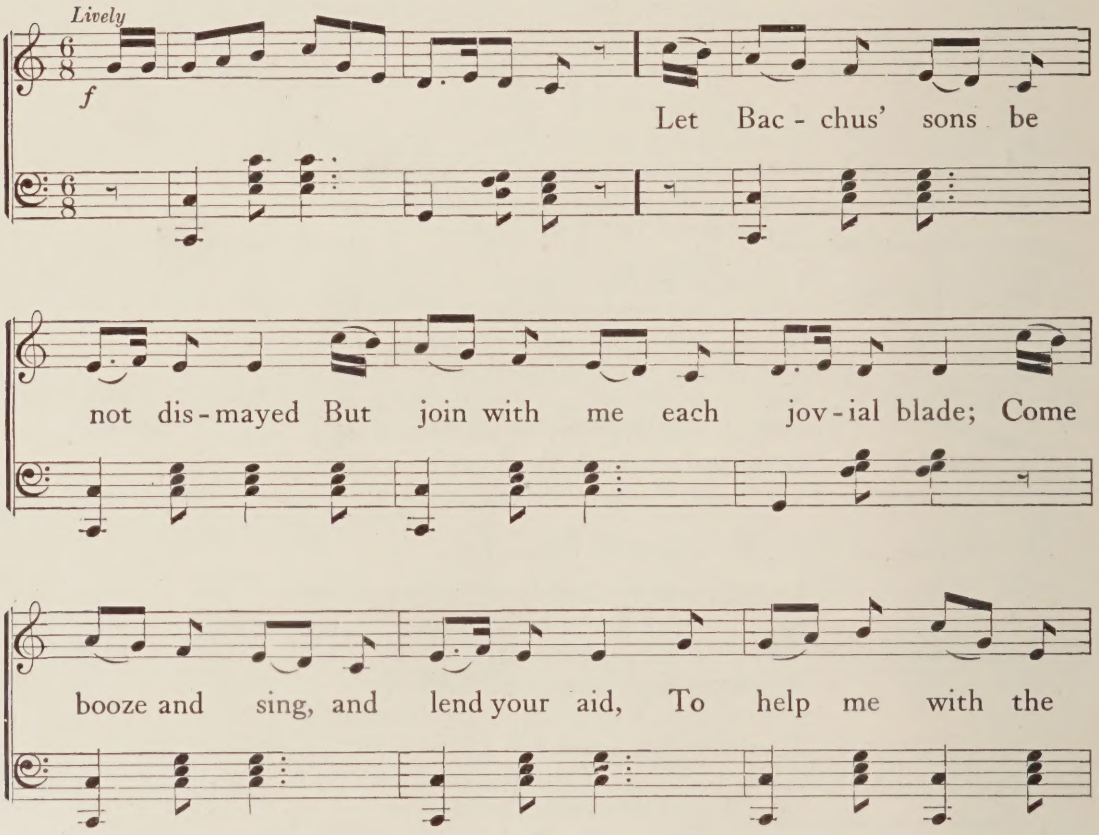
Here is an old Irish stanza of this song:

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
While Spanish eyes are thrilling.
Still though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms quite fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle
To the girl I left behind me.

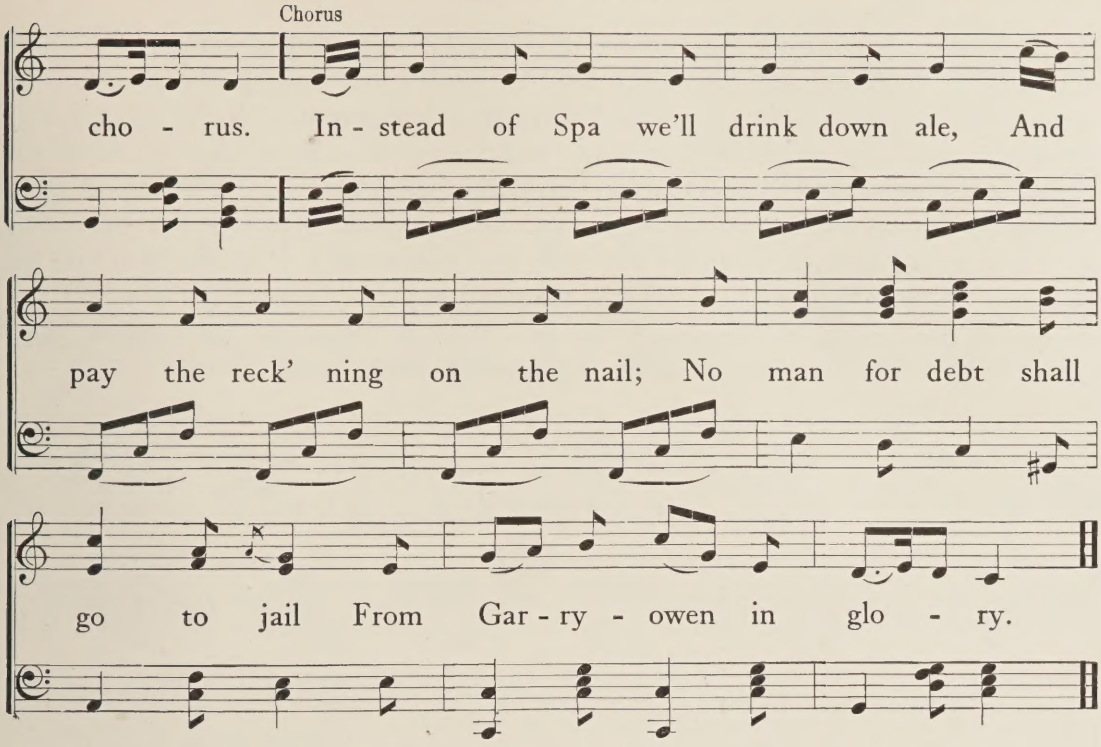
GARRYOWEN

Regimental Song of the Seventh Cavalry

"Garryowen" is the most famous regimental march in our army. For more than half a century this rollicking old Irish tune has been inseparably joined with the name of George A. Custer in the annals of the Seventh Cavalry. In 1868 the Seventh, under General Custer, was engaged in a winter campaign against the Cheyennes near Washita, Wyoming. On the morning of November 26, after a long, hard march through the knee-deep snow, the regiment discovered the camp of Chief Black Kettle. At dawn, just as the bugles were sounding the charge, the band struck up "Garryowen." To its stirring notes the Seventh charged the camp from three sides and completely defeated the Indians. Eight years later Custer heard his favorite tune for perhaps the last time when, with General Terry, he and the Seventh marched out of Fort Lincoln on the ill-fated expedition which was to end in the massacre of the Little Bighorn.


Lively
f
Let Bac - chus' sons be
not dis - mayed But join with me each jov - ial blade; Come
booze and sing, and lend your aid, To help me with the

GARRYOWEN


Chorus
cho - rus. In - stead of Spa we'll drink down ale, And
pay the reck' ning on the nail; No man for debt shall
go to jail From Gar - ry - owen in glo - ry.

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lights when lighting,
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And tearing all before us.

Chorus

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours;
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises.

Chorus

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayors and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.

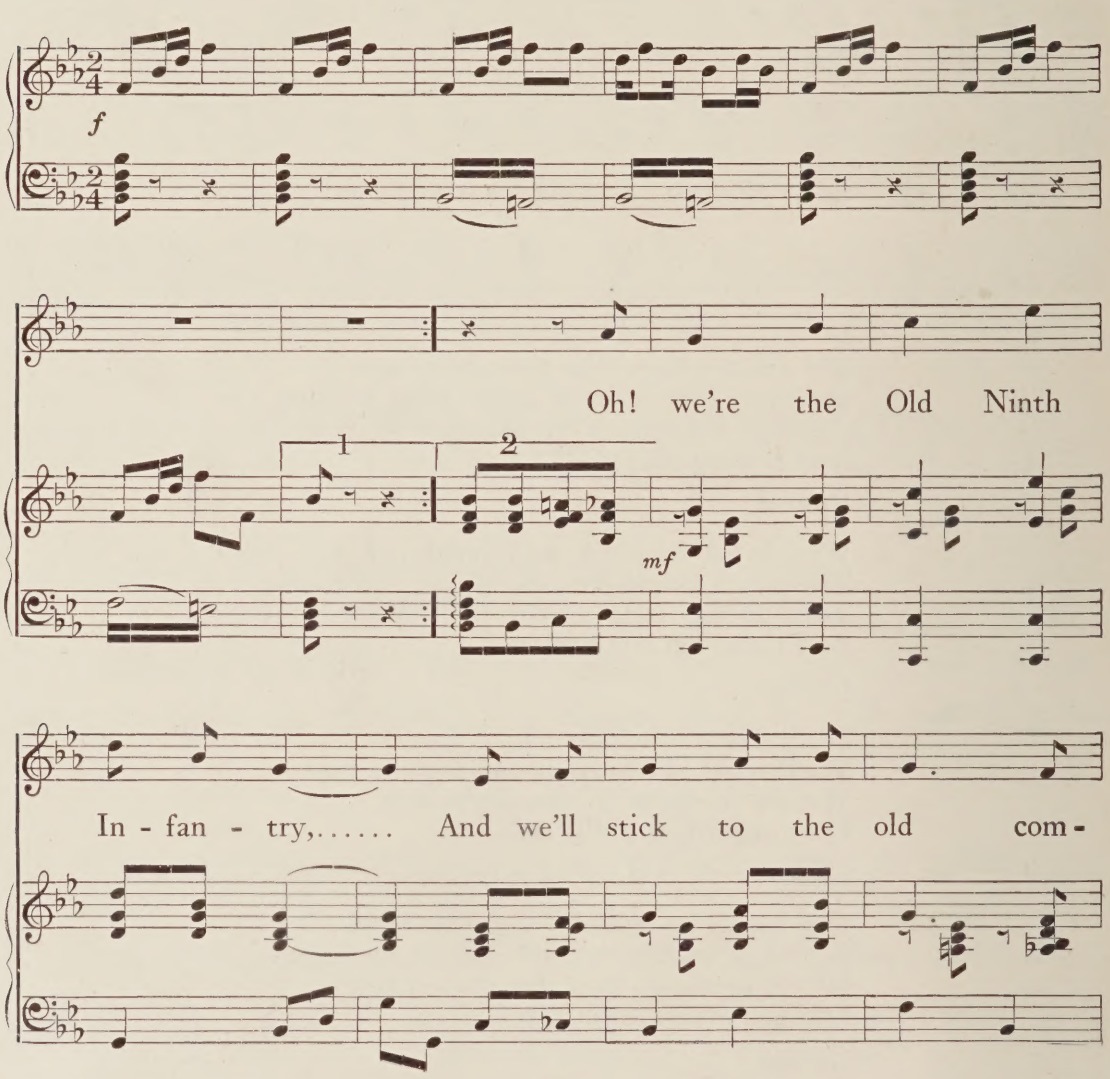
Chorus

Our hearts so stout have got us fame,
For soon 'tis known from whence we came;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

Chorus

THE OLD NINTH INFANTRY

For many years Fort Niagara, Fort Ontario, and Madison Barracks, New York, were the home stations of the Ninth Infantry. To these posts the regiment returned after arduous service in the Philippines, bringing with it the famous bell from the church in which "C" company was massacred at Balangiga. On April 20, 1904, not long after the regiment's return, this song was sung at a musical comedy given by the officers of the regiment. The program indicates that the song was one of the lyrics written for the show by Lieutenant J. P. Drouillard and set to music by Bandmaster C. J. Nash. Another account, however, states that the author of the song is unknown and that the music is from the light opera "Sergeant Kitty." The tune is used as the regimental march of the Ninth.



mand,..... We'll fol - low its flag o'er
eve - ry sea..... Far, far from our na - tive
land..... So here's a cheer for the
Reg - i - ment,..... Each pled - ges his heart and

hand,..... And un - der its flag, where
it's sent, We will si - lent-ly take our stand.....

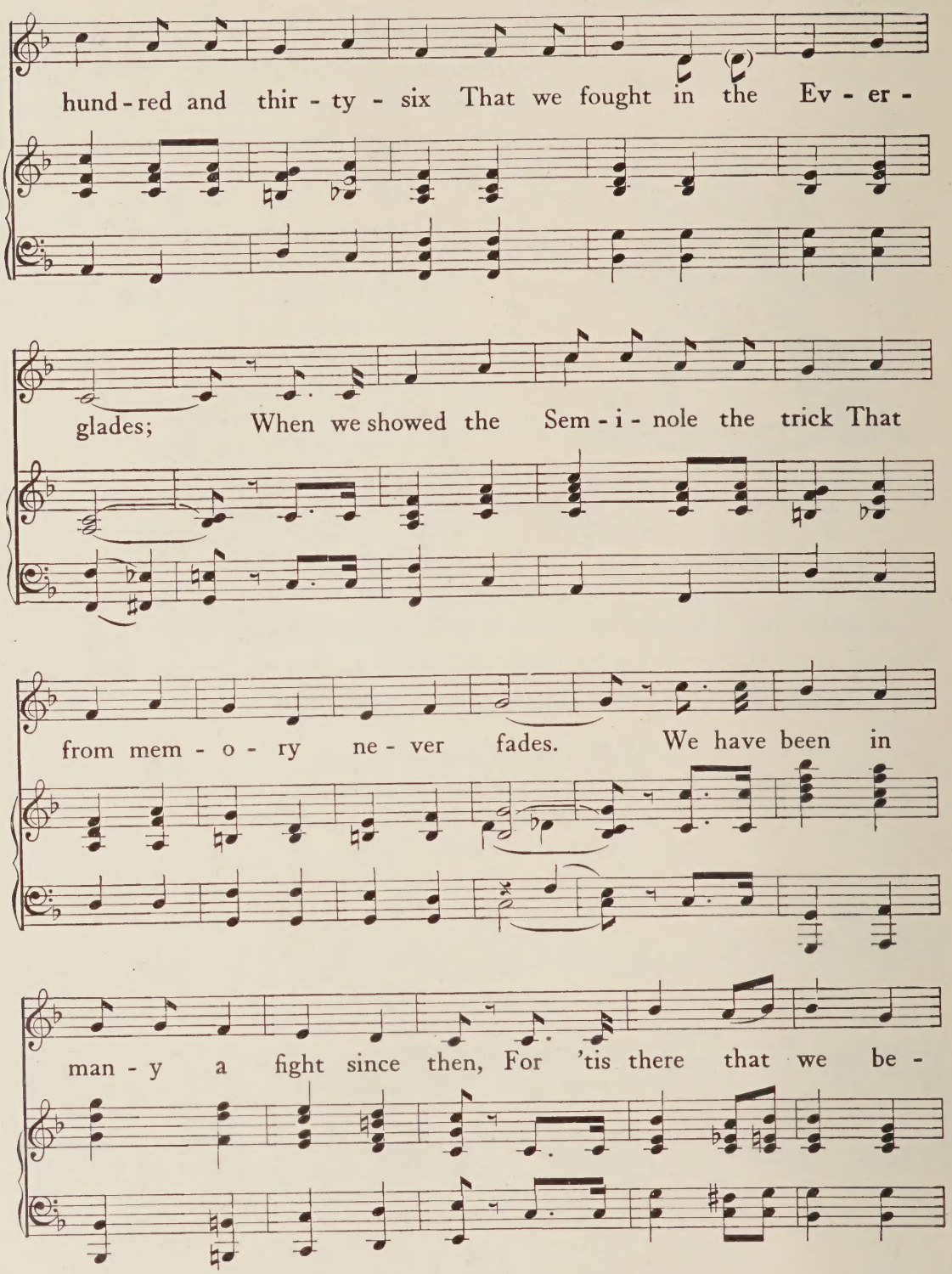
IN THE SECOND CAVALRY

The first chorus of this song dates back to 1900 at least. In 1903 the men of the regiment also used these amusing lines to compare their lot with that of their comrades in the other branches:

Oh, it's groom, groom, groom!
'Tis the soldier's doom,
When he enlists in the cavalry;
And it's work, work, work,
Which you can't well shirk,
If you're in the infantry;
And it's clean, clean, clean,
When the harness gets green,
If you're in the artillery;
But it's drill, drill, drill,
When you ain't in the mill,
In the Second Cavalry.

Sergeant Jack Leonard, who served with the Second in the West during the eighties, supplied the following lively chorus of a song which was often sung on the march. The tune is from the old song "Crambambuli."

We'll ride to hell or victory
For we're the Second Cavalry.
Cram bam bam bu li
Cram-bam-bu-li.


hund - red and thir - ty - six That we fought in the Ev - er -
glades; When we showed the Sem - i - nole the trick That
from mem - o - ry ne - ver fades. We have been in
man - y a fight since then, For 'tis there that we be -

long; So we got the right that we'd earned like men To
Chorus
sing this Regiment's song. Trot, trot, trot, is the
sol - dier's lot When he 'lists for the Cav - al - ry. And it's
hike, hike, hike, which they don't much like For our friends the

In - fan - try. Oh, it's shoot, shoot, shoot, when the
trum-pets toot, If you're in the Ar - til - ler - y.
And it's fight, fight, fight for your coun - try's
right In the Sec - ond Ca - val - ry.

IN THE SECOND CAVALRY

When the trumpet sounds that the firing's ceased,
And our war flag we may furl,
We are always ready, to say the least,
To flirt with a pretty girl.
For at making love or at duty's call
Our motto is *"Toujours Prêt."*
Oh, a soldier's life is the best of all,
So sing with a will today.
Chorus

Let's sing a song to the cavalry,
We'll follow where'er it leads;
We love its yellow standards,
All lined with gallant deeds.
So here's to the horse and the rider bold,
To the trot and the gallop free,
To the charge and the rush and the fierce mêlée
Of the dashing cavalry.

Last Chorus

When the trumpets ring and the chargers spring
And the lines of the foemen reel,
Then dearer far are the ways of war
To the lads of the spur and steel.
With "Old Glory" bright, through the dusty light
And our guidons floating free,
For the ranks of war it's hip, hip, hurrah!
In the Second Cavalry.

THE FOURTEENTH INFANTRY SONG

Old-timers who served with the Fourteenth in the Philippines and China will remember this old regimental song, which was sung to a variation of the tune "Under the Bamboo Tree."

In 1903 the Fourteenth sang this to the First Infantry, which was leaving Sámar for the United States. The First quickly replied with the following parody:

We'll join in your toast, and here is a roast:
We're filled with astonishment
That they have the nerve to say that they serve
In that old regiment!
So roast them, my lad, and don't look so sad
At leaving the Philippines,
For we're gwine away, and they've got to stay,
For they wear those big Fourteens.

In our fair land there are some men
Who have fought well, will fight again,
Who handle sword much more than pen,
Who are not "heroes," nor bloody Neros,
Who now are bound away from home,
The far-off Philippines to roam,
But who are linked with bonds of steel,
Comrades for woe or weal.

Chorus

Then here is a toast we all often boast:
"Here's to the sentiment
Which leads us to serve and braces our nerve,
In the old regiment!"
So toast her, my lad, and be glad that you've had
A chance in the infantry;
Each outfit has fame and a good name,
But the Fourteenth will do for me.

THE FOURTEENTH INFANTRY SONG

In China they played well their part,
Carried the flag with stoutest heart,
And planted it on the rampart,
That all Creation might hail the Nation
Which could produce such gallant sons,
Such gallant lads behind the guns,
Such pretty maids behind the men
To cheer them on again.

Chorus

Down in the jungle soon we'll be,
Fighting mosquitoes patiently;
Before we go sing lustily
A song of gladness—away with sadness!
We're joined again in harmony,
Good fellows always we will be,
No petty squabbles e'er shall mar
A fame known near and far.

Chorus

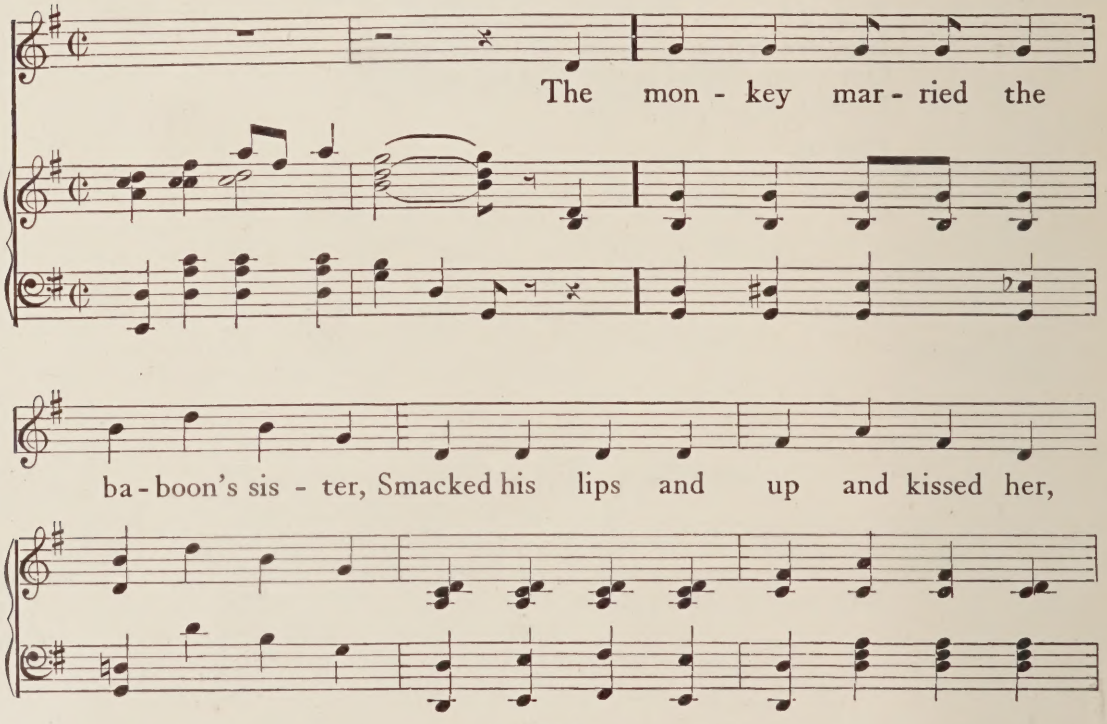
Faithful and gallant may we be,
Stanch for our country, grand and free;
Bearing the flag of liberty:
Emblem of blessing—no man oppressing;
And, when our foreign service ends,
May we return to home and friends,
Our fame enhanced by laurels new,
United, brave, and true.

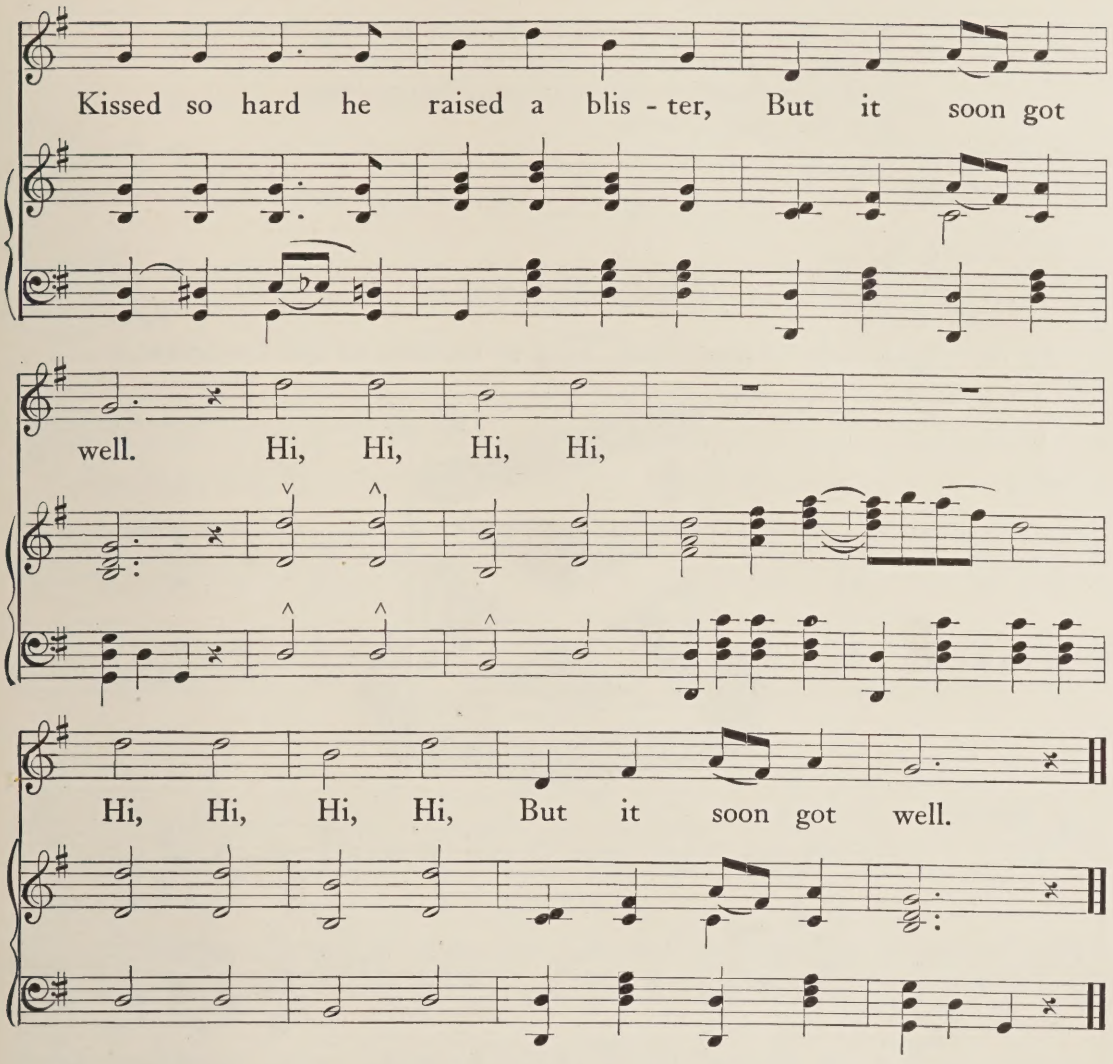
Chorus

NINTH CAVALRY ANTHEM

The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister

Just how this old ballad of the monkey's wedding became the "anthem" of the Ninth (colored) Cavalry it is hard to determine, but old-timers who once served with the Ninth think that it was brought into the regiment by some recruit from the South. This is entirely probable, for Colonel Cornelis de Wit Wilcox, retired, formerly professor of modern languages at West Point, once told me that he heard it sung many years ago in Georgia. At any rate it is now traditional with the Ninth, which uses it as the regimental march and has it played by its bugle corps at guard mount. At an officers' dance at Camp Stotsenberg, P.I., one night several years ago, the bugle corps marched suddenly into the officers' club and completely drowned out the regular orchestra. For an instant everyone paused in startled surprise. Then the conventional music was entirely forgotten as the delighted couples went whirling about the floor to the peppy notes of "The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister."





Then she put on some court-plaster,
Stuck so hard it couldn't stick faster.
Surely was a great disaster,
But it soon got well.
Chorus

Oh, the monkey loved the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips and then he kissed her.
Kissed her so hard he raised a blister,
And she set up a yell.
Chorus

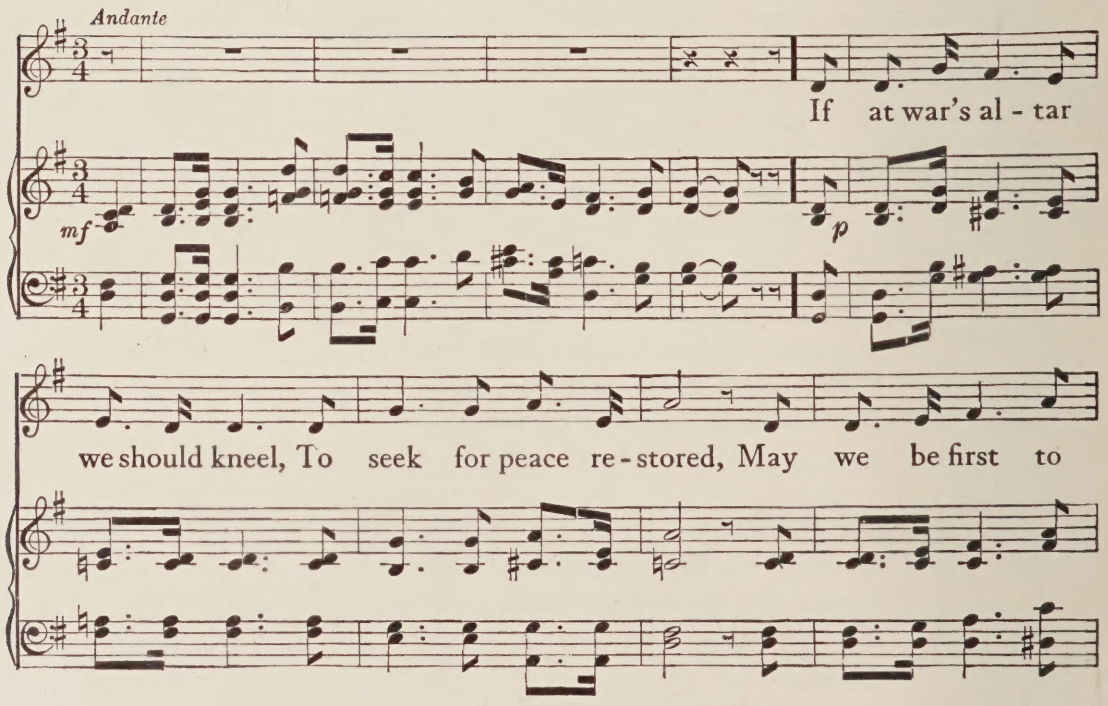
NINTH CAVALRY ANTHEM

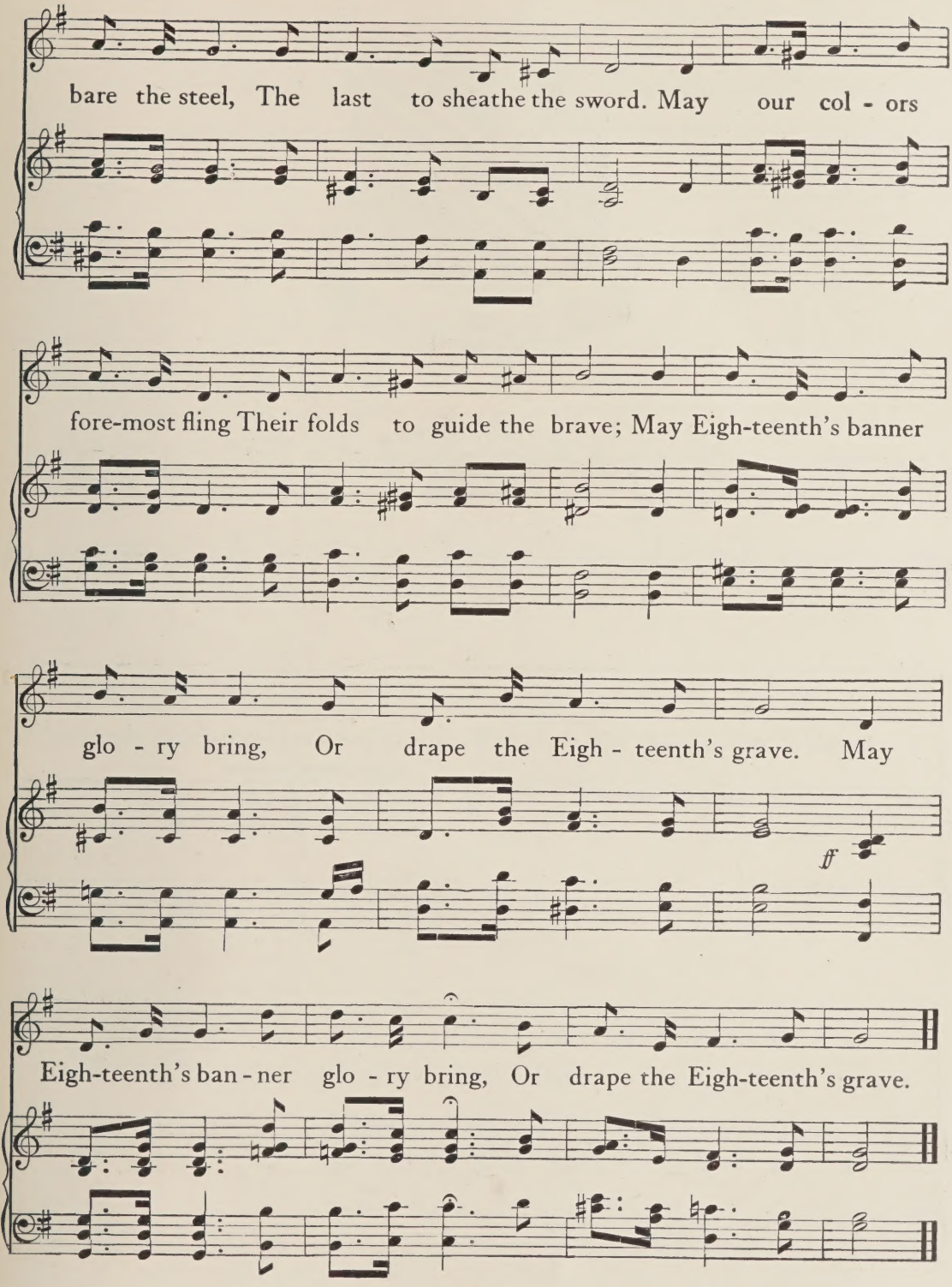
Now, what do you think the bride was dressed in?
Green gauze dress and a big brass breast-pin,
Red leather shoes. She was quite interesting,
She was quite a belle.

Chorus

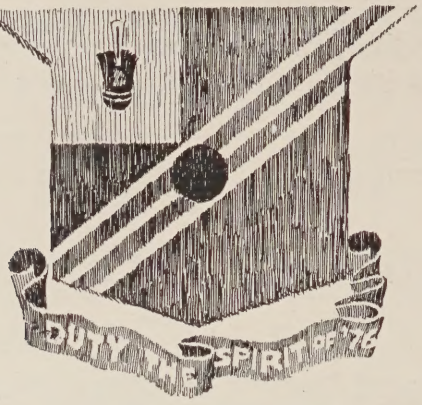
TO THE EIGHTEENTH

An old Eighteenth Infantry song, sung to the tune of old Heidelberg.

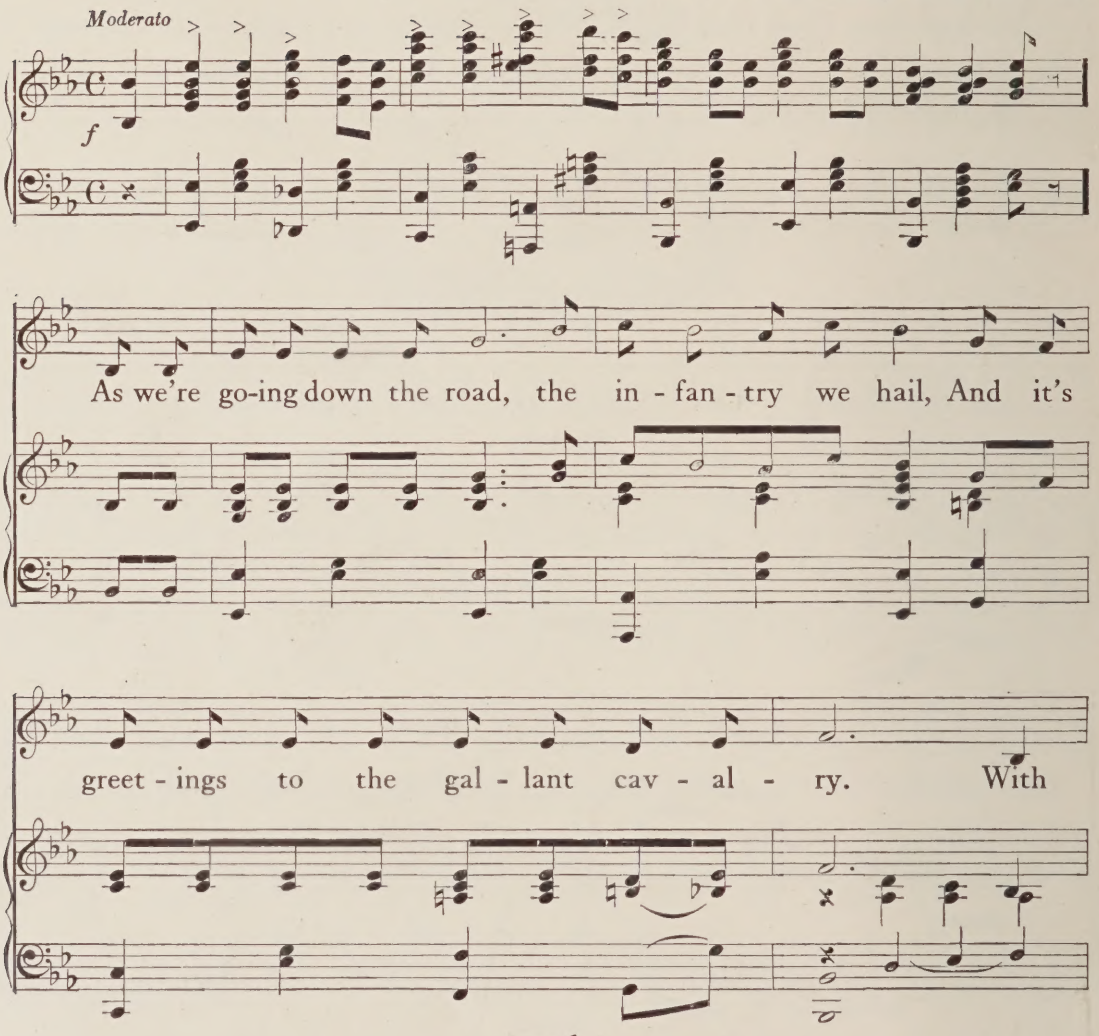


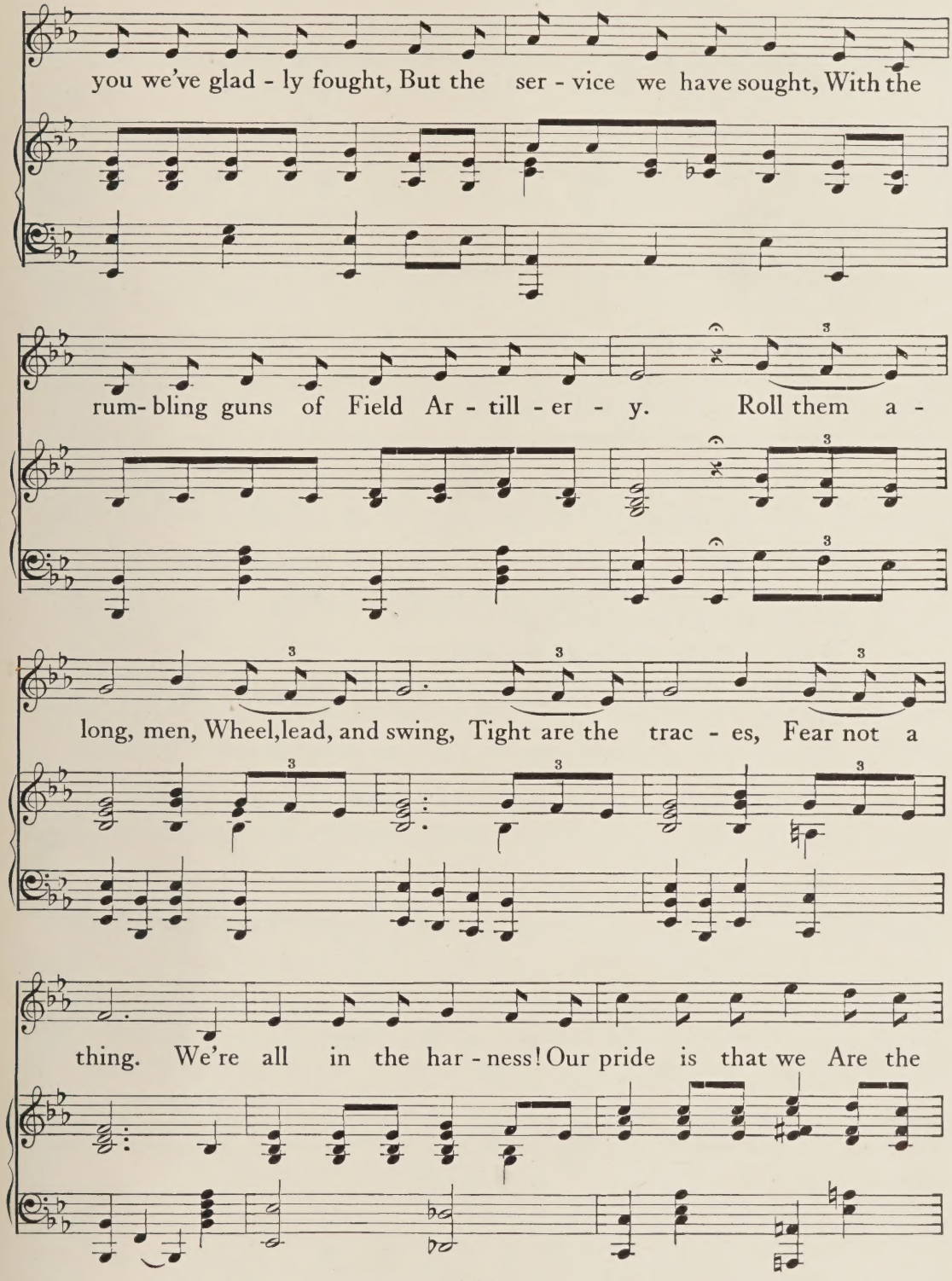

bare the steel, The last to sheathe the sword. May our col - ors
fore-most fling Their folds to guide the brave; May Eigh-teenth's banner
glo - ry bring, Or drape the Eigh - teenth's grave. May
ff
Eigh-teenth's ban - ner glo - ry bring, Or drape the Eigh-teenth's grave.

SEVENTY-SIXTH FIELD ARTILLERY SONG

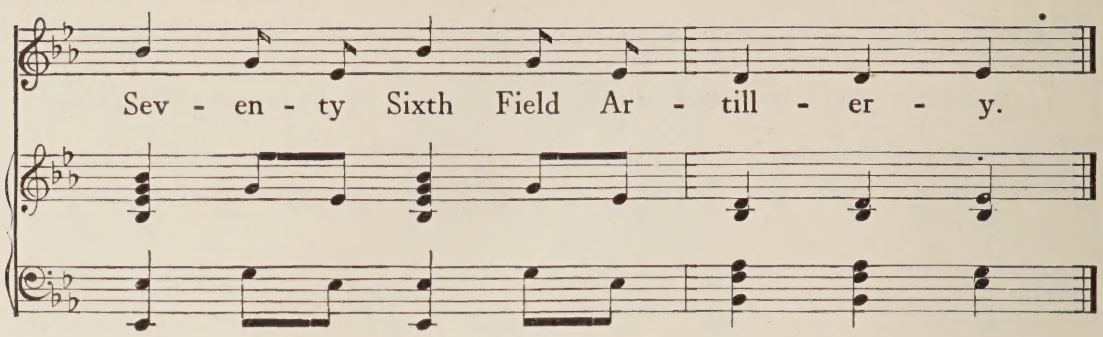


Words & Music by Edith H. Ward




you we've glad - ly fought, But the ser - vice we have sought, With the
rum- bling guns of Field Ar - till - er - y. Roll them a -
long, men, Wheel,lead, and swing, Tight are the trac - es, Fear not a
thing. We're all in the har - ness! Our pride is that we Are the

SEVENTY-SIXTH FIELD ARTILLERY SONG



It was east of Château-Thierry and in front of Mont-Sainte-Père
Our men received their first real test of war.
But they carried on and through,
As our men will always do,
And the guns kept up their shell-fire near and far.
Chorus

You can hear our guns a-rumbling as we drill throughout the day,
You can hear our men join in some glad refrain,
As in barracks clean we rest,
While a breeze from out the west
Blows the bugle calls at evening 'cross the plain.
Chorus

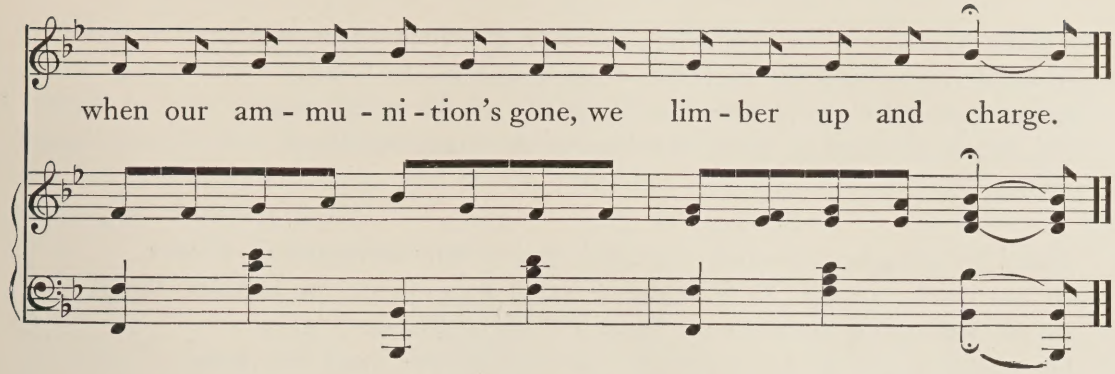
THE SIXTH FIELD ARTILLERY SONG

This World War product appeared in the regimental history of the Sixth, which was published in Germany in 1919. New stanzas have been added since the war.

Moderato
mf
We're on-ly a rook-ie reg - i-ment, we've yet our spurs to win, But,
p
when the coun-try gives the word, we are read - y to start in; And,
when from Maine to Or - e-gon the call to bat - tle runs, You can

bet your stack 'twill be an-swered back by the thun-der of our guns.
Chorus
Oh! the boom-ing of our guns is heard in front with the cav-al-ry screen, And the
scar - let of our guid - ons on the skir - mish line is seen; We
storm the re-doubts, dough-boys, our rep - er-toire is large, For

THE SIXTH FIELD ARTILLERY SONG



The wagon soldier jolts his bones a-riding on a chest.
As a matter of course we straddle a horse and gallop with the best;
The yellow man, the brown man, the black man, or the white,
Can call on the Sixth Artillery, if he's anxious for a fight.
Chorus

We hit the road at break of day,we march till set of sun,
And when the hike is ended, then our work has just begun.
We groom the horses, clean the guns, wipe off the harness sweat
And then, long after it is dark, plain army slum we get.
Chorus

Now when the Greaser started things across the Rio Grande
The Sixth was called upon to hike across the desert sand;
From Douglas, into Mexico, we marched down to El Valle,
While the cavalry was a-fighting the brown Greaser at Parral.
Chorus

We left the States in late July on the good ship Mallory,
And they put us down below the decks so far we couldn't see;
For days and days naught met our gaze but the ocean's broad expanse,
Until we docked at Saint-Nazaire, and met the girls of France.
Chorus

At Valdahon and Ribécourt we trained from morn till night
And showed the French how quickly we could learn their way to fight;
Until one day the order came to pack up all our stuff—
Since then we've treated Fritzie in a manner rather rough.
Chorus

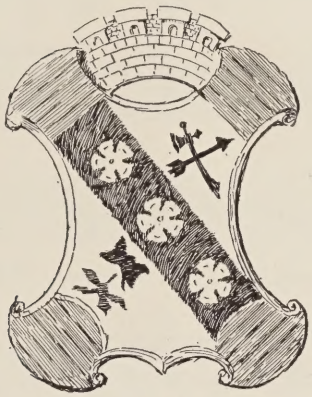
THE SIXTH FIELD ARTILLERY SONG

I don't care where the regiment goes, I've got three years to do,
A-wandering round the universe, from Ransbach to Cebú.
If it's work all night or march or fight, it's all the same to me,
For that's the way we look at things in the Sixth Artillery.
Chorus

Now! we're not a "rookie" regiment, we've won our spurs in France,
By our quick barrage, an' by fighting hard, we've made the Heinies dance,
From Ansauville to Soissons, Saint-Mihiel to Meuse-Argonne,
Our *Soixante-quinze* have pounded hard, while we sang this song.
Chorus

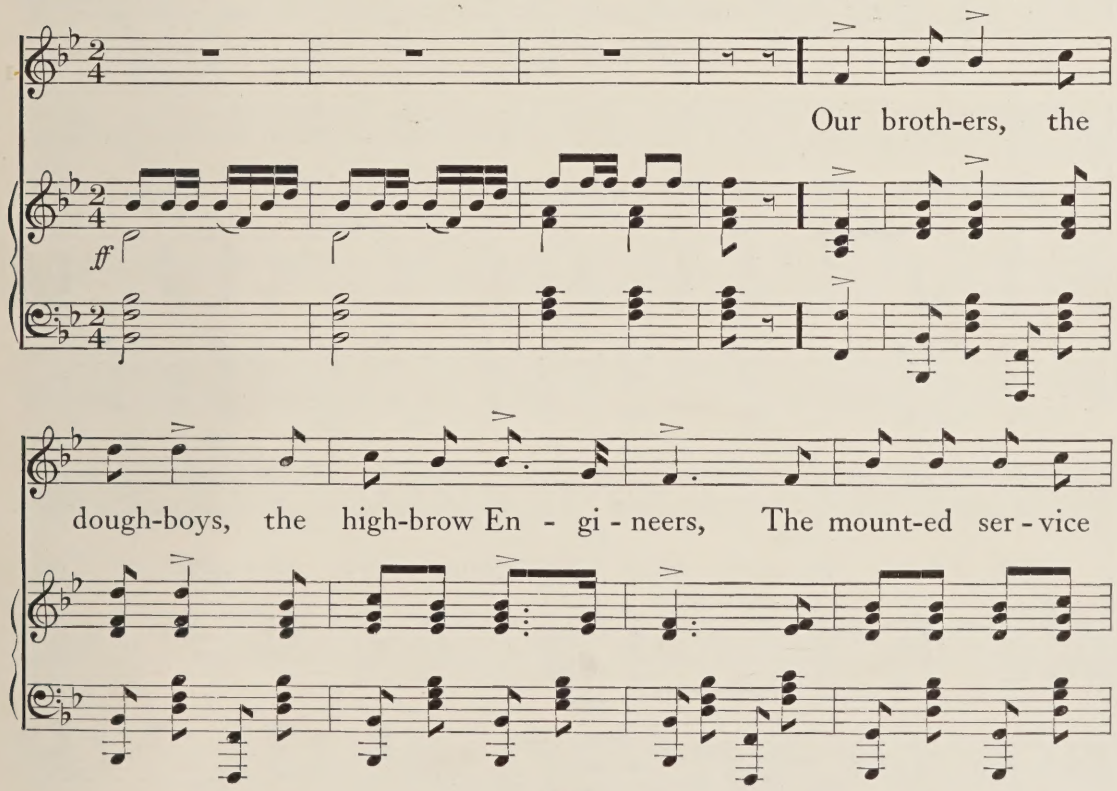
THE HIKING SONG OF THE EIGHTH INFANTRY

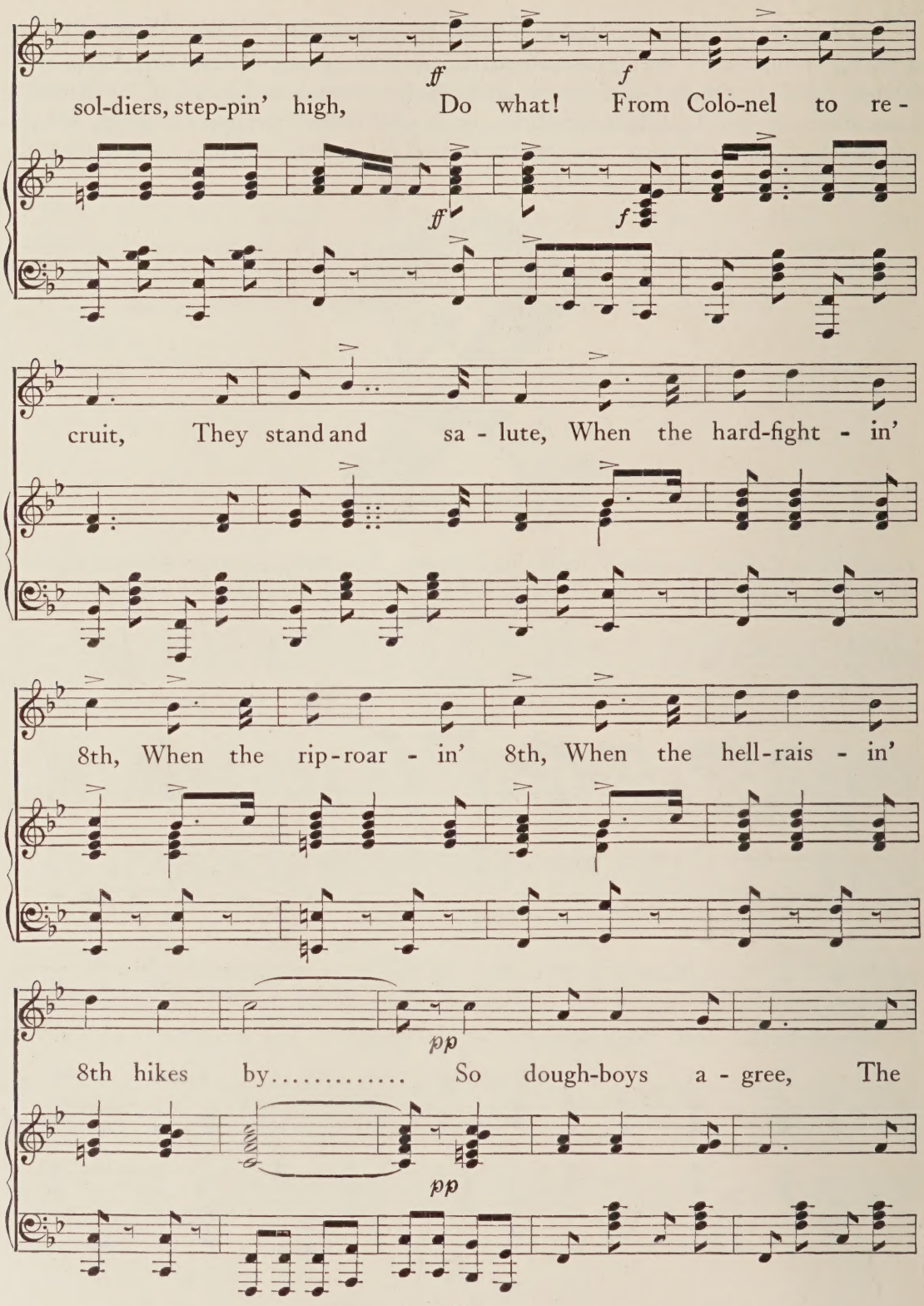
Staff Sergeant Morales, who composed the melody for this song, began life as a young trumpeter in the Spanish Army in the Philippines. During the war in the islands he was captured first by Aguinaldo's Insurrectos and later by the Americans. After the war he enlisted in our army, served in the Philippines, on the Mexican border, and in France, and finally retired in 1928 as assistant band leader of the Eighth Infantry Band.

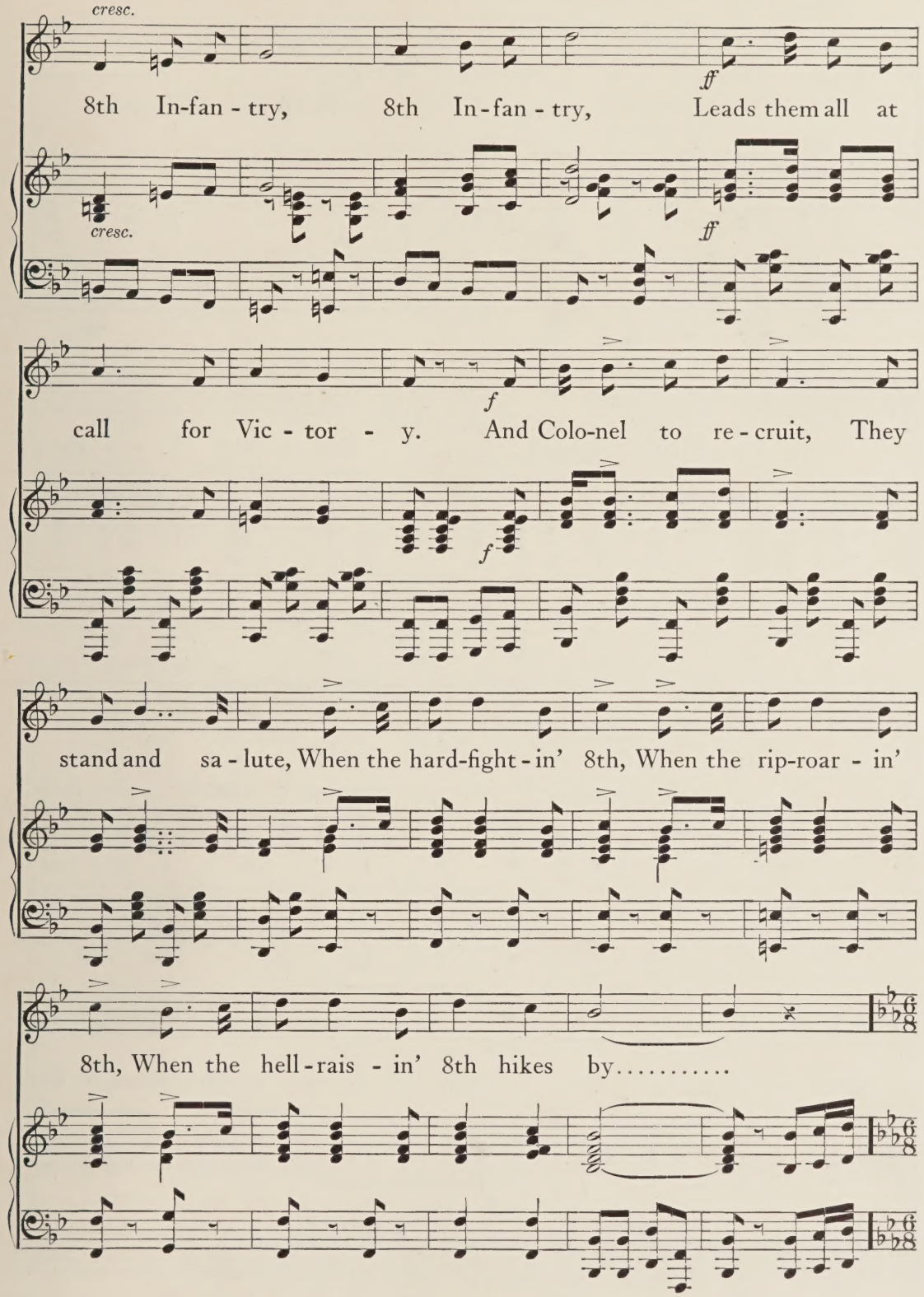


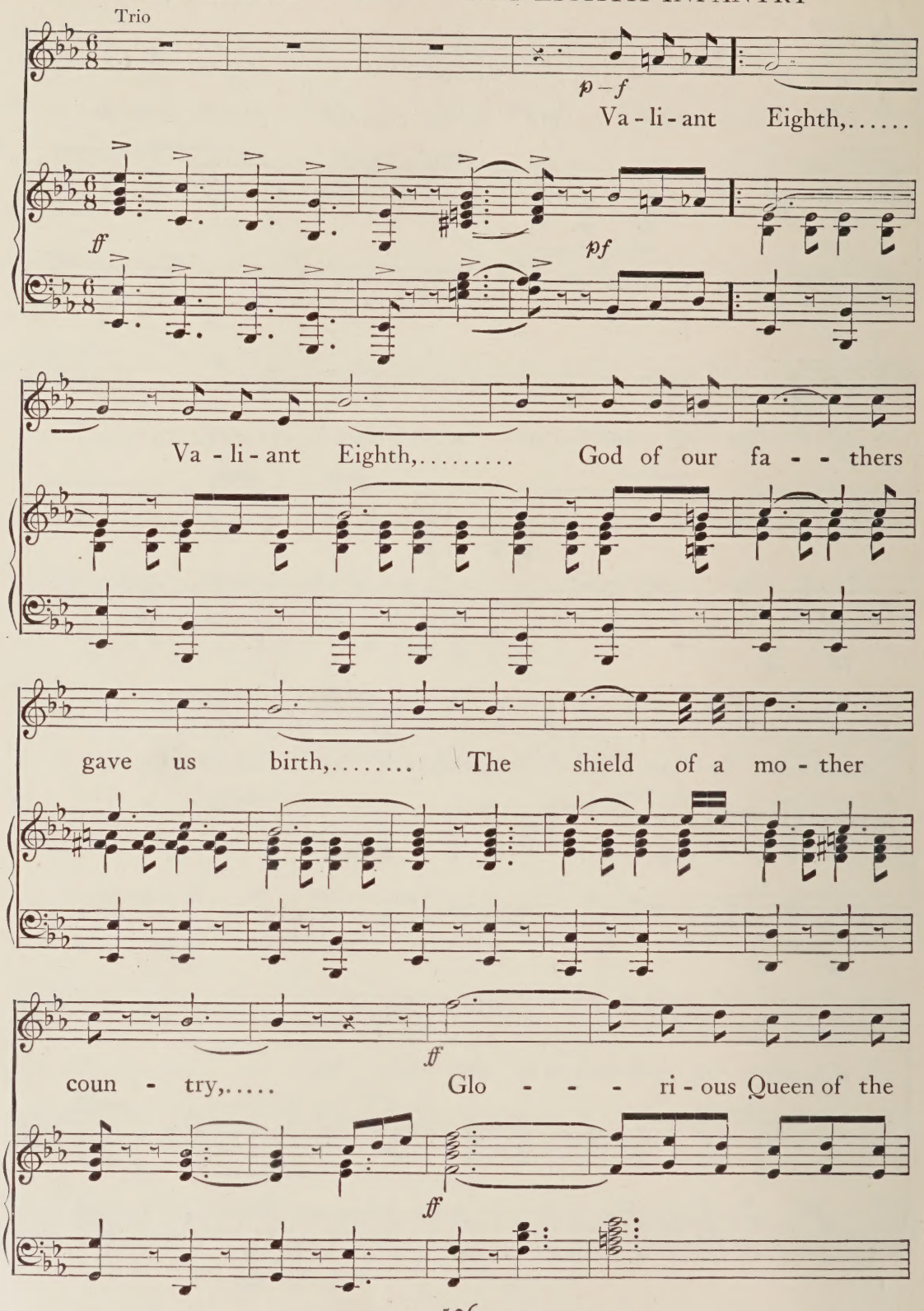
Composed by Colonel Reynolds J. Burt, 8th Infantry.
Melody by Staff Sergeant Tomas Morales, 8th Infantry.

Arrangement by Warrant Officer S. A. Dapp, 8th Infantry.




ff
f
sol-diers, step-pin' high, Do what! From Colo-nel to re-
cruit, They stand and sa - lute, When the hard-fight - in'
8th, When the rip-roar - in' 8th, When the hell-rais - in'
pp
8th hikes by..... So dough-boys a - gree, The


cresc.
8th In-fan-try, 8th In-fan-try, Leads them all at
cresc.
ff
ff
f
call for Vic-tor-y. And Colo-nel to re-cruit, They
f
stand and sa-lute, When the hard-fight-in' 8th, When the rip-roar-in'
8th, When the hell-rais-in' 8th hikes by.....

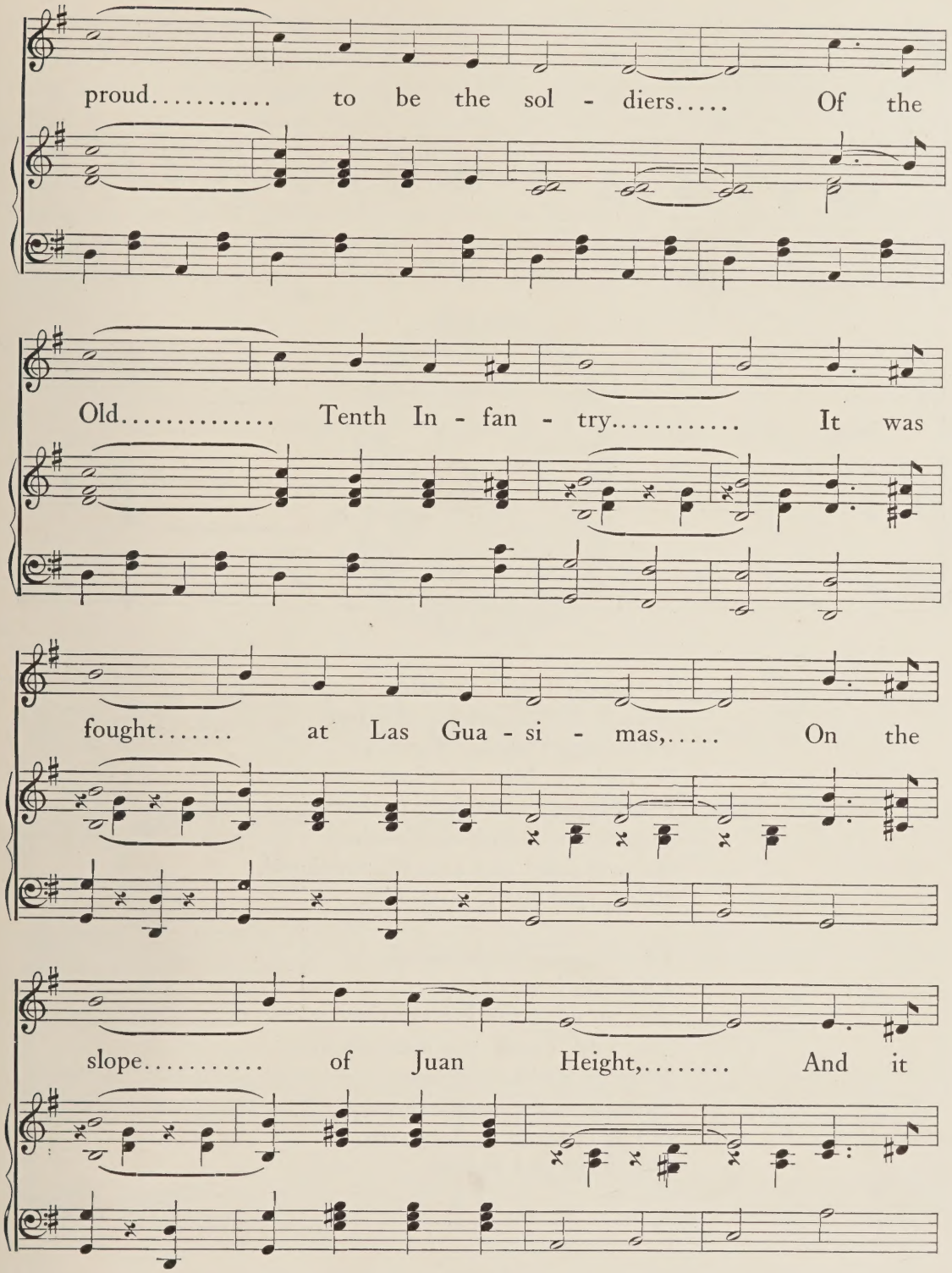

Trio
p – f
Va - li - ant Eighth,.....
ff
pf
Va - li - ant Eighth,..... God of our fa - - thers
gave us birth,..... The shield of a mo - ther
ff
coun - try,..... Glo - - - ri - ous Queen of the
ff

mf
earth, We Serve Thee. Call..... our arms shall de-fend
mp
Thee. Foes they shall not pass,..... We
pledge to Flag and Coun - try. Pa - tri - ae Fi - -
cresc.
1
2
f
de - li - - tas..... Va - li - ant
cresc.
f

TENTH U. S. INFANTRY SONG

The Tenth Infantry can trace its history back to 1855, but its regimental song was written after the World War. The music was formerly known as "The Tenth Illinois March."

TENTH U. S. INFANTRY SONG



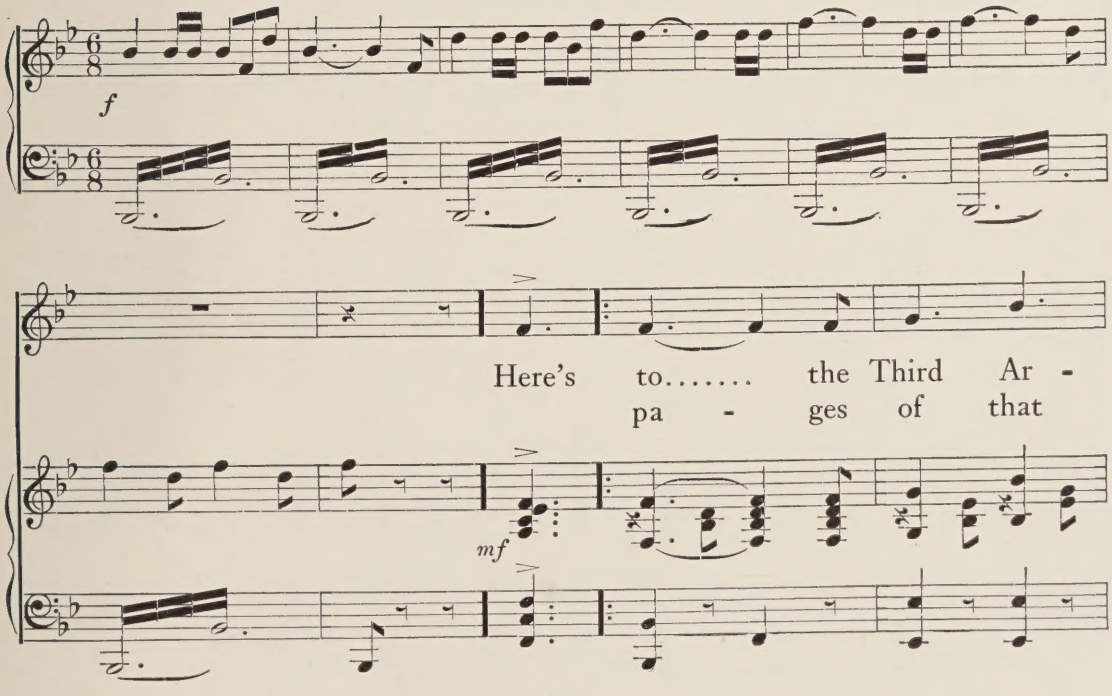
TENTH U. S. INFANTRY SONG

In the Civil War its valor
Spread dismay among the foe,
As it fought at old Manassas,
Gettysburg, New Mexico;
In the great war of the nations,
It performed high service then,
As it trained our nation's manhood,
Reinforced our fighting men.

Far away in tropic islands
Filipinos battled there,
And to quell the insurrections
The Old Tenth was everywhere.
Panama and cold Alaska
Know the regiment's history.
It has lived up to our motto
"Courage and Fidelity."

THIRD COAST ARTILLERY MARCH

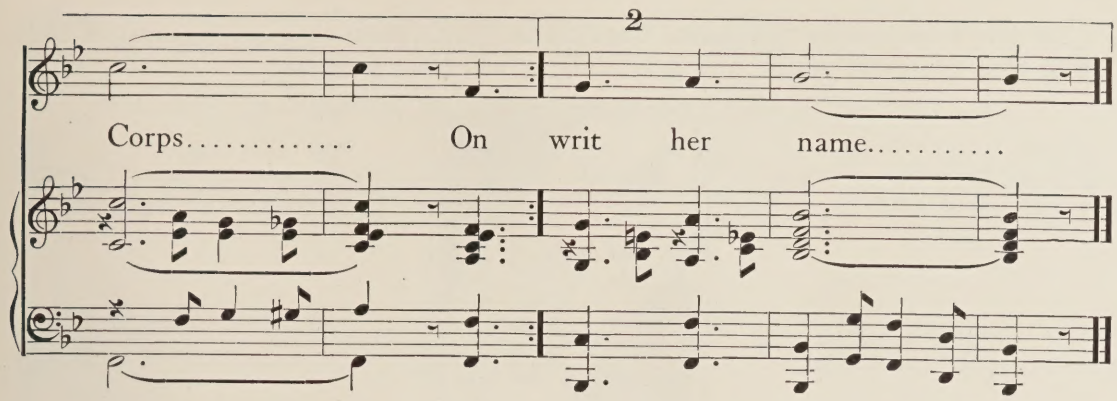
Although most of the coast artillery regiments were organized from separate companies in 1924, their traditions run far back in our military history. Most of the separate companies were, prior to 1901, members of old regiments which bore the same number as these new ones. In fact, two batteries of the Third were organized in 1794 and two in 1812. Batteries of the regiment have fought in every war from the War of 1812 to the Boxer Expedition. The words of the song are new, but its spirit and story of achievement are as old as the army itself. Lieutenant J. I. Hincke wrote the words and Warrant Officer J. A. Woodward composed the music.



THIRD COAST ARTILLERY MARCH

till - er - y,..... May she con - quer for - ev - er -
rec - ord,..... Our coun - try's ledg - er of
more..... Come, fill..... your glass - es,
fame..... In let - ters stained with
sol - diers,.... To the pride of the fa - mous
life's blood.... Her sons have
1

THIRD COAST ARTILLERY MARCH



On the field of Buena Vista,
Foe attacking on every side,
The fire from out her cannons,
'Twas the Third's who turned the tide.
And on the shores of Asia,
Over twenty-five years ago,
Her colors waved before them,
When she battled the yellow foe.

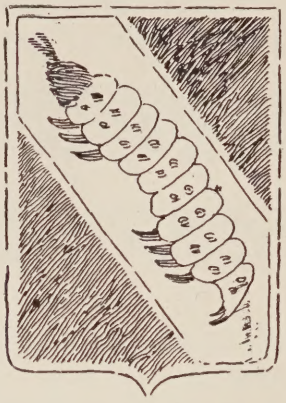
May our days be long and peaceful,
Toward every nation alike,
But if the hour of need come,
Our slogan, "Yield not, strike!"
And may some blow descending
To the coward's heart be sent,
Whose fear might cast dishonor,
On our gallant regiment.

For the Third, she knows no lagging,
Her will is like tempered steel,
She has never felt submission,
Or the weight of the conqueror's heel.
On the field of blood and honor,
Having orders forward to go,
Her fallen sons have always
Fell with faces toward the foe.

So may we e'er be ready,
For the war's fierce battle and strife,
And never stop to question
If our cause may be wrong or right.
Enough, that we are ordered,
That our country's call has been heard;
If need, we'll die like soldiers,
Leaving honor for the Third.

THE FIFTY-FIRST COAST ARTILLERY MARCH-SONG

In this song of the Fifty-first Captain G. H. Ericson has given us most of the story of a regiment which was practically a war-time product.



We or - gan-ized in 'Sev - en-teen the gal-lant Fif - ty - First, The

pi - o-neers of C. A. C. who crossed the sea and cursed The

mud and rain, in old Lor - raine, The

coo - ties and the dug-outs where we slept in mud im - mersed, The

bil - lets in the hay-mows, gosh, the whole darn war we cursed.
For - ward! for - ward! join us in a song,
To the clank and rum - ble of the cra - zy tum - ble of the
cat - er - pil - lars as we roll - a - long, To the
rum - ble of the mo - tors as we roll, we roll a - long.

THE FIFTY-FIRST COAST ARTILLERY MARCH-SONG

We loved the pretty French girls and we loved the tavern host,
While we unlimbered old French guns and filed away the rust;
Set to entrain for old Lorraine,
We made our motto *En Avant,* and to the front we must;
We made our motto *En Avant,* we ever forward must.
Chorus

The winter months went by, and then with every gun and mount
Shined up and working like a clock we started for the front;
For old Lorraine we did entrain
In Pullman cars, all named in French; *Chevaux huit ou Hommes quarante,*
All named in French, and such a name; *Chevaux huit ou Hommes quarante.*
Chorus

There we erected camouflage and shoveled dirt and clay,
And then the tractors brought the guns, which we emplaced 'fore day
In mist and rain, in old Lorraine;
Next morn we warned the enemy that we were there to stay;
That it was up to him to move, to move the other way.
Chorus

Our guns were heard at Saint-Mihiel, were heard around Verdun,
Our guns were heard at Thiaucourt, were heard in the Argonne.
In old Lorraine we did remain
Until the fight was over, till the bloody war was won;
Close to the front we did remain until the job was done.
Chorus

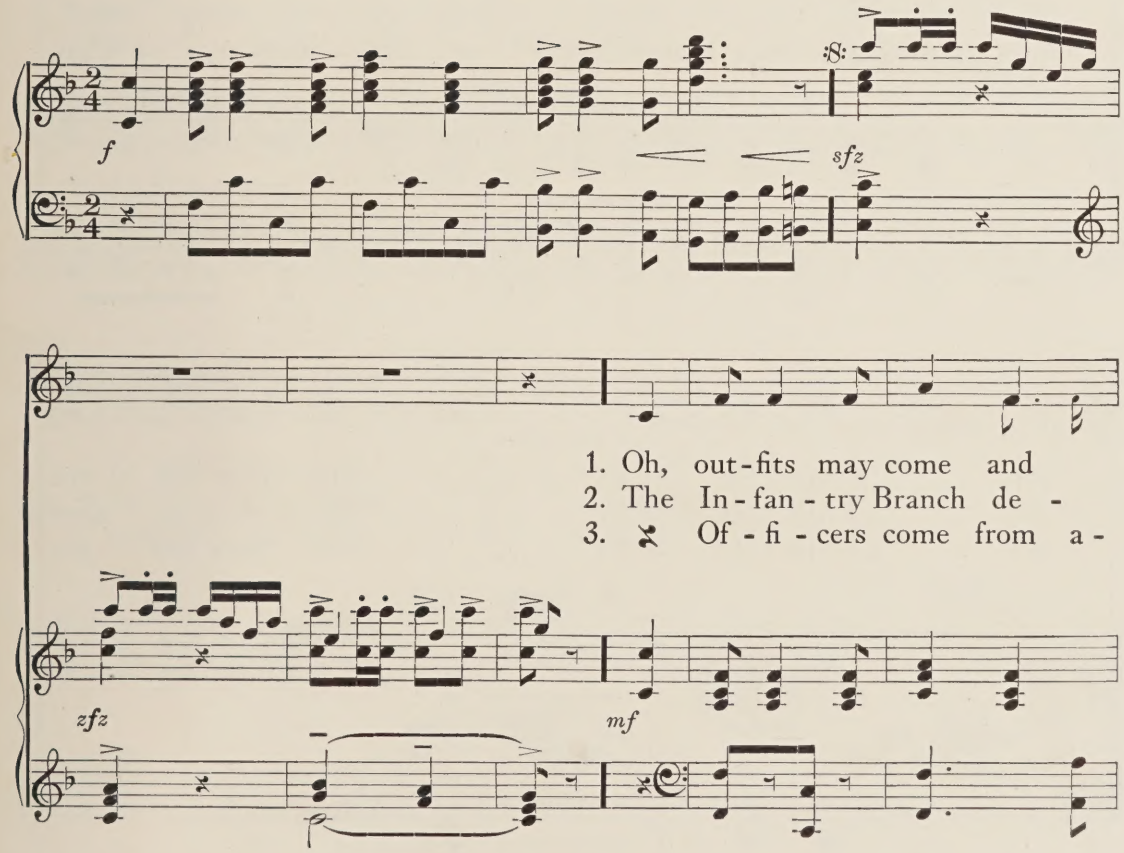
Those days are gone, the war is won, and tranquil peace declared;
The spirit lives, the spirit of the battles which we shared
In old Lorraine, and should again
Our duty call us to the front, we'll be, as then prepared;
When duty calls us to the front, then we will be prepared.
Chorus

We train in spring and summer and we train in rain and frost,
Train to defend the inland and train to defend the coast.
Still we retain what in Lorraine
We made our motto *En Avant,* and forward e'er we must.
Our code is: Keep the powder dry and in good Heaven trust.
Chorus

Then join us in a song, sing for the gallant Fifty-first,
The pioneers of C.A.C., who crossed the sea and cursed
The mud and rain in old Lorraine,
The while we high-explosive shells among the foe dispersed,
And made our motto *En Avant;* The gallant Fifty-first.
Chorus

WE LEAD THE WAY

The Twenty-ninth Infantry is now the demonstration regiment at the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia. Hence, they "lead the way" in showing the rest of the doughboys the latest methods of modern warfare.



ff
out-fits may go, But "WE LEAD THE WAY".....
pends on us 'Cause "WE LEAD THE WAY".....
far to see How "WE LEAD THE WAY".....
f
We're nev - er too fast and nev - er too slow, 'Cause
The In - fan - try Board kicks up the fuss, And
We show them the lat - est in In - fan - try; That
ff
"WE LEAD THE WAY"..... The new - er the
"WE LEAD THE WAY"..... We ev - en show
"WE LEAD THE WAY"..... We work like the
f

drill the hard-er the test, We swal-low the dust and
Gen'-rals, Col'-nels and such, That do-ing it right is
devil all day and all night And don't give a DAMN as
hand 'em our best, If we can get by.....
not "such-a-much," It just takes the Twen-ty-Ninth
long as we're right, Oh, pride is our lead-er our
fff (Shout)
D.S.
so can the rest; "WE LEAD THE WAY!".....
In-fan-try touch; "WE LEAD THE WAY!".....
Lamp is our Light; "WE LEAD THE WAY!".....
ff
sfz

A SON OF A MUSKETEER

(A Song from the Seventh New York)

This lively marching song, which is set to the tune of "A Son of a Gamboleer," was written by George O. Draper of the Seventh Regiment and was included in a volume called "Songs of the Seventh," which was published in 1914.

Moderato

A sev - enth son of a

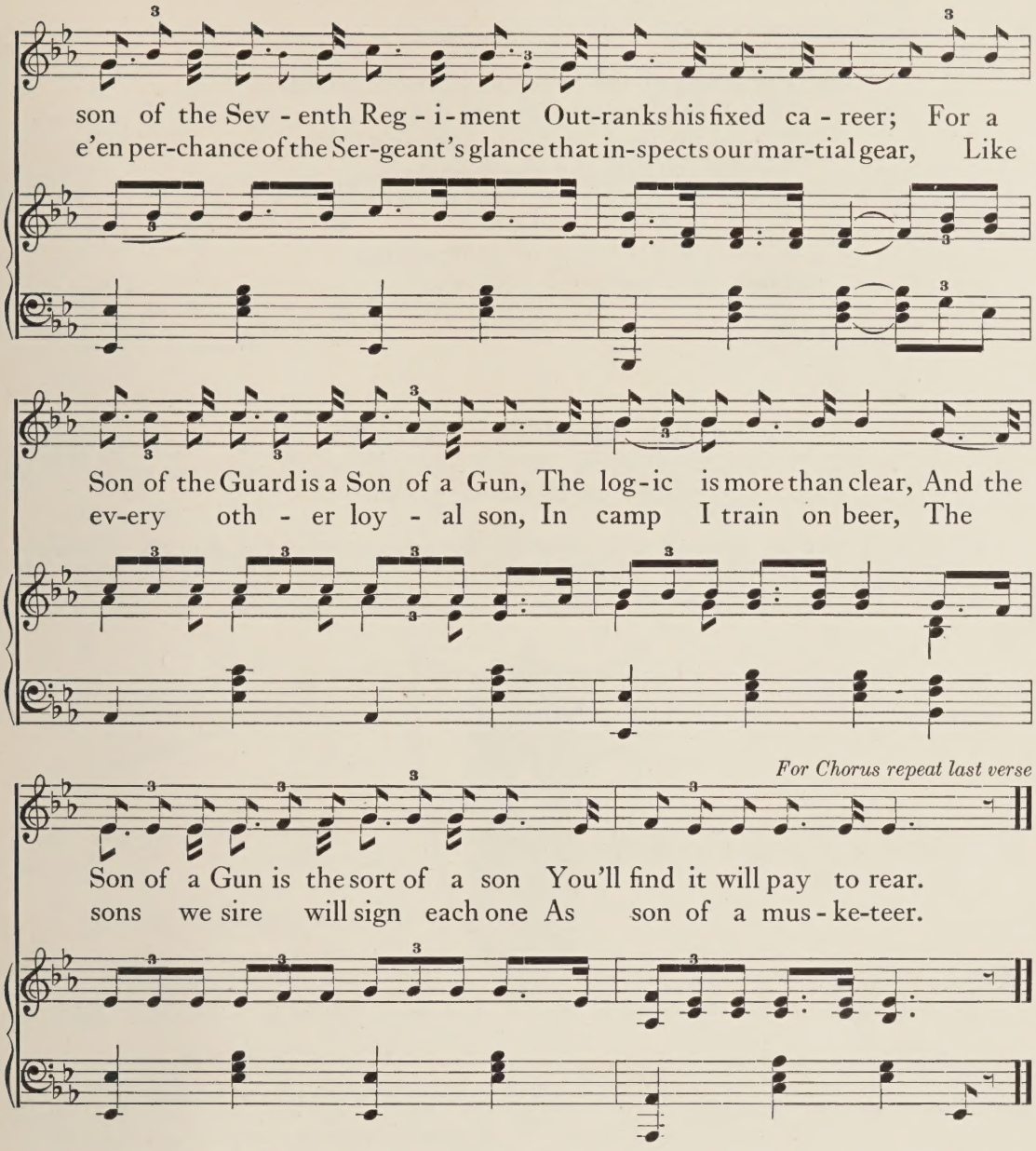
CHORUS: I'm a Son of the Sev-enth, a

mf *p*

sev - enth son Is a nat - ural high - born seer; A

Son of Gun of a Guard that knows no fear; Not

A SON OF A MUSKETEER


son of the Sev - enth Reg - i - ment Out-ranks his fixed ca - reer; For a
e'en per-chance of the Ser-geant's glance that in-spects our mar-tial gear, Like
Son of the Guard is a Son of a Gun, The log-ic is more than clear, And the
ev-ery oth - er loy - al son, In camp I train on beer, The
For Chorus repeat last verse
Son of a Gun is the sort of a son You'll find it will pay to rear.
sons we sire will sign each one As son of a mus - ke-teer.

The grand old guard gets fit and hard
As rolls each glamorous year.
Though green the sheen on the rookies raw
To veterans may appear,
But one for all and all for one
The green and the fit are here,
To join in a song that helps along
The spirit we all revere.

A SON OF A MUSKETEER

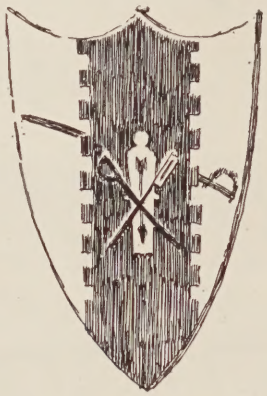
Second Chorus

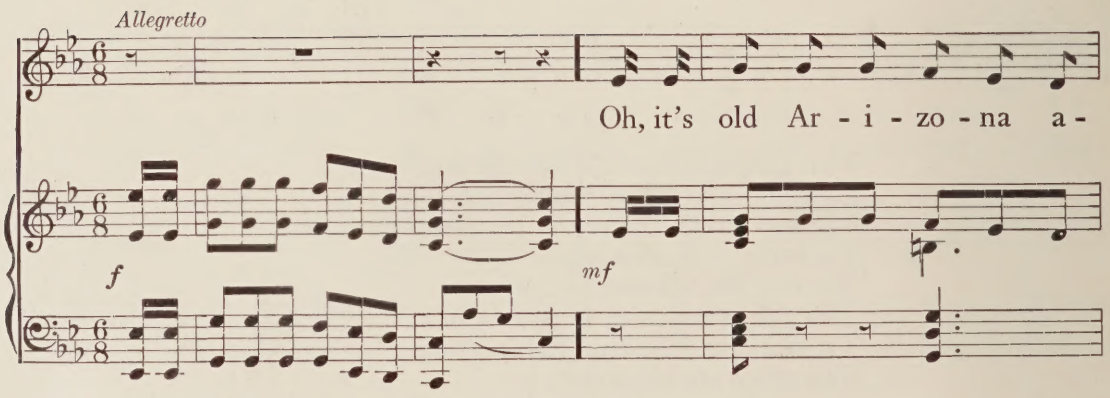
I'm a Son of the Seventh, a Son of a Gun,
Of a Guard known far and near,
I tread the pave of Fifth Avenue's nave
To the tune of the gamboleer;
I wear the gray in my own proud way,
And if any incline to jeer
They're not the sons of Sons of Guns
That were 'got of a Musketeer.

OLD ARIZONA AGAIN

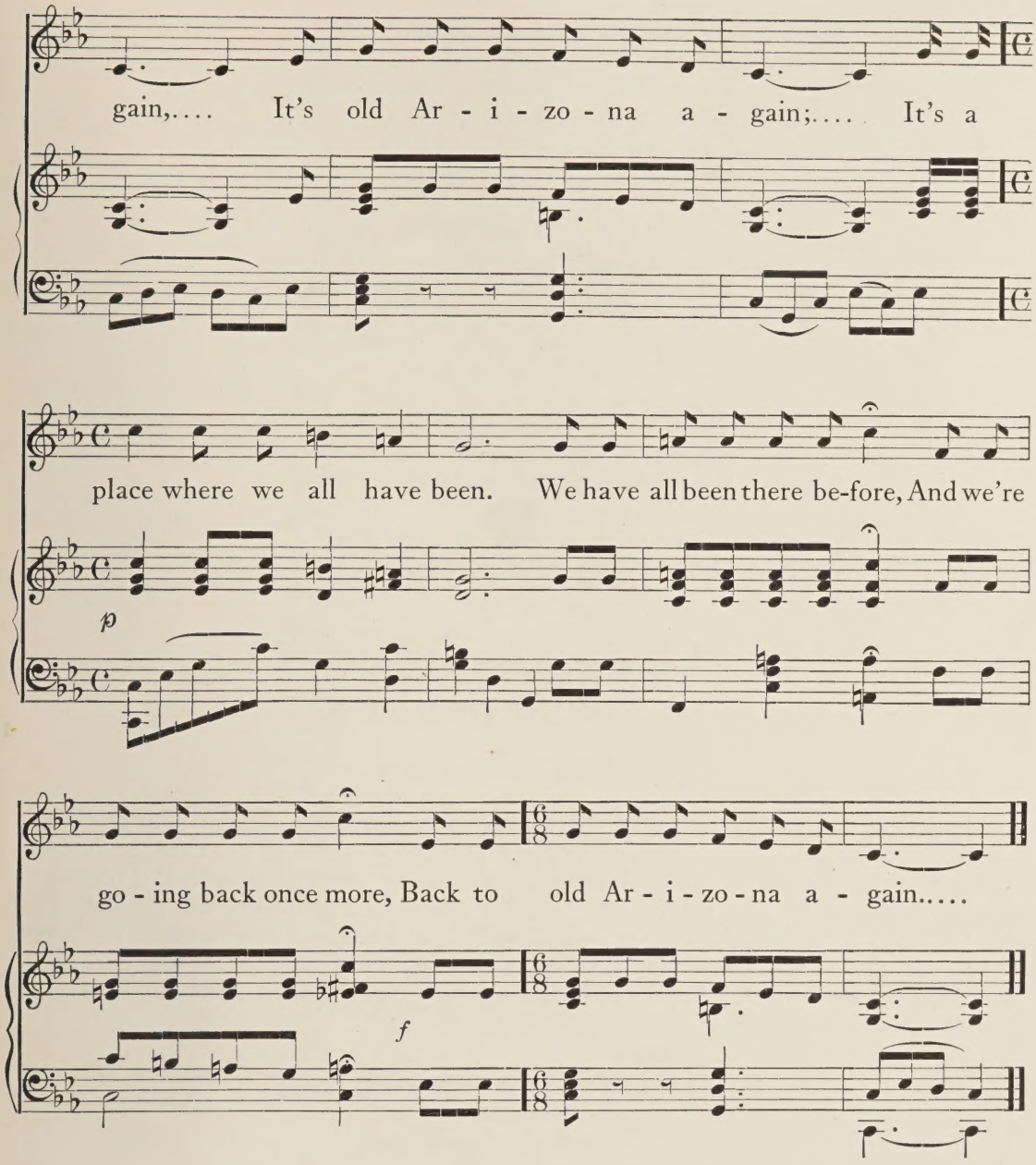
(*Old Fourth Cavalry Song*)

Here is a somber relic of the frontier days when the old Fourth Cavalry spent so much of its time on duty in Arizona.





OLD ARIZONA AGAIN


gain,.... It's old Ar - i - zo - na a - gain;.... It's a
place where we all have been. We have all been there be-fore, And we're
p
go - ing back once more, Back to old Ar - i - zo - na a - gain.....
f

Oh, it's old Arizona again,
It's old Arizona again;
With it's greasers and bad, bad men.
They don't know the Boston dip,
But they shoot you from the hip,
Down in old Arizona again.

OLD ARIZONA AGAIN

Oh, it's old Arizona again,
It's old Arizona again;
It's a place where we all have been.
With its scenery and fresh air,
They will be your bill of fare,
Down in old Arizona again.

Oh, it's old Arizona again,
It's old Arizona again;
It's a place where we all have been.
With the bears and rocky ground,
And the rattlers running round,
Round in old Arizona again.

Oh, it's old Arizona again,
It's old Arizona again;
It's a place where we all have been.
And if you get away,
They will bring you back to stay,
Down in old Arizona again.

THE YOUNG DRAGOON

(*Old Fifth Cavalry Song*)

The dragoon regiments were organized near the close of the Florida War. These forerunners of our present cavalry formed a dashing, picturesque branch of our army and were the subject of many songs. In 1861 the Second Dragoons was redesignated as the Fifth Cavalry. Ten years later this song was published in the "West Point Scrapbook," a collection of old officers' reminiscences of West Point and the army. From the reference to the "Fifth" in the last stanza of the song it is obvious that this stanza, at least, originated between 1861-71. The tune is from an old song called "Gay and Happy."

Gay is the life of the young dragoon,
Naught on earth to fear has he;
On his horse, with saber drawn,
Devil a single care has he.

Chorus

So let the staff corps bray as they will,
We are for the cavalry still;
For the cavalry, for the cavalry,
We are for the cavalry still.

THE YOUNG DRAGOON

Sent out on the frontier border,
Far from home, and those most dear,
We will go, when comes the order,
Braving danger without fear.

Chorus

"Draw!" It goes from rank to rank.
"Gallop!" then is the command.
"Charge!" then comes, and by the flank,
We're together sword in hand.

Chorus

Oh! to hear the trumpet sounding,
Pealing forth its clarion tone,
And to feel our chargers bounding,
Such are the joys for us alone.

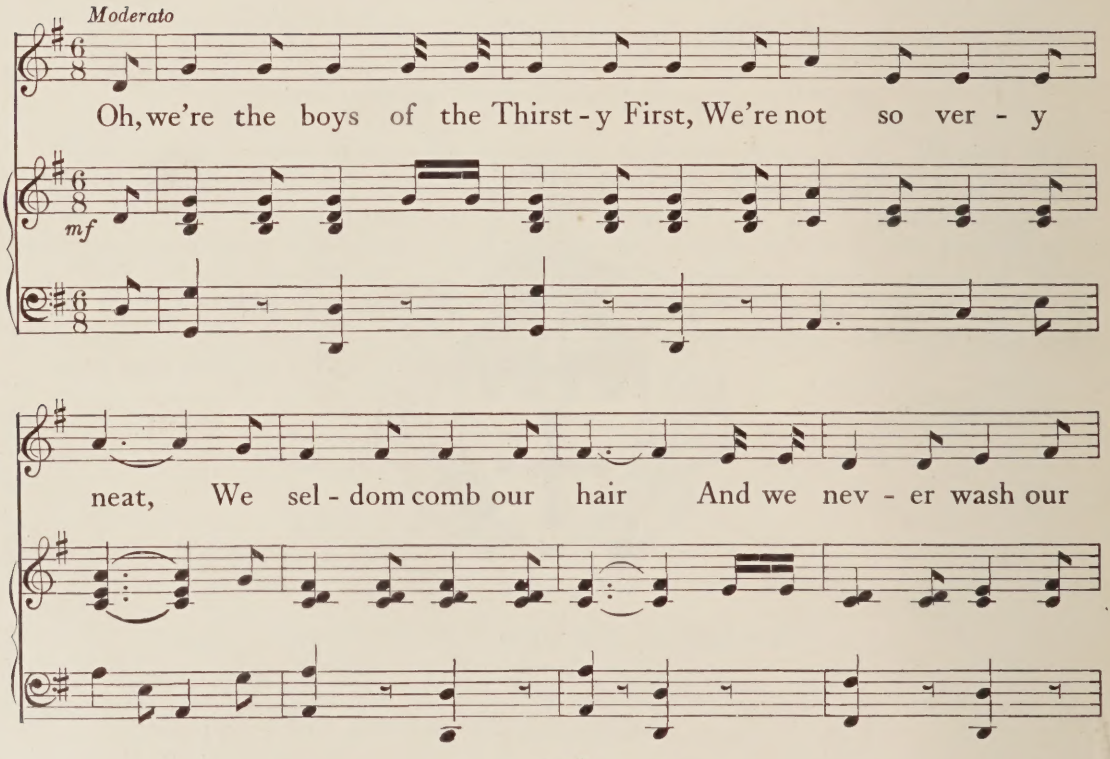
Chorus

Oh, the gallant Fifth forever,
Three cheers for its colonel brave;
Fate alone our hearts can sever,
When we sink into the grave.

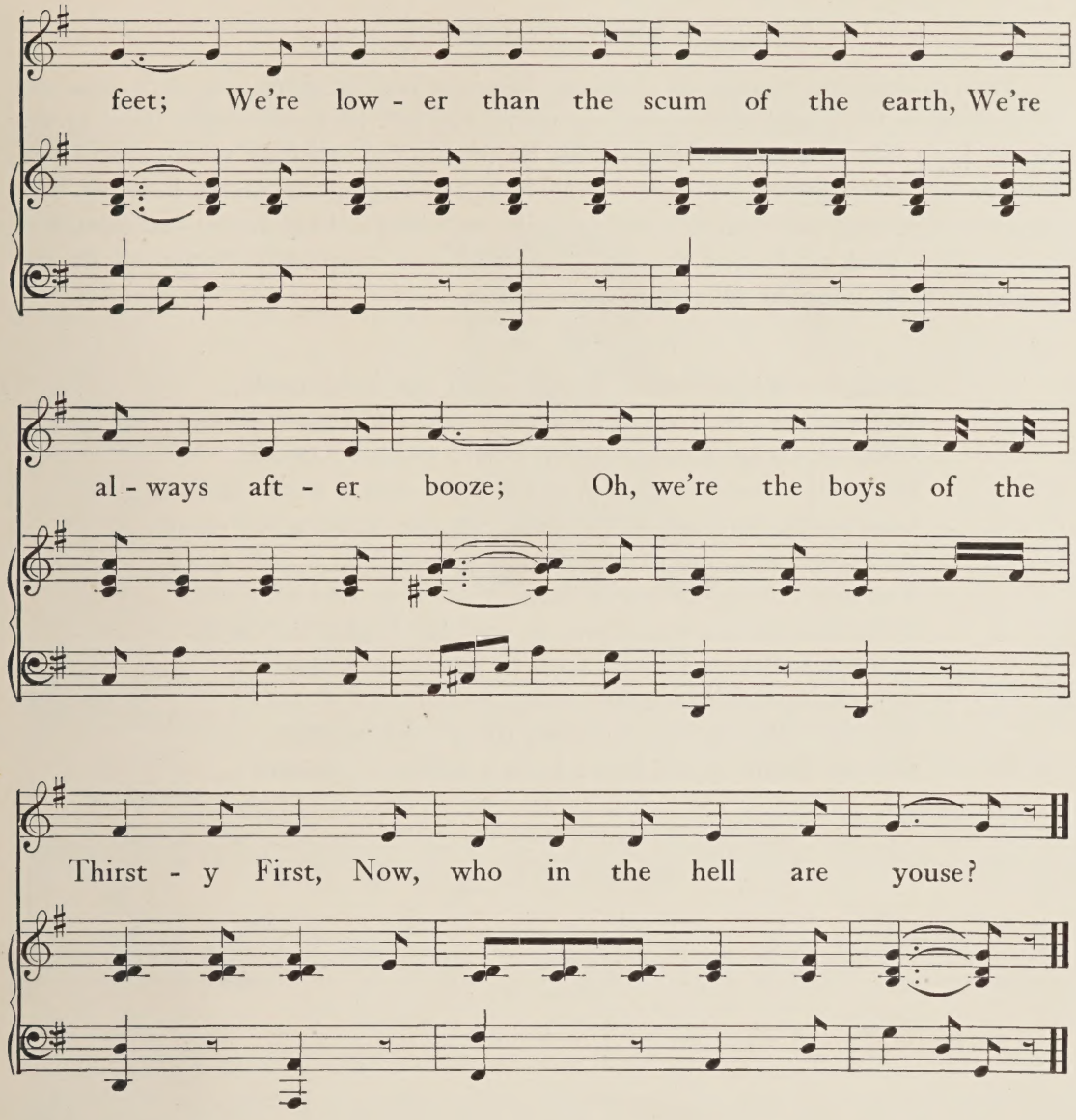
Chorus

WE'RE THE BOYS OF THE THIRSTY-FIRST

Whenever you hear a doughboy sounding off these lines you'll know that he's served a hitch with the Thirty-first Infantry out in Manila. Other regiments may sing of their deeds of valor and the girls they've left behind, but the boys of the "Thirsty-First" wouldn't trade this song for all the others in the army. What's more, this is only the parlor version. Those foot-sloggers out in the Cuartel de España are plain, hard men who like their songs and whisky straight.



WE'RE THE BOYS OF THE THIRSTY-FIRST


feet; We're low - er than the scum of the earth, We're
al - ways aft - er booze; Oh, we're the boys of the
Thirst - y First, Now, who in the hell are youse?

MEXICAN BORDER MEDLEY

Eighteenth Infantry

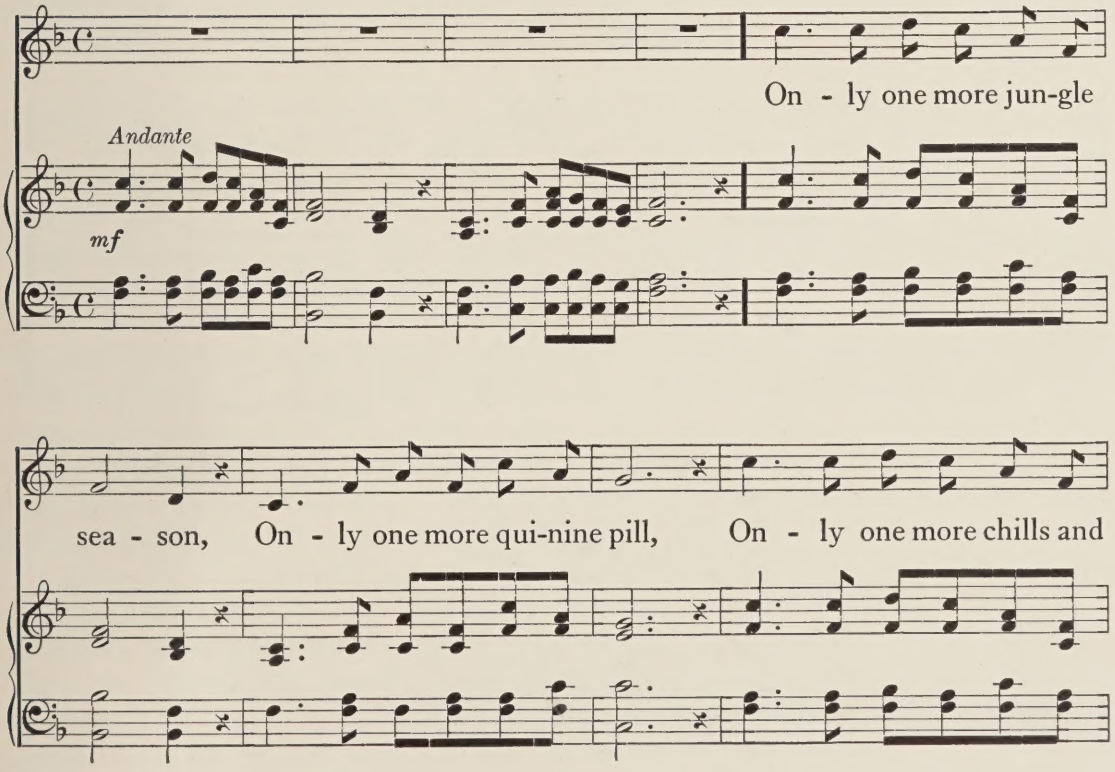
During the long months of tiresome Mexican border service in 1916 this was often sung in the Eighteenth Infantry, which had left its comfortable posts in the North for a life of weary waiting on the border. In the evenings, after certain non-Volsteadian rites, groups of officers could be heard singing this melancholy lay. The secret of a perfect performance was to make each line as long-drawn and mournful as possible. That perfection had been attained was frequently evidenced by the sympathetic howling of all the dogs in camp.

Bring the wagon home, John, it will not hold us all;
We used to ride around in it when you and I were small;
Bring the wagon home, John, it will not hold us all;
We used to ride around in it when you and I were small.
Send the Eighteenth home, John, they're waiting for recall;
You ruled them out of Problem 3, they had no chance at all.
You saw a troop of horse, John, this troop was all alone;
They shot up two battalions, so send the Eighteenth home.
'Tis the valley of Custer, with its graves in a cluster,
A little log cabin, a green sunny sward;
'Tis the valley of Custer, where oft we did muster,
And we drank to the brave from a soldier's canteen.

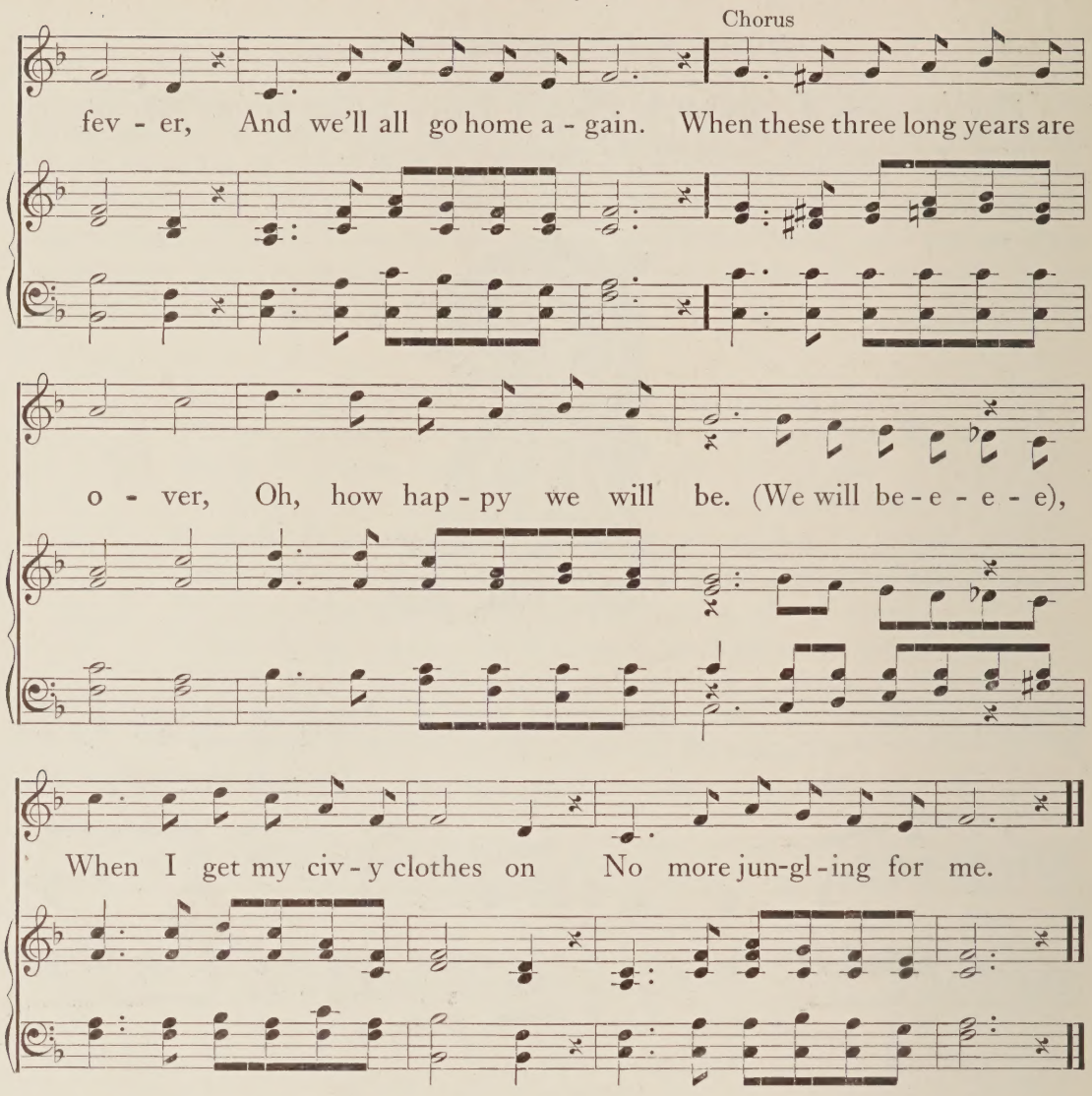
ONLY ONE MORE JUNGLE SEASON

(A song from the Eleventh Engineers)

This is the way the men of the Eleventh Engineers feel as they near the end of three years spent in mapping the jungles of Panama.



ONLY ONE MORE JUNGLE SEASON


Chorus
fev - er, And we'll all go home a - gain. When these three long years are
o - ver, Oh, how hap - py we will be. (We will be - e - e - e),
When I get my civ - y clothes on No more jun-gl - ing for me.

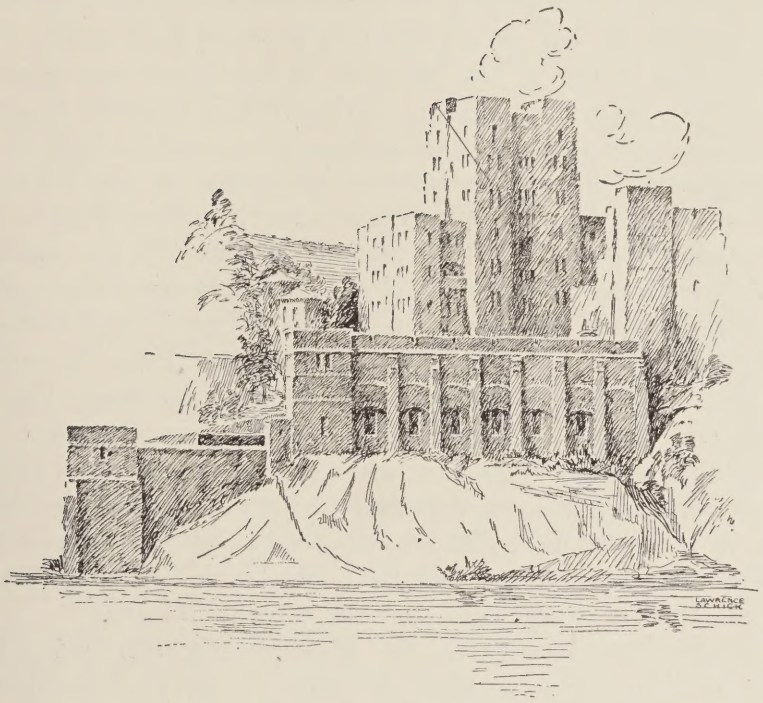
Only one more square to ma-ap,
Only one more line to run,
Only one more troche to cut,
And we'll all go home again.

Chorus

Only one more night at Kelley's,
Only one more Planter's Punch,
Only one more Scotch and Soda,
And we'll all go home again.

Chorus

IX. West Point Songs



In selecting these West Point songs, I have endeavored to present a popular, singable group for use by West Point graduates; to give those who do not know West Point some idea of cadet life; and, by including three or four old songs, to show what the songs of past generations of cadets were like.

Unfortunately, for many years, these songs were handed down almost wholly by word of mouth; though occasionally some of them were printed in pamphlets prepared by the furlough classes. In late years some have appeared in the Howitzer, which is the year-book of the corps, and in Bugle Notes (commonly known as the "Plebe Bible"), which is issued to the incoming class as a source of general information about West Point. Only within the last six or seven years has any attempt been made to collect these songs and their music into one volume.

On many occasions this lack of a collection of West Point songs has been keenly felt. In preparation for reunions away from the academy it has often been necessary to write down these songs from memory. The music has often been unobtainable. In the Philippines a few years ago I had to whistle the airs of several of these songs to an obliging bandmaster, who wrote them down, in order that they might be played at a class dinner a few days later.

In general these West Point songs are a direct outgrowth of cadet life, or an

expression of the high ideals of the corps. The "furlo' " songs, for example, reflect the feelings of the Yearling as he looks forward to his only summer vacation, which comes at the end of his first two years of hard work. In songs such as "The Hike Song of 1917" the incidents of maneuvers and practice marches are recorded. That clean, hard-fighting spirit which is essential to a good soldier is shown in the football songs with which the corps sings its team to victory.

"Duty and Honor" has ever been the guiding star of the West Pointer; no finer expression of this motto can be found than in "Alma Mater."

In the crowded life of the cadets there is no time for glee-clubs and choral societies—or, indeed, for anything else not included in the daily routine of drills and studies. A cadet is too busy "a-bonin' of his 'Chem' " and "a-bookin' of his 'Phil' " to have much time for the lighter side of life. Even the members of the cadet choir, which makes a yearly visit to Columbia University Chapel, can find time for rehearsal only on Sunday mornings before chapel service.

At West Point, singing is a corps activity rather than an individual effort. In the chapel, on Sunday mornings, the whole corps joins in singing "Alma Mater." On holidays, in the mess hall, the good-fellowship of the corps is expressed by the united singing of "Benny Havens, Oh!" And at athletic contests, of course, every cadet joins in the songs that spur the team to victory.

In these songs of his alma mater the West Pointer will find a key to many pleasant memories of the days when he wore the gray; from them the public will gain a better understanding of the life and ideals of that splendid body of young Americans—the United States Corps of Cadets.

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

It is more than a century since Benny Havens first sold cakes and ale to the cadets at West Point, and over half a century since he went to his last sleep in the Highland Union Cemetery on the banks of the Hudson; but his spirit lives on in that matchless song which originated one winter evening around the convivial bowl in his tavern by the river. Generations of cadets sang it at Benny's and carried it with them from the Everglades to the Yellowstone; and today it has become an enduring and inseparable part of those old traditions which unite the corps of the present with the long gray line of the past.

For some years prior to 1832, Benny Havens, who had served as first lieutenant of the Highland Falls company in the War of 1812, occupied a one-story cottage a short distance west of the old cadet hospital. It was here that Edgar Allan Poe, who often remarked that Benny was the "sole congenial soul in the entire God-forsaken place," became devoted to him. At first Benny sold only ale, cider, and buckwheat cakes, but subsequently he dispensed a more potent beverage. As a result, in 1832, he was expelled from the military reservation.

Shortly after his expulsion, Benny Havens opened a tavern on the river's edge below the cliffs of Highland Falls, about a mile and a half from cadet barracks. To this tavern, after taps and against regulations, came many cadets whose names were later to be written on their country's roll of honor. Many of our famous generals of the last century were fond of recalling the cold winter nights when they had slipped out of barracks and skated down the river to partake of the good cheer at Benny's. It is even recorded that Cadet Jefferson Davis, in attempting to evade some officers who had descended upon Benny's tavern, once fell over a cliff and was nearly killed.

I suspect that not many of Benny's young visitors during his early days in Highland Falls knew that their host was something of a churchman; yet he left proof of this fact in an old legal document which he signed in 1836 as a trustee of the First Presbyterian Church of Highland Falls.

The song that has perpetuated Benny's fame was originally composed by Lieutenant O'Brien of the Eighth Infantry. He had been an assistant surgeon in the army, but had just been commissioned in the infantry when, in 1838, he visited his friend Ripley A. Arnold of the First Class. Together they made many visits to Benny's, where O'Brien composed the first few stanzas of the song and sang them to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green." O'Brien died in a Florida campaign a few years later. For many years after his death each class added a verse to the song. Of the nine given here, the first, fifth, and sixth are those generally sung.

During the Civil War the song was widely sung in the army, and many army verses were improvised. During the summer of 1865 when boatloads of returning soldiers were daily passing Benny's, the bands would strike up "Benny Havens, Oh!," while hundreds of voices joined in the song.

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

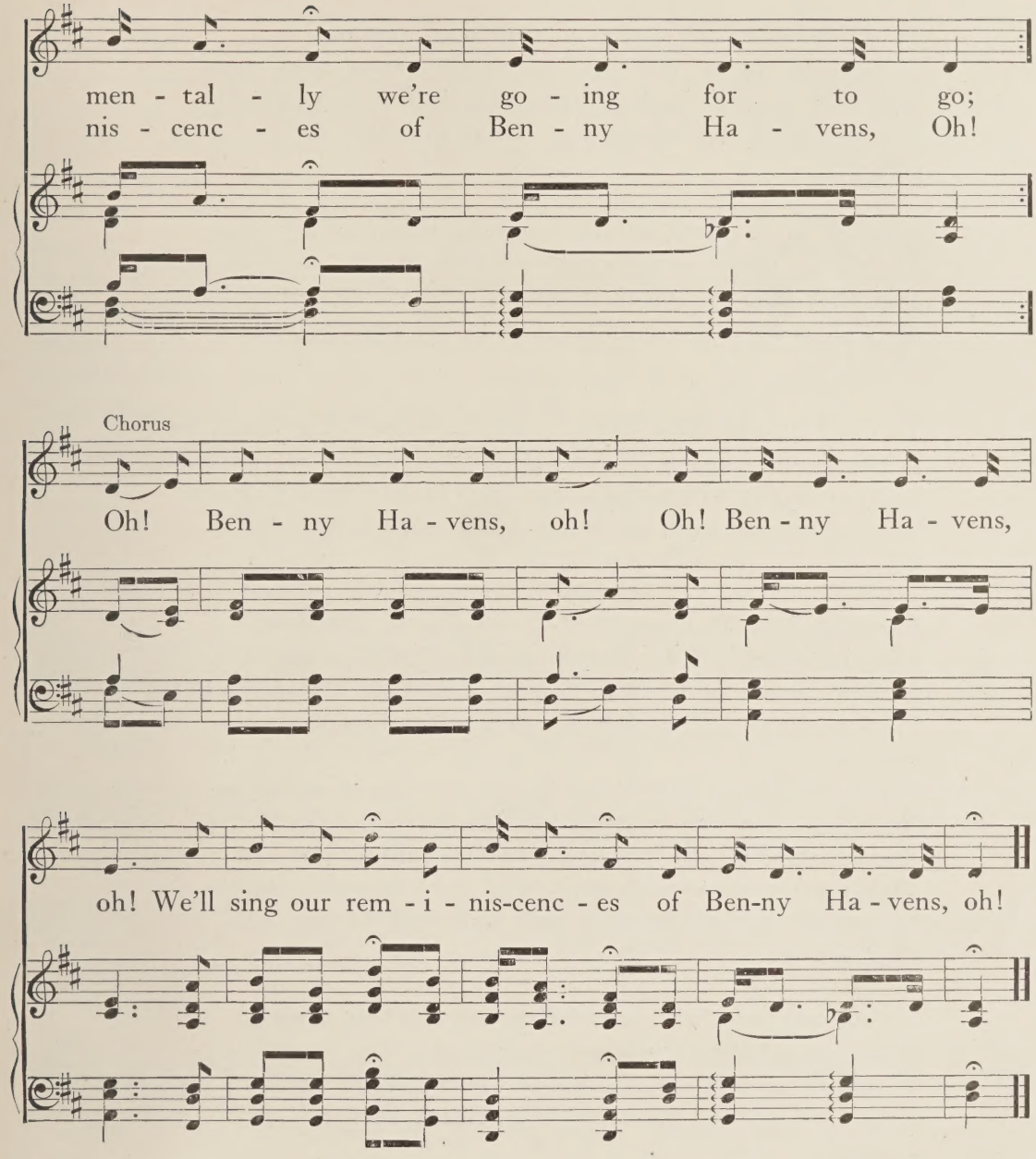
From Nevada's hoary ridges, from stormy coasts of Maine,
From Lava Beds and Yellow Stone the story never waned;
Wherever duty called, they went, their steps were never slow,
With "Alma Mater," on their lips and "Benny Havens, oh."

When this life's troubled sea is o'er and our last battle's through,
If God permits us mortals there his blest domain to view,
Then we shall see in glory crowned, in proud celestial row,
The friends we've known and loved so well at Benny Havens', oh!

On May 29, 1877, in his ninetieth year, Benny Havens died. A few years later the building of the West Shore Railroad necessitated moving the Benny Havens tavern. It was carefully taken apart and carted about five miles back into the hills to a point near Long Pond Mountain, where it was reerected. There it stands today, but little changed from the days when Benny Havens was its genial host.

Come, fill your glass - es, fel - lows, and
In the ar - my there's so - bri - e - ty, pro -
stand up in a row, To sing - ing sen - ti -
mo - tion's ver - y slow, So we'll sing our rem - i -

BENNY HAVENS, OH!


men - tal - ly we're go - ing for to go;
nis - cenc - es of Ben - ny Ha - vens, Oh!
Chorus
Oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! Oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens,
oh! We'll sing our rem - i - nis-cenc - es of Ben-ny Ha - vens, oh!

Let us toast our foster-father, the Republic, as you know,
Who in the paths of science taught us upward for to go;
And the maidens of our native land, whose cheeks like roses glow,
They're oft remembered in our cups at Benny Havens', oh!

Chorus

To the ladies of our Army our cups shall ever flow,
Companions in our exile and our shield 'gainst every woe;
May they see their husbands generals, with double pay also,
And join us in our choruses at Benny Havens', oh!
Chorus

Come fill up to our Generals, God bless the brave heroes,
They're an honor to their country, and a terror to their foes;
May they long rest on their laurels, and troubles never know,
But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens', oh!
Chorus

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret as o'er life's sea we roam;
Until on our last battle-field the lights of heaven shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh!
Chorus

May the Army be augmented, promotion be less slow,
May our country in the hour of need be ready for the foe;
May we find a soldier's resting-place beneath a soldier's blow,
With room enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, oh!
Chorus

And if amid the battle shock our honor e'er should trail,
And hearts that beat beneath its folds should turn or basely quail;
Then may some son of Benny's, with quick avenging blow,
Lift up the flag we loved so well at Benny Havens', oh!
Chorus

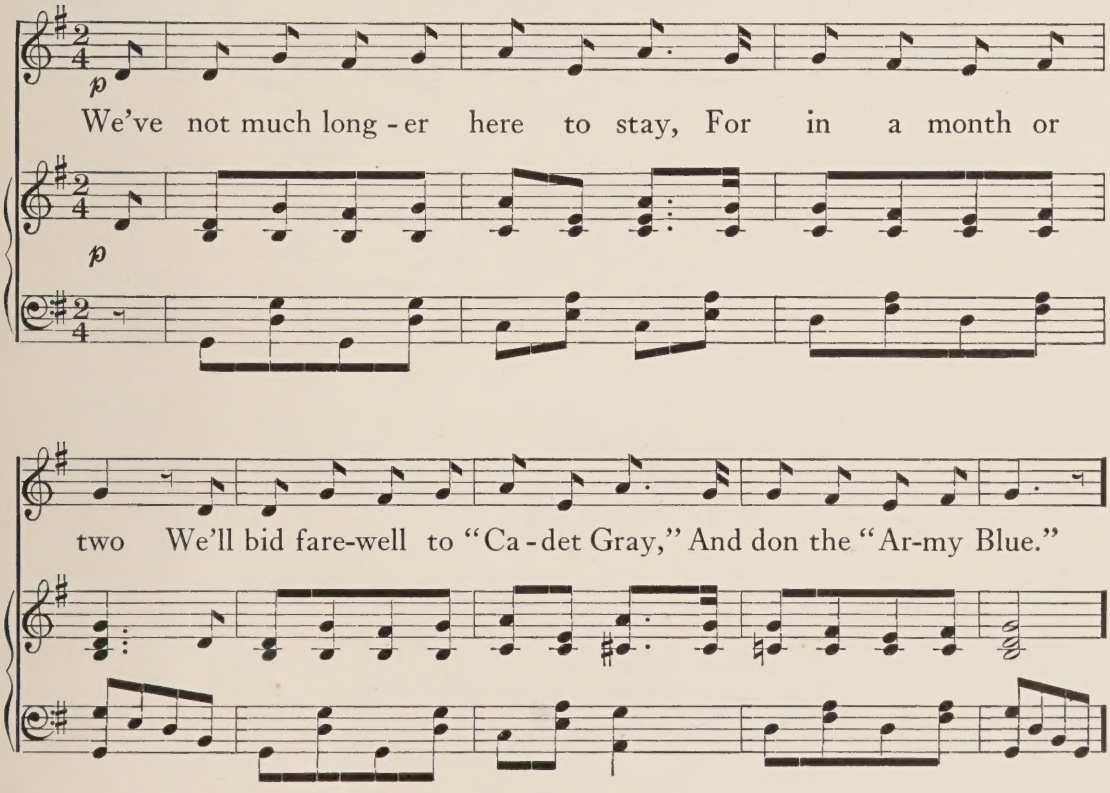
To our comrades who have fallen, one cup before we go,
They poured their life-blood freely out *pro bono publico.*
No marble points the stranger to where they rest below;
They lie neglected far away from Benny Havens', oh!
Chorus

When you and I and Benny, and all the others, too,
Are called before the "final board" our course in life to view,
May we never "fess" on any point, but straight be told to go,
And join the army of the blest at Benny Havens', oh!
Chorus

ARMY BLUE

"Army Blue" is almost as old and traditional as "Benny Havens." No "hop" at West Point would be complete if it did not end with "Army Blue." The time and circumstances of the song's origin, however, are unknown. It was in existence as early as 1846, for a poem of that year refers to the "strains of 'Army Blue.' " In 1848 a "lady of the Army" (probably the wife of General Scott) wrote for the graduating class a song which refers to "changing the gray for the blue." In 1859 there was a version in the corps, four lines of which are still sung. In its present form the song dates from 1865, when it was sung by the graduating class. In years past the air was used for many furlough and football songs. Today, even if the music were considered suitable, sentiment would prevent its use for such purposes. An amusing episode occurred some years ago at an Army-Navy football game at Franklin Field, Philadelphia. The midshipmen came in singing "Army Blue, Army Blue, we'll make the Army blue!" At first the cadets were taken back, but they quickly rallied with the following chorus:

Army line, Army line,
Hurrah for the Army line!
The Navy has not got a ship
Can cross the Army line!



ARMY BLUE

With pipe and song we'll jog along
Till this short time is through,
And all among our jovial throng
Have donned the "Army Blue."
Chorus

To Ethics, Minerology,
And Engineering, too,
We'll bid good-by without a sigh
And don the "Army Blue."
Chorus

To the ladies who come up in June,
We'll bid a fond adieu.
Here's hoping they'll be married soon
And join the Army, too.
Chorus

ARMY BLUE

Here's to the man who wins the cup,
May he be kind and true,
And may he bring our "Godson" up
To don the "Army Blue."
Chorus

Now, fellows, we must say good-by
We've stuck our four years through;
Our future is a cloudless sky,
We'll don the "Army Blue."
Chorus

'Twas the song we sang in old plebe camp
When first our gray was new,
The song we sang on summer nights,
That song of "Army Blue."
Chorus

O'er camp and highland watched the stars
That watched our far homes, too,
And lonely voices joined full bold
In singing "Army Blue."
Chorus

Those summer days have long gone by,
And years have vanished, too.
Oh, long ago we doffed the gray
And donned the "Army Blue"!
Chorus

But still I hear that olden song,
I feel the evening dew,
And mellow strings and voices join
Again in "Army Blue."
Chorus

"ARMY BLUE" OF 1859

This old version of "Army Blue" was the predecessor of the present song. The men mentioned in the second stanzas were professors at the academy.

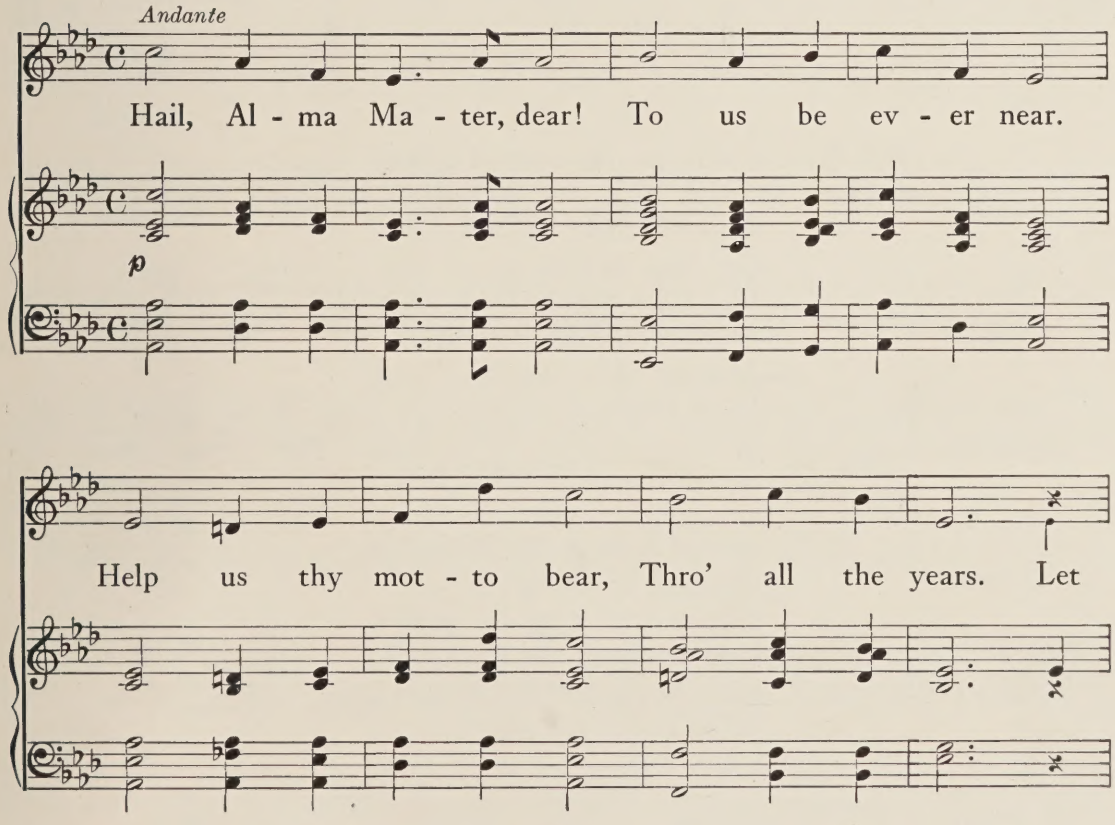
A few days more, a few days more
To toilsome study given,
A few days more—we'll reach that shore
For which we long have striven.
With pipe and song, we'll jog along
Till these few days are through,
And all among our jovial throng
Have donned the Army Blue.

A few days more, a few days more,
To "bone," parade, and drill,
And then we'll go our winding way,
Our duties to fulfill.
When "Mordecai" we've laid on high,
"Wayland," "Mahan," "Theroux,"
We'll turn our eyes to brighter skies,
And don the Army Blue.

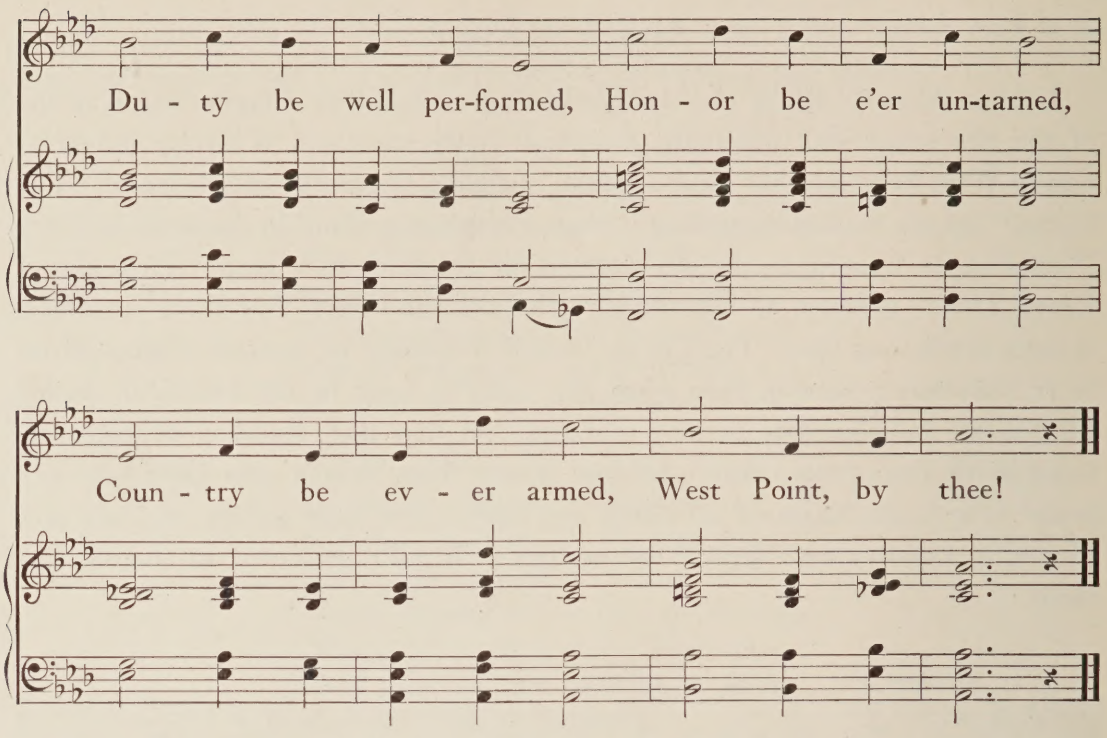
A few days more, a few days more,
And Jordan will be passed,
We'll get o'er on another shore,
By striving hard and fast.
Then leaving here without a fear
Arising to our view,
We'll give a cheer! 'Twere good to hear!
And don the Army Blue.

ALMA MATER

"Alma Mater," which was written by Paul S. Reinecke, Class of 1911, is one of the two songs with which the Corps of Cadets expresses its loyalty and devotion to West Point and her ideals. It may not have the poetic excellence of "The Corps," but the feeling it expresses strikes a responsive chord in the heart of every West Pointer. Moreover, the old German air to which it is sung, "How Can I Leave Thee," presents no difficulties to the average singer. For these reasons it is more often sung than "The Corps," which is difficult to master. I know of no more impressive occasion than when this song is sung in the beautiful Gothic Chapel on Baccalaureate Sunday morning. On that day, standing beneath tattered battle flags from many a field on which West Point's sons have kept her honor bright, graduates of all ranks and ages renew their pledge of Duty and Honor to Country and West Point as they join with the corps in singing this song.



ALMA MATER

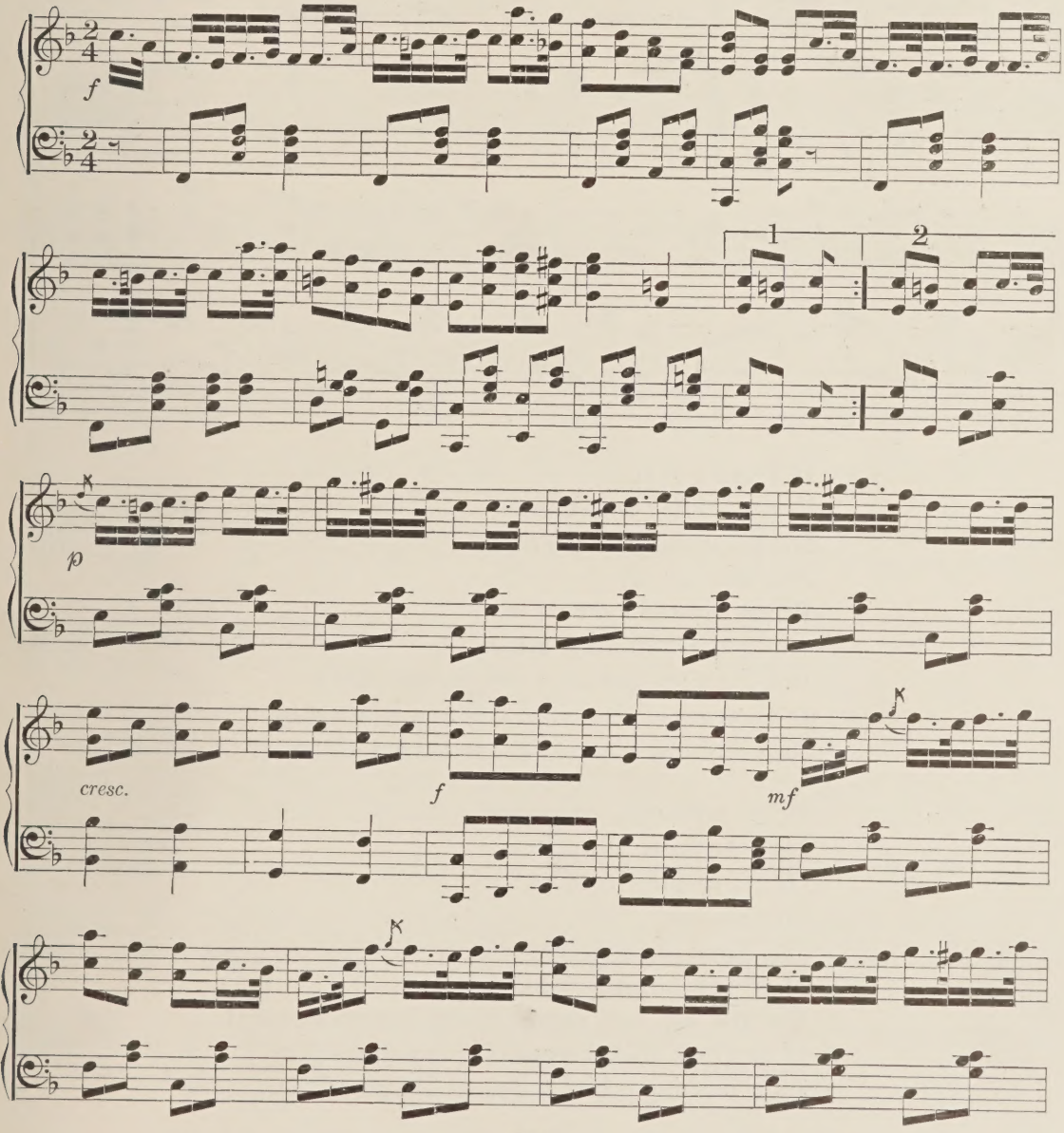


Guide us, thy sons, a-right,
Teach us by day, by night,
To keep thine honor bright,
For thee to fight.
When we depart from thee,
Serving on land or sea,
May we still loyal be,
West Point, to thee!

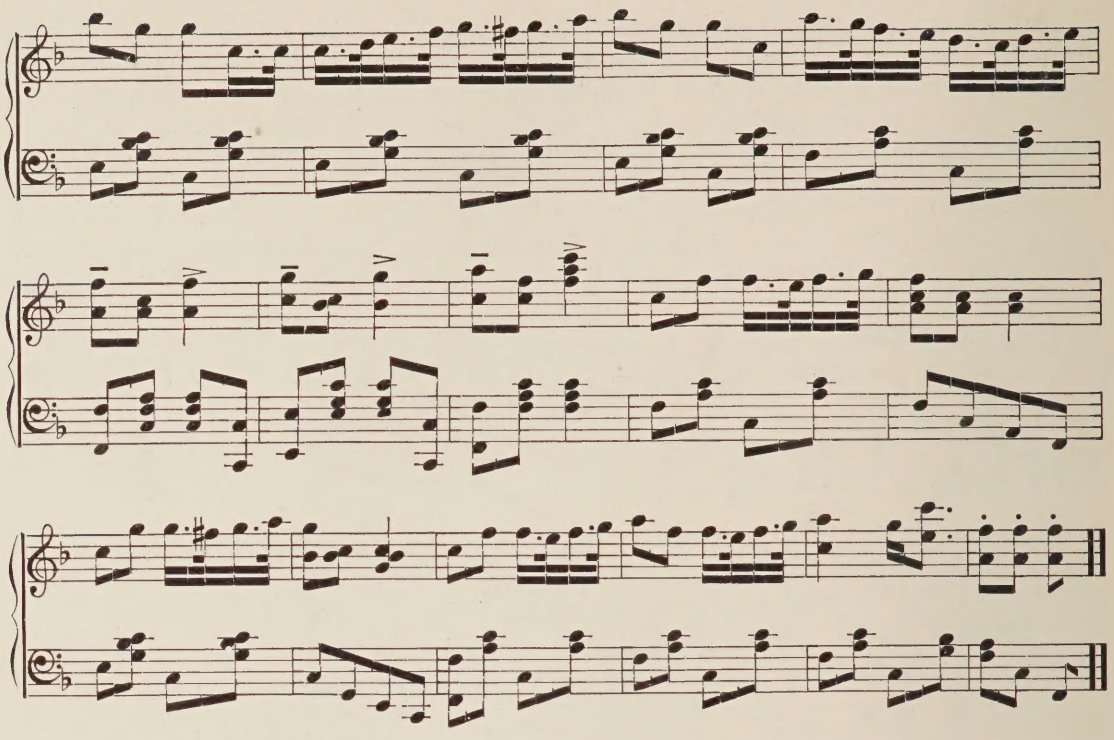
And when our work is done,
Our course on earth is run,
May it be said, "Well done,
Be thou at peace."
E'er may that line of gray
Increase from day to day;
Live, serve, and die, we pray,
West Point, for thee!

DASHING WHITE SERGEANT

No West Pointer will ever forget "Dashing White Sergeant," for it is the traditional tune to which he marches during his graduation parade. Though it is now played but once a year, it must have been one of the fife-and-drum marches of West Point's earliest garrison; for it was played in both armies during the Revolution. It was composed by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, and is the regimental march of the 49th Berkshires (Royal Berkshire Regiment). During the Mexican War a song called "The Female Volunteer for Mexico" was set to this tune. I give here the traditional words of "Dashing White Sergeant," but I must confess that I have never heard them sung.



DASHING WHITE SERGEANT

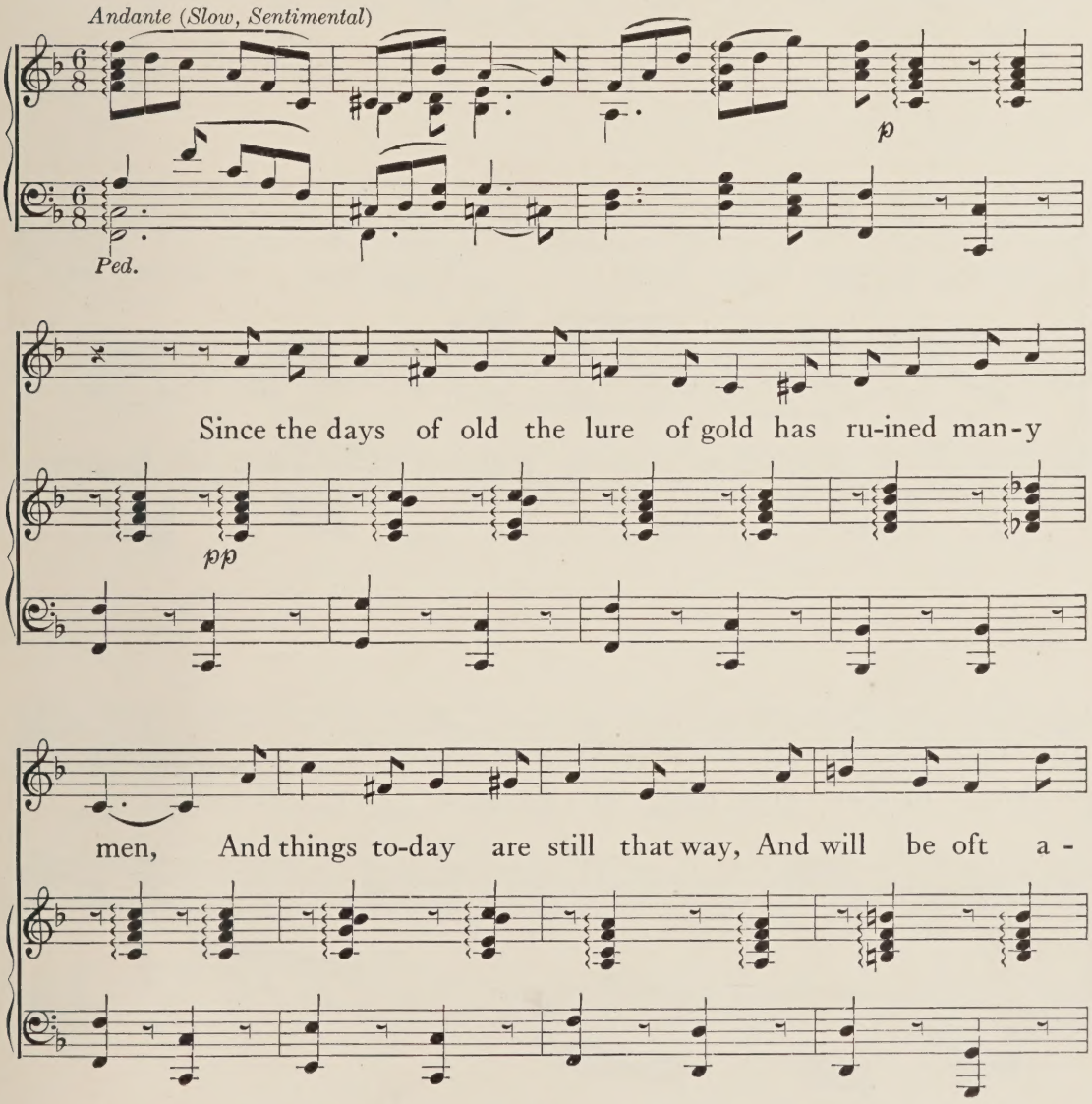


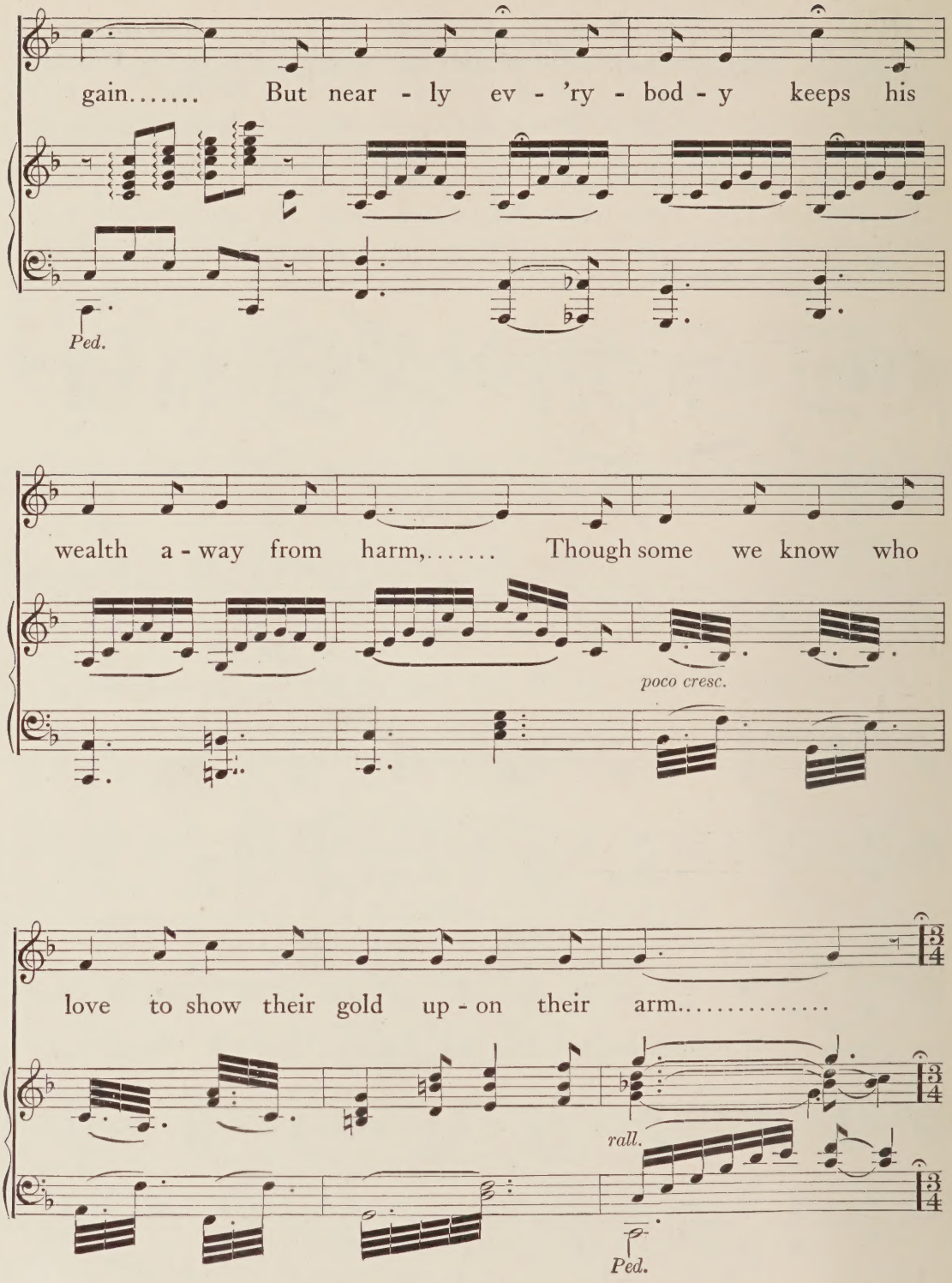
If I had a beau,
For a soldier who'd go,
Do you think I'd say no?
No, no, not I!
When his red coat I saw,
Not a tear would I draw,
But I'd give him éclat for his bravery!
If an army of Amazons e'er came into play,
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.

When my soldier is gone,
Do you think I'll take on,
Or sit moping forlorn?
No, no, not I!
His fame my concern,
How my bosom would burn,
When I saw him return crown'd with victory!
If an army of Amazons e'er came into play,
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.

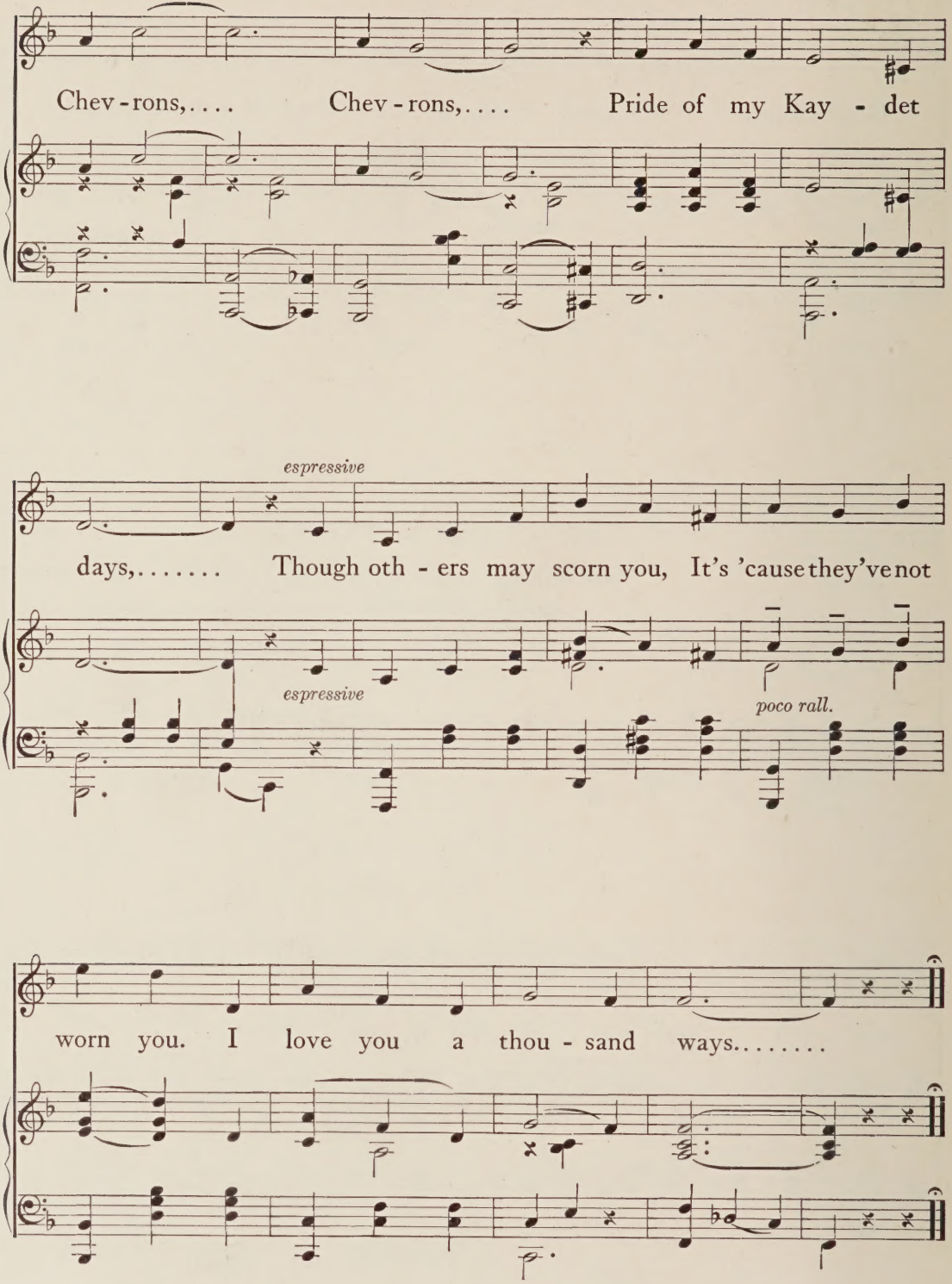
CHEVRONS

Each year, as near to February 22 as possible, the Corps of Cadets holds its "Hundredth Night" show to celebrate the fact that there are "just one hundred days till June." The show is generally a musical comedy or burlesque, which has been written by a cadet. With few exceptions, Lieutenant Philip Egner, arranger of the music in this book, has written all music for "Hundredth Night" shows for the past twenty years. Some of his best work was done for the 1917 show, "The Devil to Pay," from which this song is taken. The words are by J. C. Whitcomb, Class of 1917.


Andante (Slow, Sentimental)
p
Ped.
Since the days of old the lure of gold has ru-ined man-y
pp
men, And things to-day are still that way, And will be oft a -


gain..... But near - ly ev - 'ry - bod - y keeps his
Ped.
wealth a - way from harm,..... Though some we know who
poco cresc.
love to show their gold up - on their arm.....
rall.
Ped.

Chorus
Chev - rons,.... Chev - rons,.... Beau - ti - ful stripes of
p
Ped.
Ped.
gold,..... Some-thing a - bout you makes life with-
out you Seem sort of bare and cold.....
Ped.

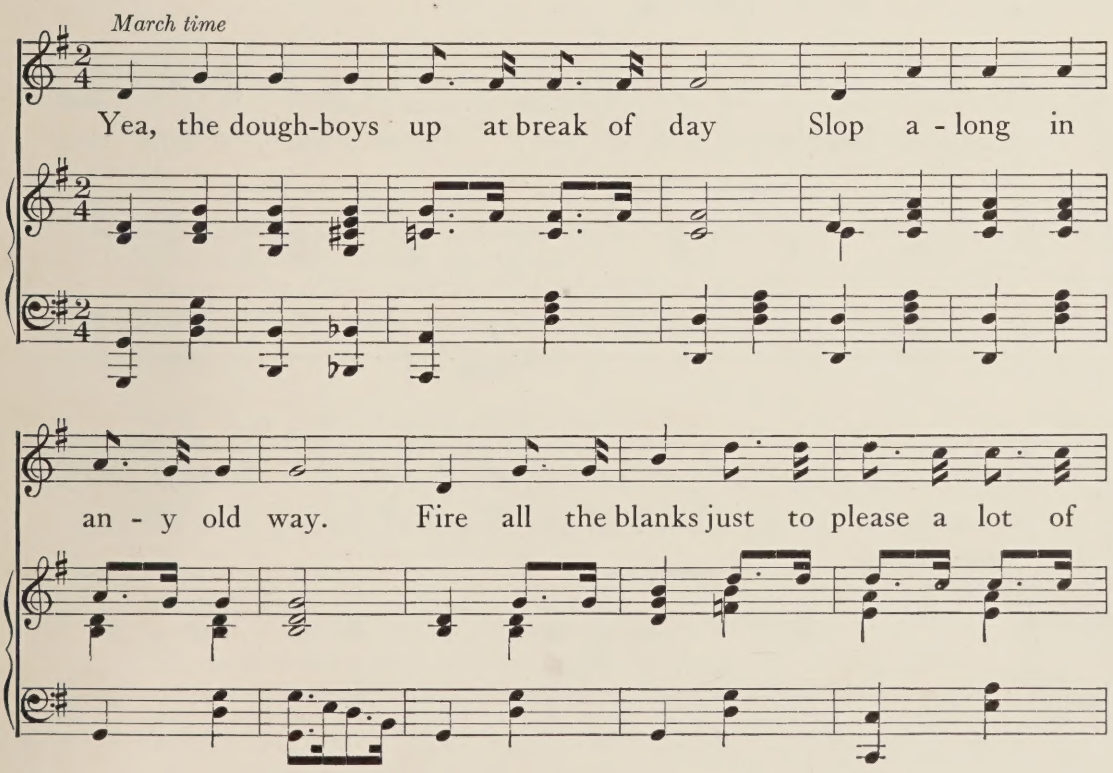

Chev - rons,.... Chev - rons,.... Pride of my Kay - det
espressive
days,..... Though oth - ers may scorn you, It's 'cause they've not
espressive
poco rall.
worn you. I love you a thou - sand ways.....

HIKE SONG OF 1917

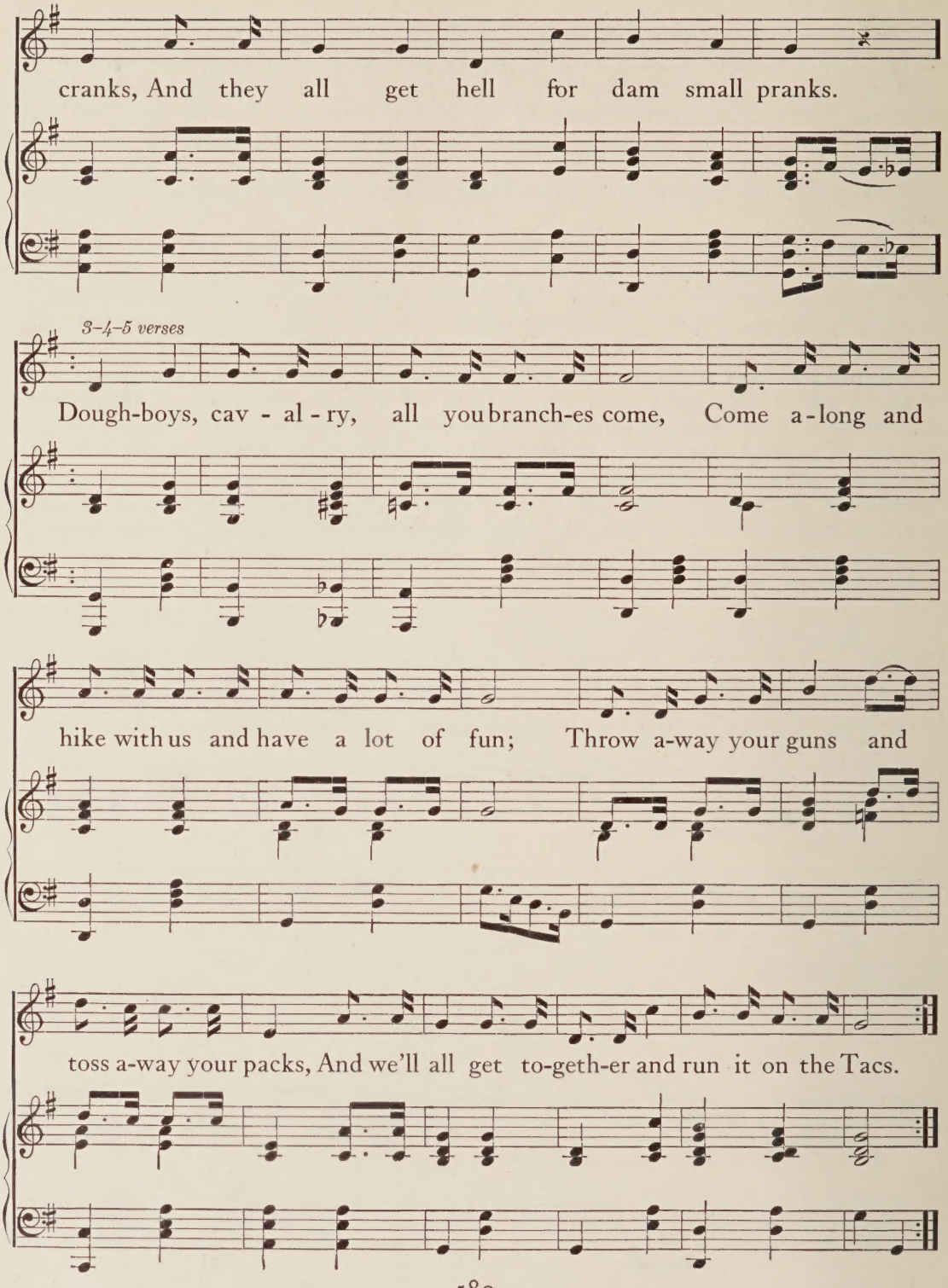
Nineteen seventeen and eighteen were strenuous years in the Corps of Cadets. Every available hour not used for academic work was crowded with drills. In summer camp the work was doubled. Gone were the good old days when drills ceased at noon and a cadet could lounge in his tent or attend a "boodle fight" on contraband sweets. From five-twenty in the morning until ten at night the corps was busy with lectures and drills. The Class of '17 had left in April; the Class of '18 was to graduate August 30; so considerable time was spent maneuvering in the field.

It was during these maneuvers that the corps camped at Stony Ford, near Middletown, New York. The commandant prescribed that cadets could not go more than one-quarter of a mile away from camp. This was to prevent visiting in near-by towns. Under the circumstances it was not surprising that a few venturesome spirits slipped out after taps—and were caught off cadet limits.

While confined to camp, awaiting punishment, these cadets composed this song, in which they gave their impressions of various branches of the service and made a few amusing allusions to certain peculiarities and "dumb" performances of several officers. At an impromptu Sunday night entertainment a day or two later they sang the song and received the gleeful applause of the corps. Several of the officers referred to were present; but since these Sunday evening performances are more or less privileged, they took their roasting good-naturedly. The song became very popular with the cadets and has continued in use, with several additions, to this day.



HIKE SONG OF 1917


cranks, And they all get hell for dam small pranks.
3–4–5 verses
Dough-boys, cav - al - ry, all you branch-es come, Come a-long and
hike with us and have a lot of fun; Throw a-way your guns and
toss a-way your packs, And we'll all get to-geth-er and run it on the Tacs.

Here come the cavalry, pistol in each hand,
They are rough and hard to command.
They ride all day and groom all night,
So it's no damn wonder they are looking for a fight!

Chorus

The coast artillery didn't come along,
Stayed at home with the wine and song.
They don't know how to walk and they don't know how to ride,
Just spend all their time a-pickin' out a bride.

Chorus

The field artillery is no dead-beat;
You rock along on a mighty hard seat,
Standing gun drill most of the time,
Then water all the horses and police the picket-line.

Chorus

The engineers are a mighty bum bunch,
They feed Kaydets on P.M.E. lunch.
They yell for the balk, they holler for the chess,
And you work all day, and never get a rest.

Chorus

There's a "Tac" that's named "P.D."
He's as wooden as wooden can be.
Going into camp he lost the way,
So we went without our dinner for a whole damn day.

Chorus

There's a major of the infantree,
Who delights to shout with glee,
"Steady! As you were! Guides post! Squads right!
You Yearlings, keep awake and sleep at night."

Chorus

Slimy "Tac" on the poop-deck stood.
You could see he was feeling good.
His handsome (?) puss was wreathed in smiles,
As the birds walked on for miles and miles.

Chorus

Coast artillery has a mighty keen file,
Captain ———— is noted for his smile;
The hardest remark he's ever known to make
Is, "For hell's sweet sake, you Files, keep awake."

Chorus

HE DONE HIS LEVEL BEST

This old cadet song from the last century was sung to the tune of "A Son of a Gamboleer." Half a century ago "yank" was cadet slang for "haze." To "max" anything is to do it perfectly—for instance, to receive a perfect mark for a recitation. To "fess" is to fail utterly. "Boning" is cadet slang for studying. "Chem" and "Phil" are, respectively, Chemistry and Philosophy.

Tune: Son of a Gamboleer

Was he a-bookin' of his "Phil";
He done it with a zest;
Was he a-bonin' of his "Chem";
He done his level best.

Chorus

He done, he done, he done,
He done his level best.
Oh, he done, he done, he done, he done,
He done his level best.

If he'd a regular scratch to go,
He never took no rest;
Or if it was his drawing day,
He done his level best.

Chorus

If he was prancing on his post,
He'd think of his warm nest;
And prayin' for the next relief,
He done his level best.

Chorus

He'd "yank" a plebe clean out of ranks,
And cuss like all possessed;
Then put him back and show him how
To do his level best.

Chorus

He'd cuss and sing, and howl, and smoke,
And dance, and drink, and jest;
And "max" and "fess"—all one to him;
He done his level best.

Chorus

Was't "boning" in his quarters,
Was it being coldly "fessed,"
In barracks or in section room,
He done his level best.

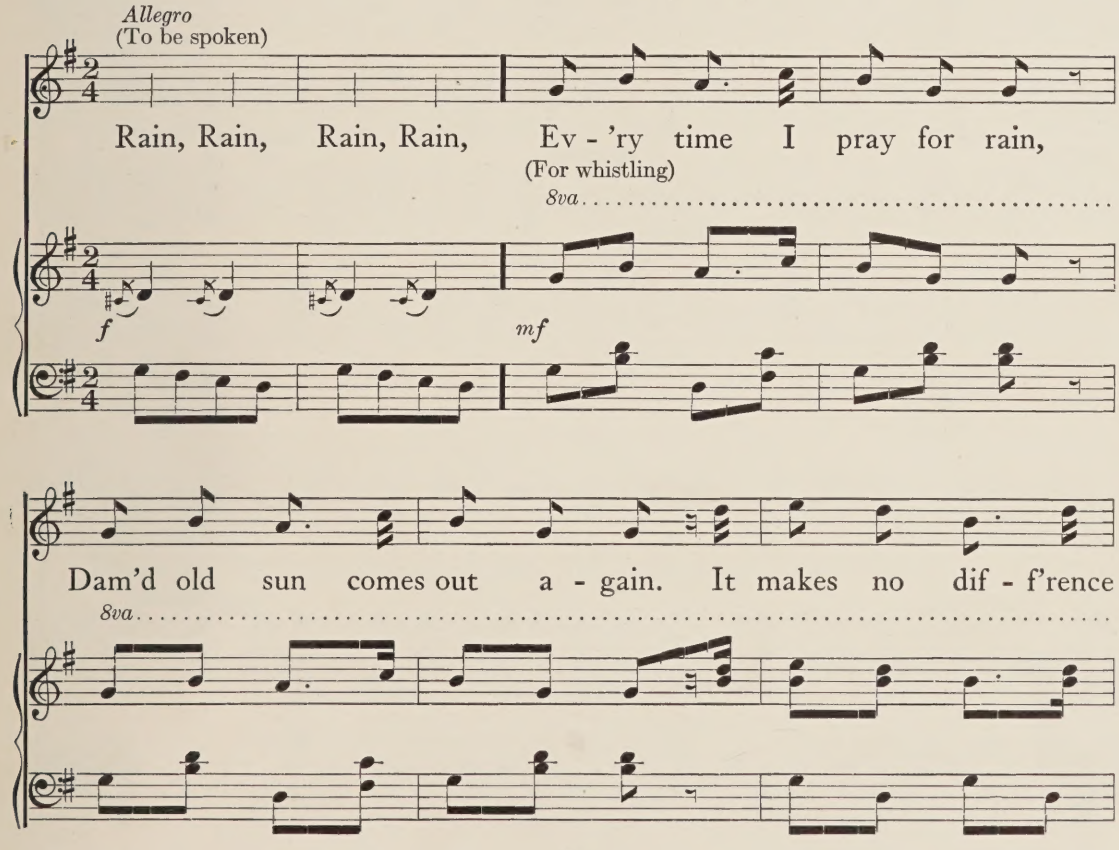
Chorus

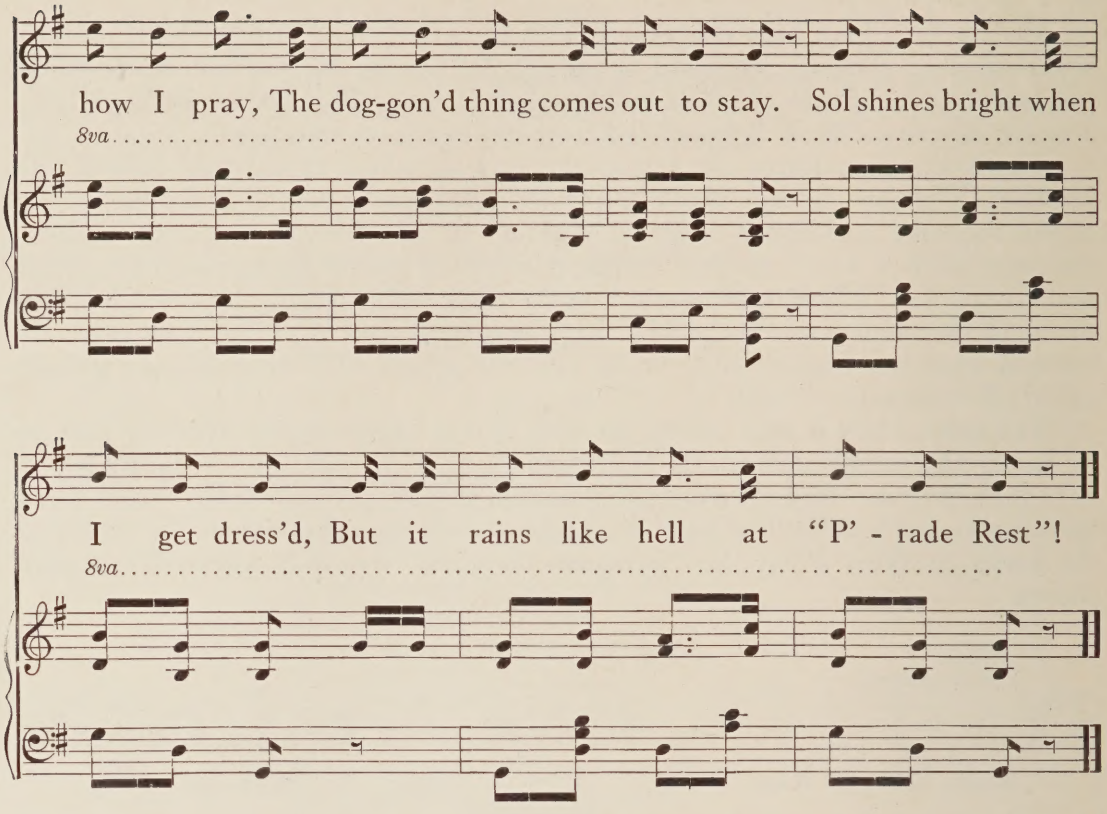
MISSOURI NATIONAL

Cadets have long been confronted with the problem of producing rain on afternoons when they are supposed to parade. Of course, the rain will bring disappointment to hundreds of visitors, but what of that? Parades are no novelty to a cadet, whereas "bunk fatigue" is a rare and much-coveted treat.

There are two stories concerning the way in which cadets first solved this problem. The first is that about thirty-five years ago Cadet M. E. Saville, at the urgent request (?) of upper classmen, whistled an old Missouri tune and was soon rewarded with a heavy shower, which necessitated parade being called off. From that day on the "Missouri National," as the tune was named, became the rain charm of the corps; and the "plebes" have been kept busy whistling it on every afternoon when there appeared to be the slightest chance of having drills or parade called off on account of rain.

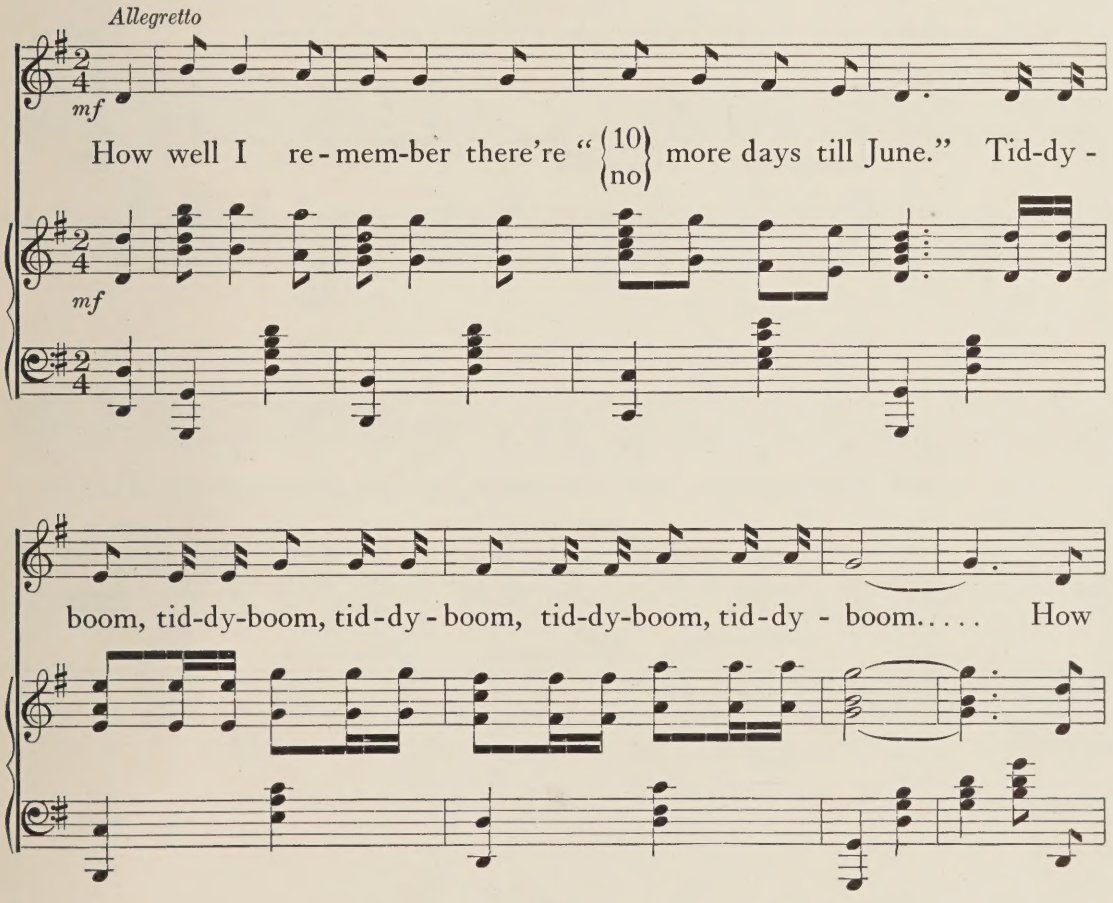
The other story is that during the visit of the cadets to the World's Fair at St. Louis two things particularly impressed them. One was that it rained every day; the other was that the bands continually played a certain piece. From these facts it was decided that the music must have caused the rain, so upon the return of the corps to West Point the "Missouri National" was duly adopted as a rain charm.

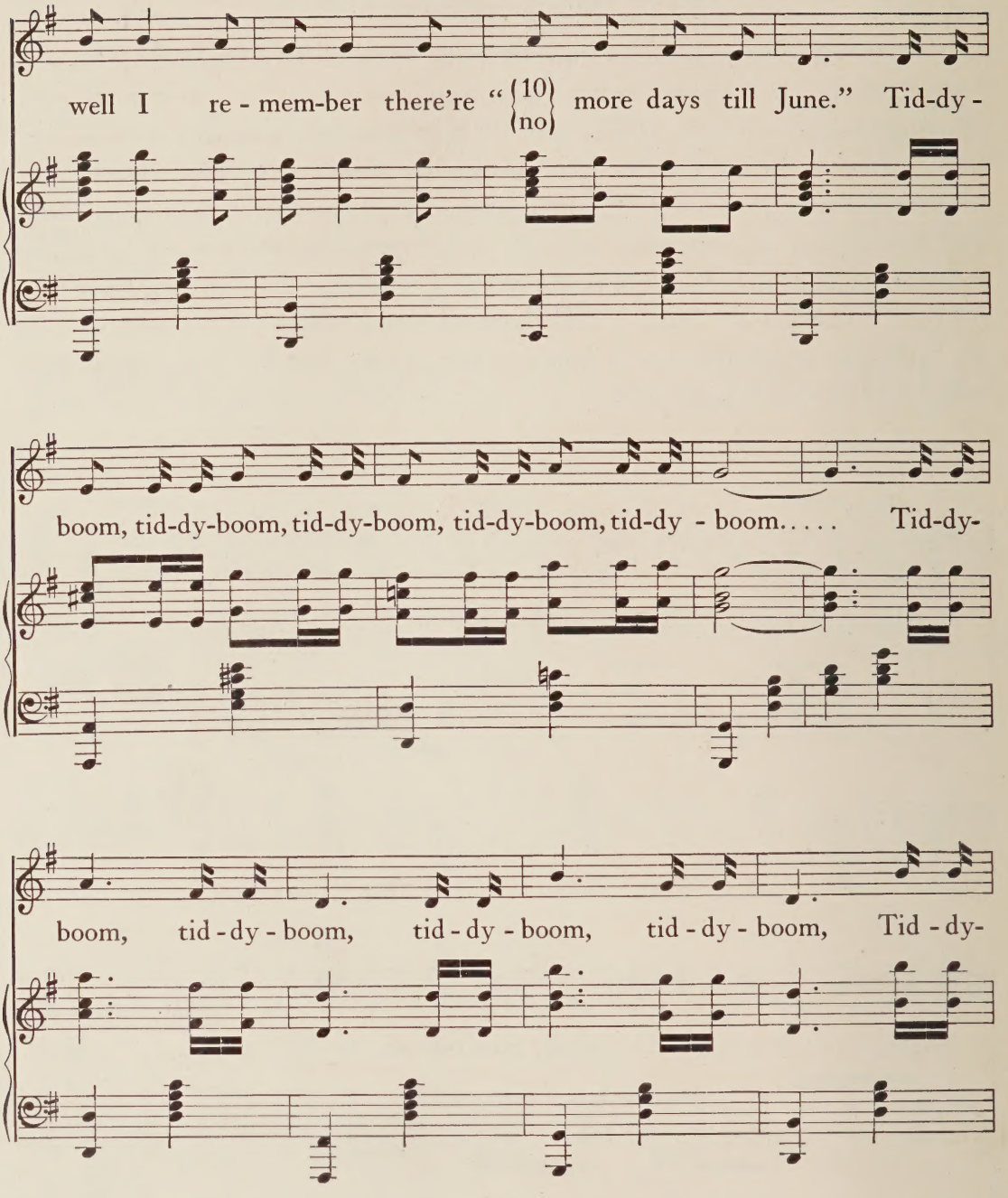

Allegro
(To be spoken)
Rain, Rain, Rain, Rain, Ev - 'ry time I pray for rain,
(For whistling)
8va
f
mf
Dam'd old sun comes out a - gain. It makes no dif - f'rence
8va


how I pray, The dog-gon'd thing comes out to stay. Sol shines bright when
8va
I get dress'd, But it rains like hell at "P' - rade Rest"!
8va

HOW WELL I REMEMBER

One spring evening in 1909, just after the corps had returned from supper, "Mike" Kelly (well known to later generations of cadets as a "Tac"), "Pinky" Harrington, and two or three others of the first class, were gathered under a large tree in front of the old Fourth "Div" of Cadet Barracks, "piping Graduation" while they waited for Call to Quarters. Some one of the four was singing "How well I remember in 1861 when I fought with General Grant." On a sudden inspiration someone altered the lines to "How well I remember there were no more days till June"; and then the Muse having deserted him, he filled out the song by singing "tiddy-boom, tiddy-boom." Thus was born a song that has been popular with cadets and graduates ever since.


Allegretto
mf
How well I re-mem-ber there're " (10) (no) more days till June." Tid-dy -
mf
boom, tid-dy-boom, tid-dy-boom, tid-dy-boom, tid-dy - boom..... How

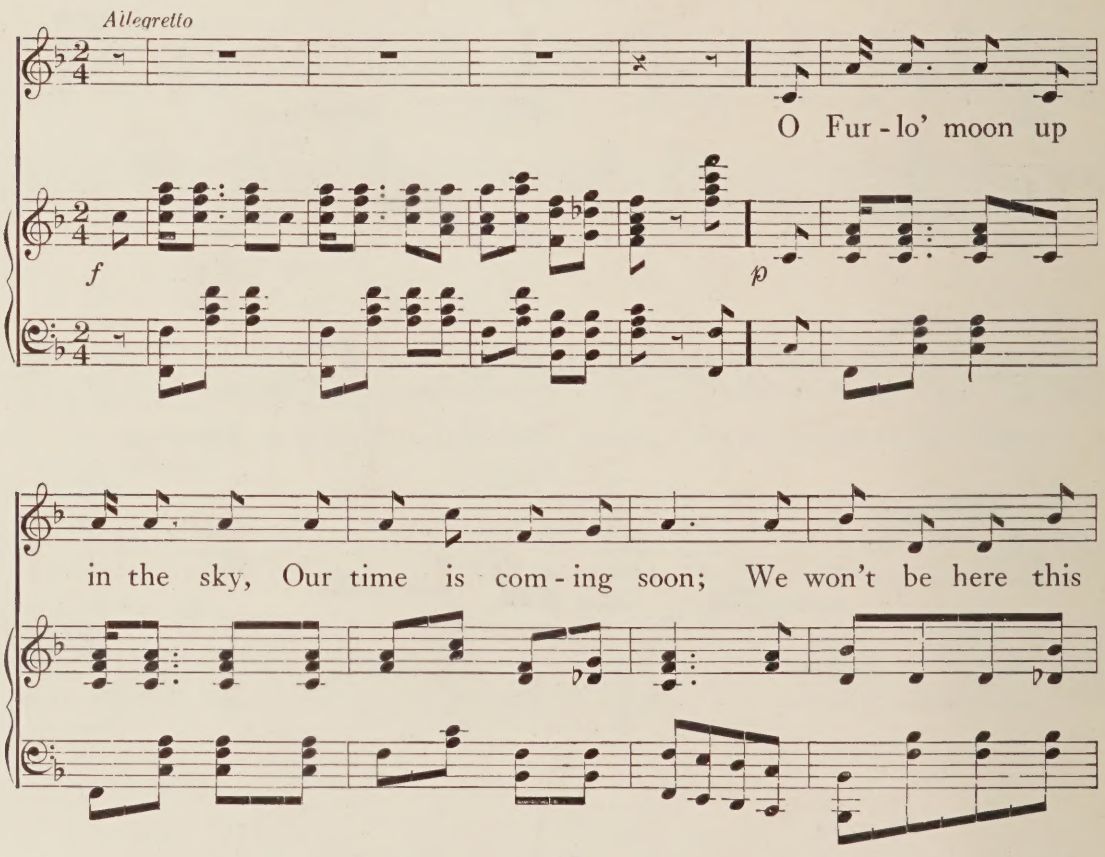

well I re - mem-ber there're " (10) (no) more days till June." Tid-dy -
boom, tid-dy-boom, tid-dy-boom, tid-dy-boom, tid-dy - boom..... Tid-dy-
boom, tid - dy - boom, tid - dy - boom, tid - dy - boom, Tid - dy-

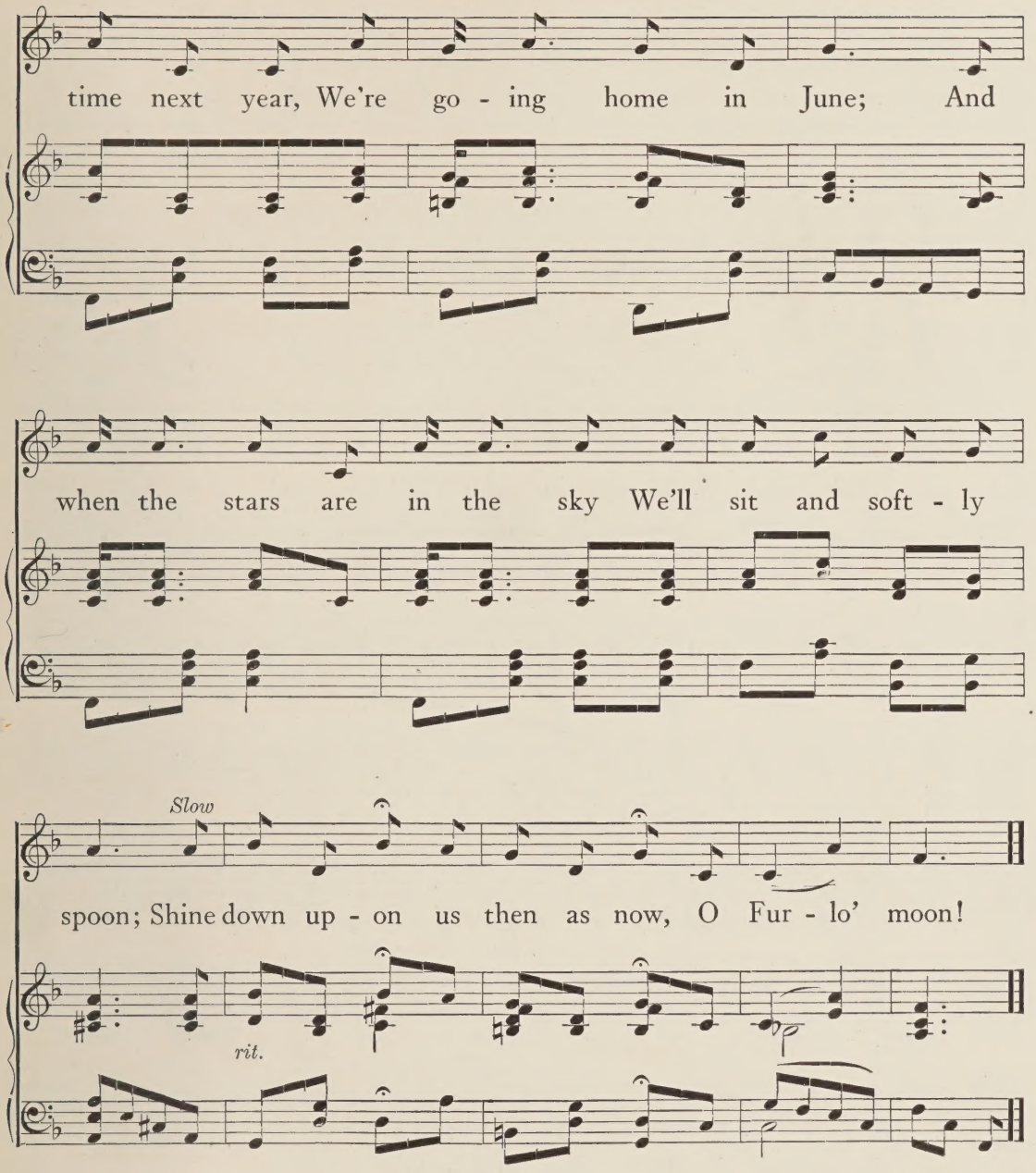
boom-boom - boom-boom-boom - boom, boom-boom - boom-boom - boom, How
well I re - mem-ber there're " (10) (no) more days till June." Tid-dy -
boom, tid - dy-boom, tid - dy - boom, tid - dy-boom, tid - dy - boom.....

FURLO' MOON

At West Point a cadet looks forward to four things: "Recognition," which marks the end of his first, or "Plebe," year; "Furlo'," which comes at the end of his first two years; "First Class Camp," which ushers in his final year; and Graduation.

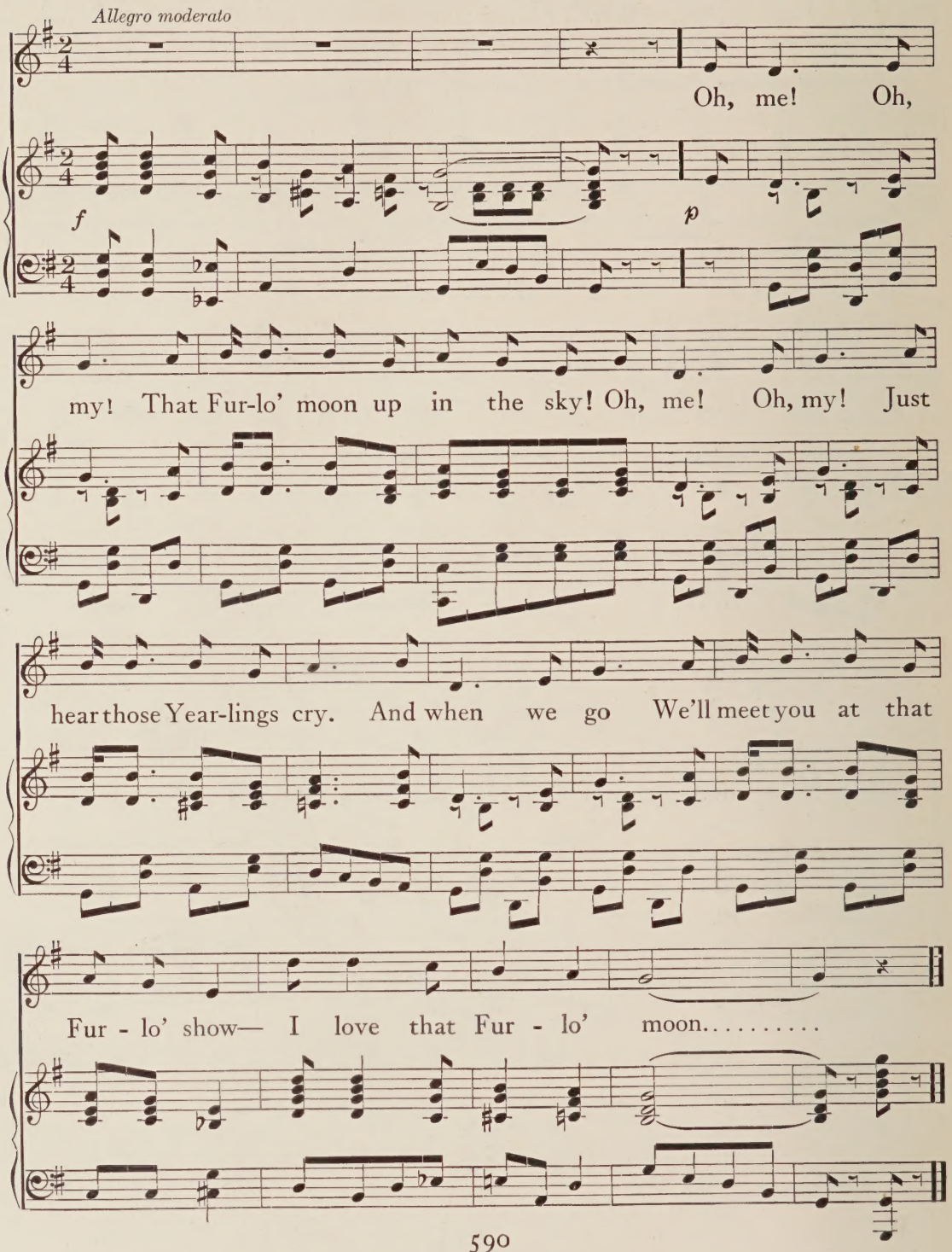
To the "Yearling," or second-year man, no event can compare with "Furlo'," that glorious summer when he returns to dazzle the beauties of Podunk with the glamor of his three dozen bell-buttons and his gold corporal's chevrons. Throughout "Yearling Camp" he "pipes Furlo' " and dreams his dreams; and on moonlight nights he gathers with his fellows to sing of the joys which the moonlight of another June will bring. His songs are many and ephemeral, little known outside of his own class, and as quickly forgotten as the rose in his album or the blue-eyed girl who gave it. The lines given here were sung in the corps a dozen years ago.




time next year, We're go - ing home in June; And
when the stars are in the sky We'll sit and soft - ly
Slow
spoon; Shine down up - on us then as now, O Fur - lo' moon!
rit.

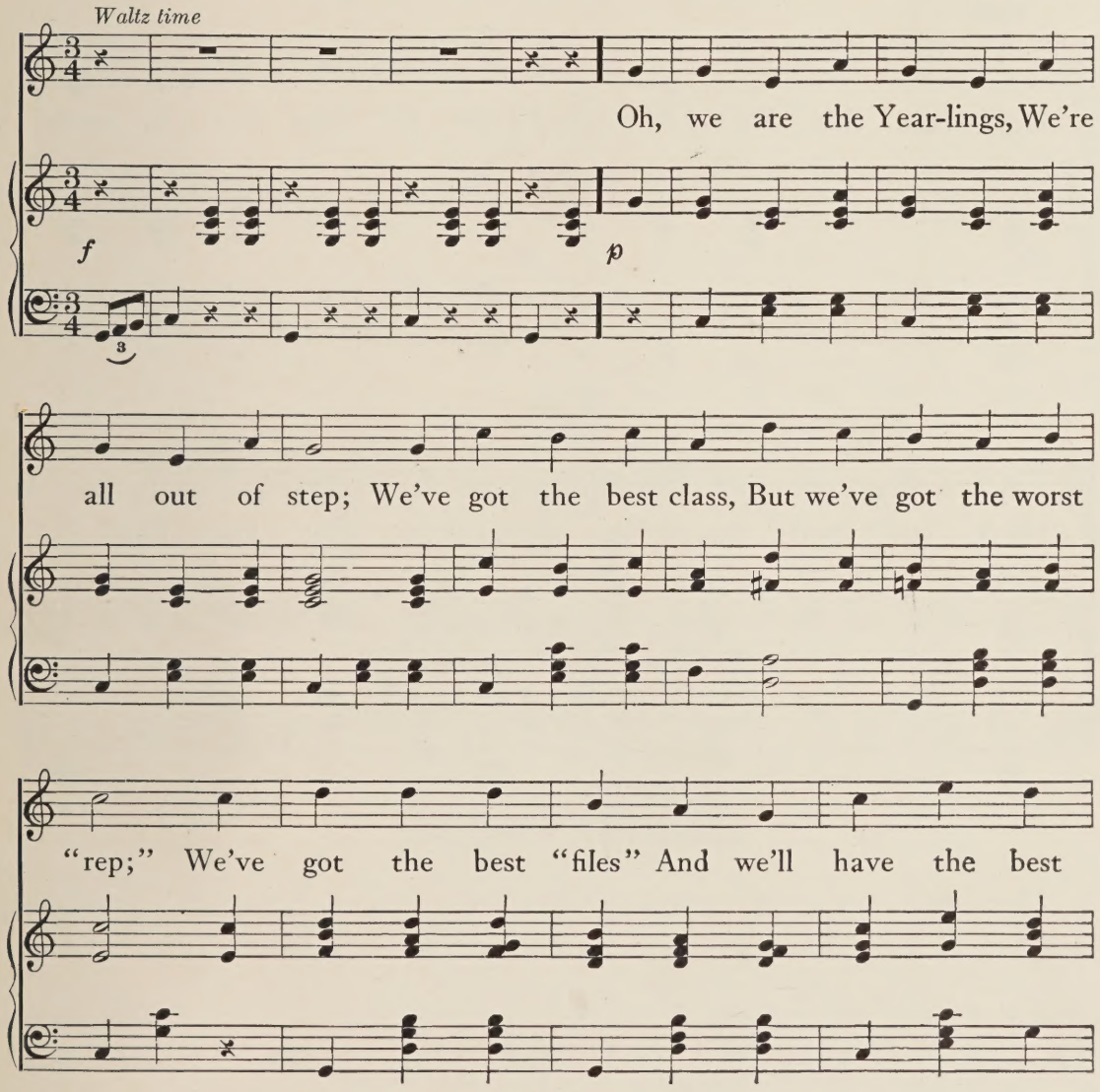
OH, ME! OH, MY!

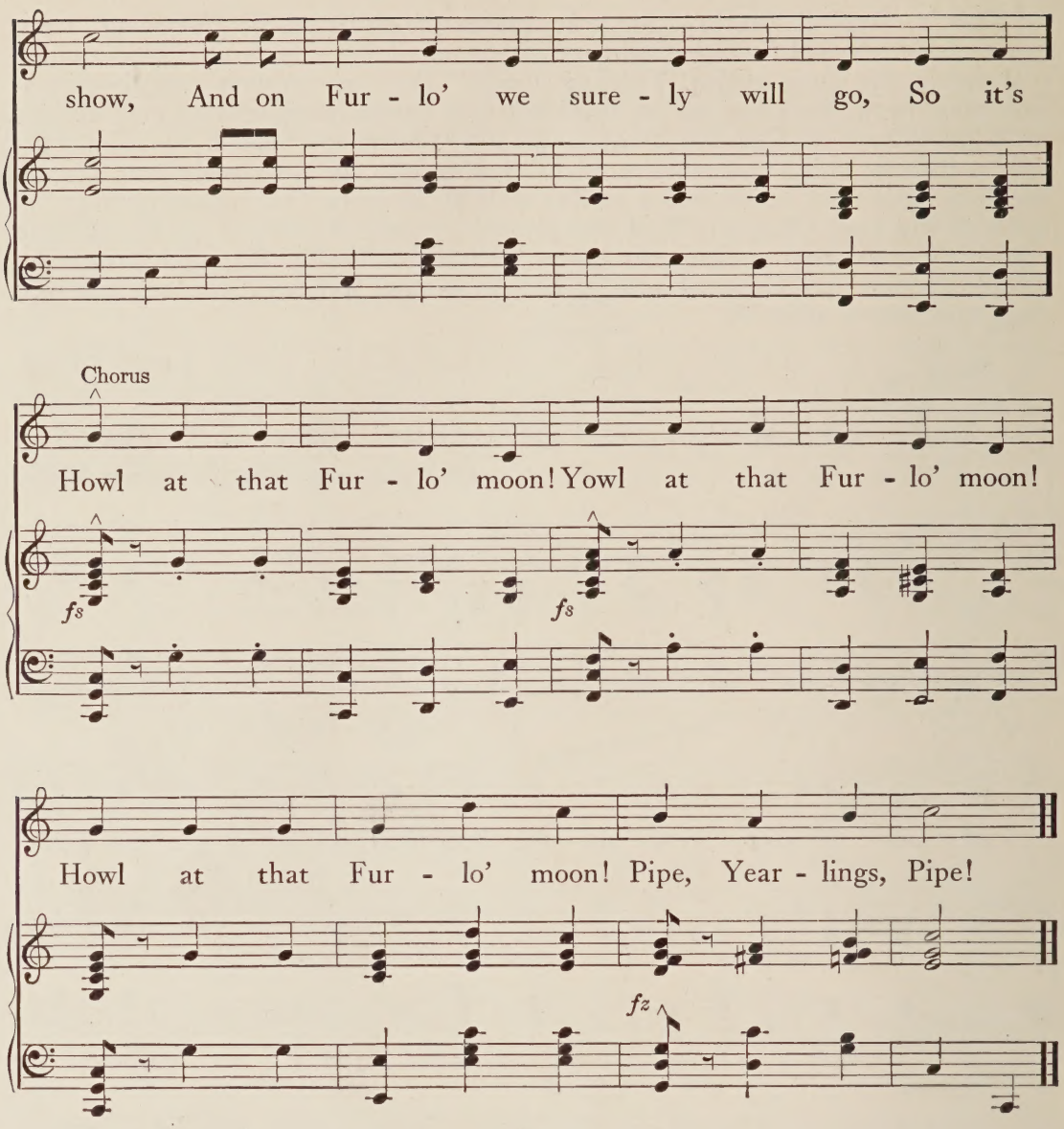
(This was sung about the same time as "Furlo' Moon.")


Allegro moderato
Oh, me! Oh,
f
p
my! That Fur-lo' moon up in the sky! Oh, me! Oh, my! Just
hear those Year-lings cry. And when we go We'll meet you at that
Fur - lo' show— I love that Fur - lo' moon.....

THE YEARLING

This is a typical "Furlo' " song. It catches the spirit of the "Yearling" who, having been released from the rigors of plebedom, shows a natural reaction which is known in the corps as the "Yearling slouch." The commandant and superintendent may try to "buck him up" by awarding him confinements and by making him walk punishment tours on the Area, but all their efforts are wasted. To him, "Furlo' " is the only thing that matters. He walks out into the company street, throws back his head, and howls like a timber-wolf at the moon that is peeping over the walls of old Fort Clinton: "Yea, Fur-lo-o-o!" From all parts of the camp come answering cries. And perhaps the "Supe," sitting smiling on his porch across the parade ground, lets his mind wander back to another summer night long ago, and does understand, after all.


Waltz time
Oh, we are the Year-lings, We're
f
p
all out of step; We've got the best class, But we've got the worst
"rep;" We've got the best "files" And we'll have the best


show, And on Fur - lo' we sure - ly will go, So it's
Chorus
Howl at that Fur - lo' moon! Yowl at that Fur - lo' moon!
fs
fs
Howl at that Fur - lo' moon! Pipe, Year - lings, Pipe!
fz

FURLO' SONG, CLASS OF 1829

Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, "Father of the Military Academy," who became superintendent in 1817 and founded the system on which the institution is still run, first inaugurated the practice of granting cadets a two months' furlough at the end of their first two years at the academy. This "Furlo' Song of the Class of 1829," with its reference to torn-up "math" books and pleasing feminine charms, shows that the "Yearling" of today is essentially unchanged from his predecessor of a century ago. The words of the song are taken from an old West Point scrapbook.

I've torn my "differential" up,
The leaves—Lord! how they flew!
And "integrals" and algebra,
Are out the window, too.
The only "curvatures" I find
Are of a neck or brow;
I've made my arms my "asymptotes,"
My lips my "tangents" now.

At West Point, as well as at Annapolis and throughout the two services generally, the annual Army-Navy game has long been the outstanding event of the football season. No matter how many defeats either team may suffer, if it wins the Army-Navy game its season has been a success.

In these colorful annual encounters no small part of the attraction for the thousands of spectators has been the vigorous singing of both student bodies. It begins as soon as the cadets and midshipmen have finished marching to their seats, and ends only when the victors have completed their triumphant snake dance past the stands of the silent, bare-headed losers. No one who has attended one of these games will ever forget the powerful, crashing effect of these songs, or the alternate notes of triumph and defiance which are evoked in them by the varying fortunes of the two teams.

The football songs given here are the best that have been sung during the past twenty years. As a rule, they have been composed by cheer leaders from time to time. Almost every season brings forth new songs, but the authorship is not always easily determined, because several cadets frequently collaborate in producing them.

According to Lieutenant Philip Egner, "Army, Army, You're a Wonder" is the oldest of the collection. It originated before 1908. The tune is "New Tipperary." The tune of "Fight Away" was adopted from other colleges. It was first used at West Point in the annual Hundredth Night Show about 1911 or 1912. The words for the football song appeared the following season. "Army, O Army" and "Down in Maryland" were the football songs for the seasons of 1915 and 1916 respectively. The tunes were composed by Lieutenant Egner. "The Army's Coming Down the River" was written by L. E. Hibbs, Class of 1916, and is sung to the tune "Swing Wide the Golden Gates." "Slum and Gravy," the best of the recent songs, was written by Cadets F. E. Howard and H. S. Hawkins, Jr., in 1925. The tune, which is from "The Vagabond King," is excellent for a football song.

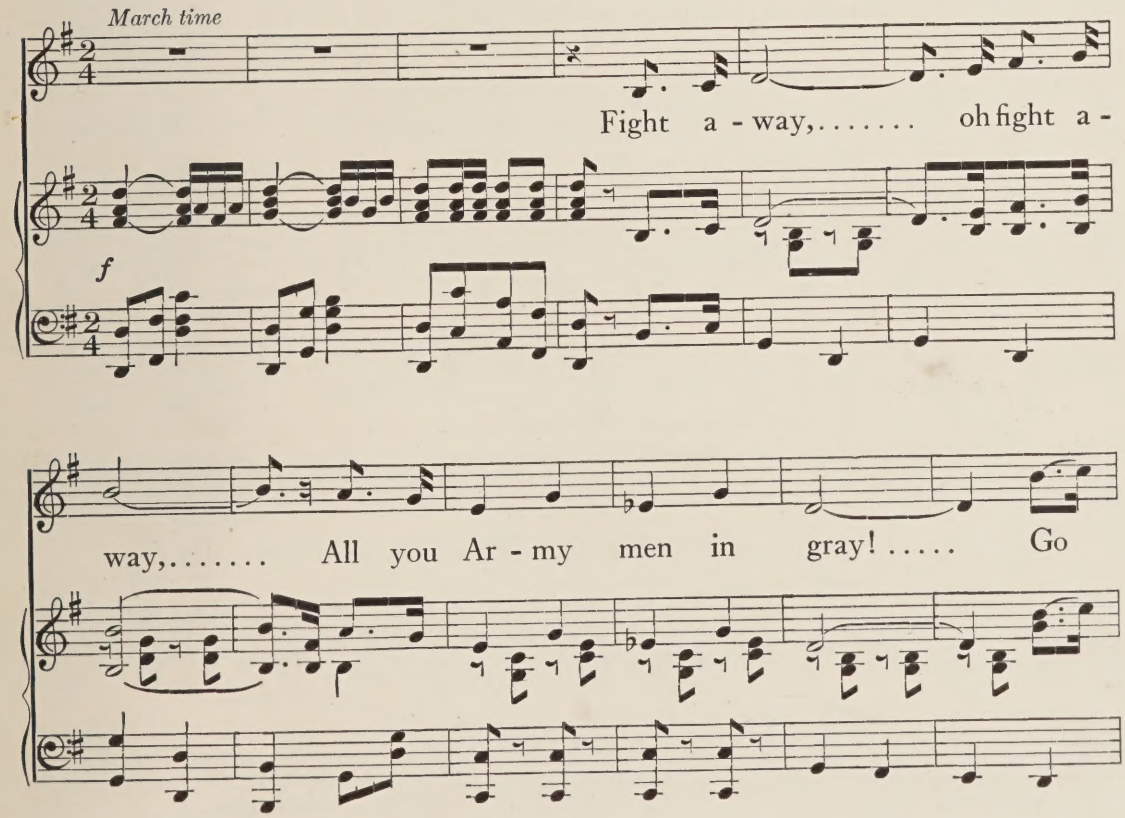
Every man who was graduated during the past eighteen years will remember this chorus from "On, Brave Old Army Team":

On, brave old Army team,
On to the fray;
Fight on to victory,
For that's the fearless Army way.

Although I could not secure permission to include this song in this book, I am sure that every graduate will be interested in the story of its origin. In 1910 one of the cheer leaders asked Lieutenant Egner to write the music for a new football song which he was composing. A few days later, as Lieutenant Egner was

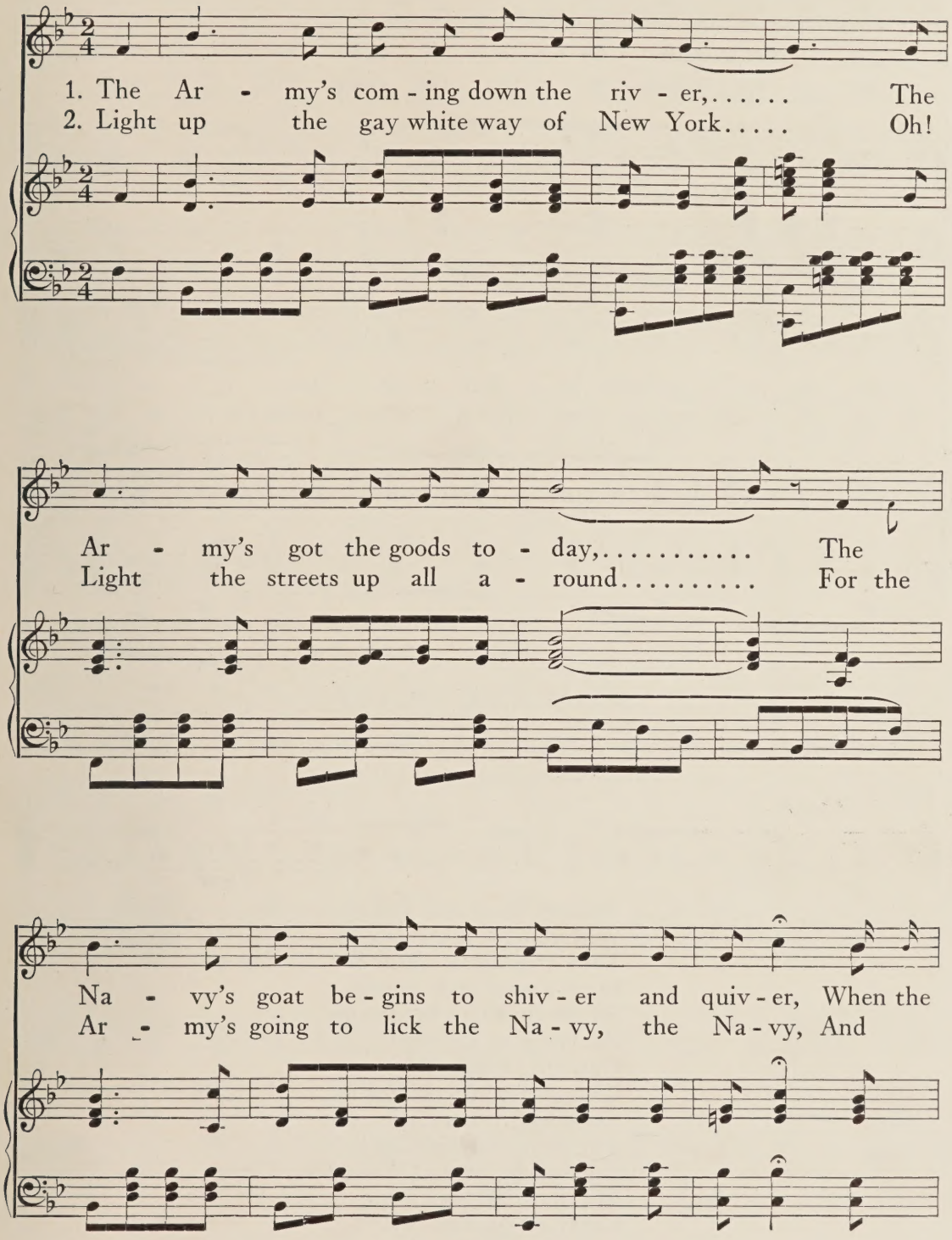
walking home with the song in his pocket, the melody began to come to him. He had no paper; yet he was afraid to wait till he got home lest the tune be forgotten. Then he thought of his stiffly starched cuff. He took a pencil from his pocket and began to write. Down on his cuff went the notes for the first line—"The Army team's the pride and dream of every heart in gray." Then the music for another line came to him, and was jotted down. All the way home he scribbled music on his cuff, and when at last he reached his own door the tune for a football song that was to be sung at West Point rallies from Manila to Maine was complete.

FIGHT AWAY!



charg-ing down the field,..... A - smash - ing ev - 'ry
play..... Thro' Na-vy's line,..... ev - 'ry time!..... Break a -
way with all your might!.... No Na - vy in the
world..... Can stop old Ar - my's fight! Fight! Fight!.....

THE ARMY'S COMING DOWN THE RIVER

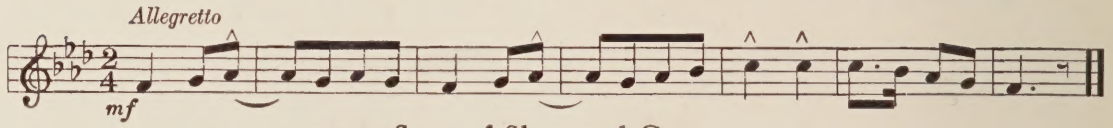

1. The Ar - my's com - ing down the riv - er,..... The
2. Light up the gay white way of New York..... Oh!
Ar - my's got the goods to - day,..... The
Light the streets up all a - round..... For the
Na - vy's goat be - gins to shiv - er and quiv - er, When the
Ar - my's going to lick the Na - vy, the Na - vy, And

THE ARMY'S COMING DOWN THE RIVER

Ar - my's mule be - gins to bray, HEE HAW! When the
we are going to paint the town, YOU BET! And
Ar - my's mule be - gins to bray.....
we are going to paint the town.....

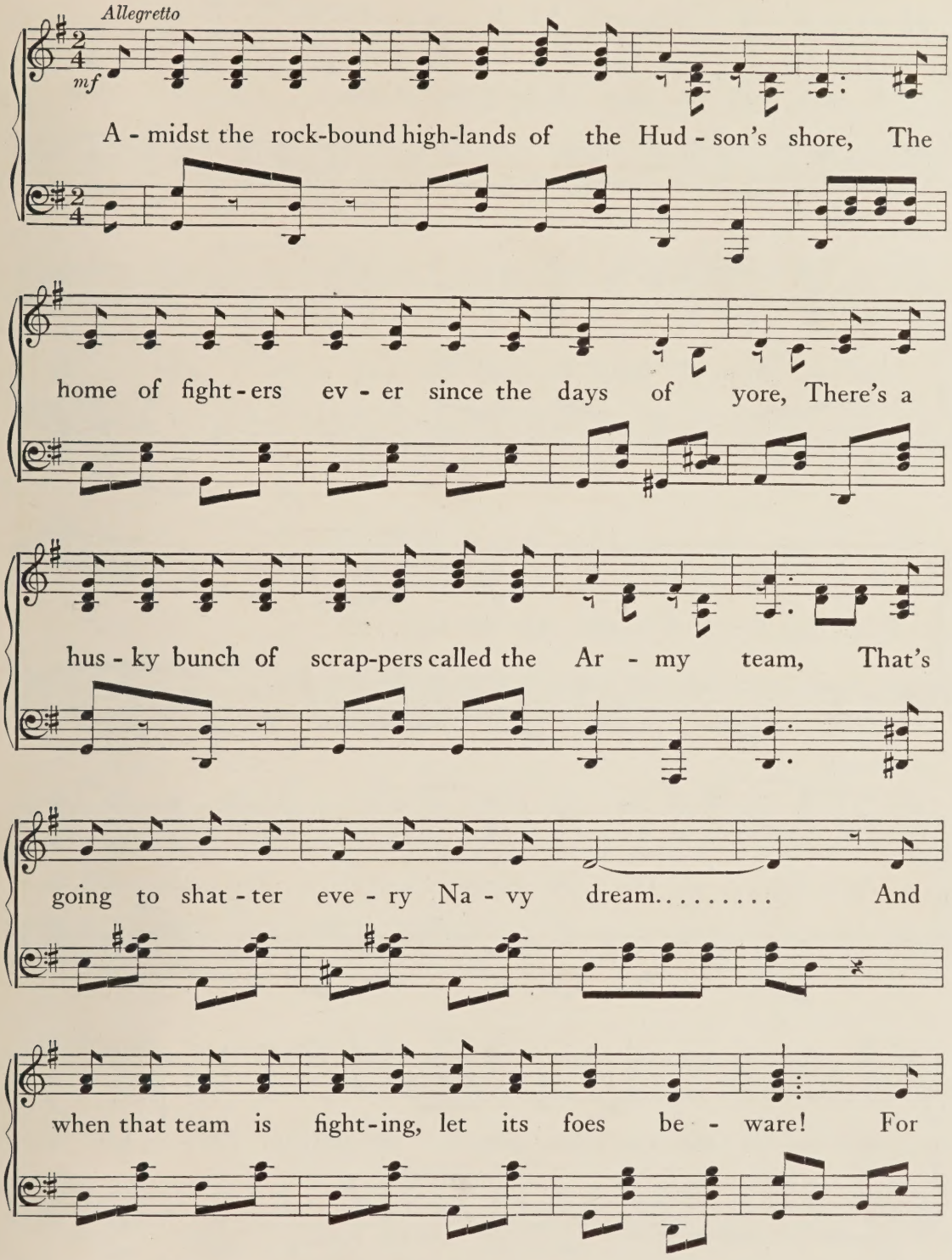
SLUM AND GRAVY

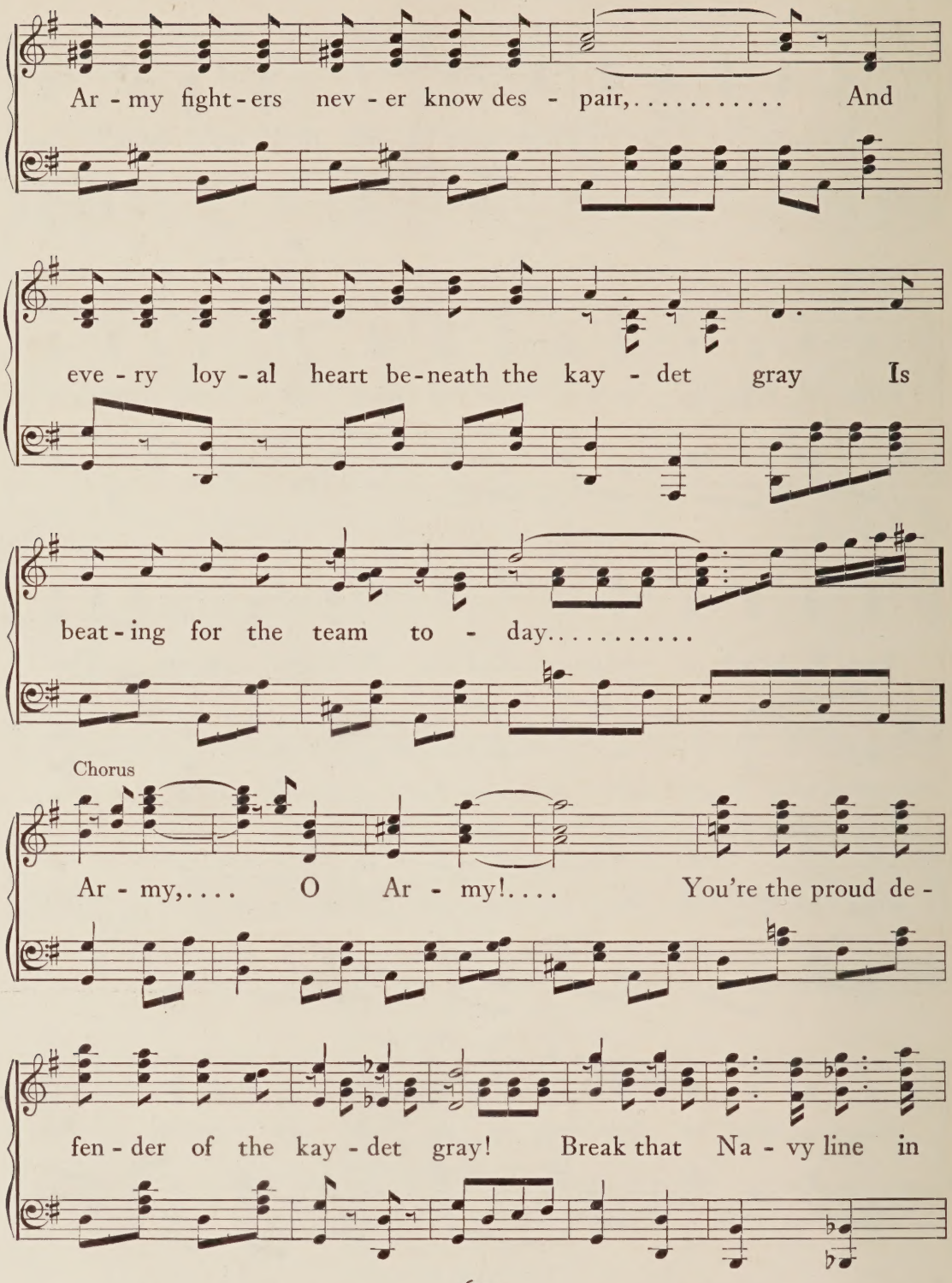
The tune for this popular football song is from that part of "The Vagabond King" which begins as follows:



Sons of Slum and Gravy,
Will you let the Navy
Take from us a victory?
Hear a warriors' chorus,
Sweep that line before us,
Carry on to victory!
Onward! Onward!
Charge against the foe!
Forward! Forward!
The Army banners go!
Sons of Mars and Thunder,
Rip that line asunder,
Carry on to victory!

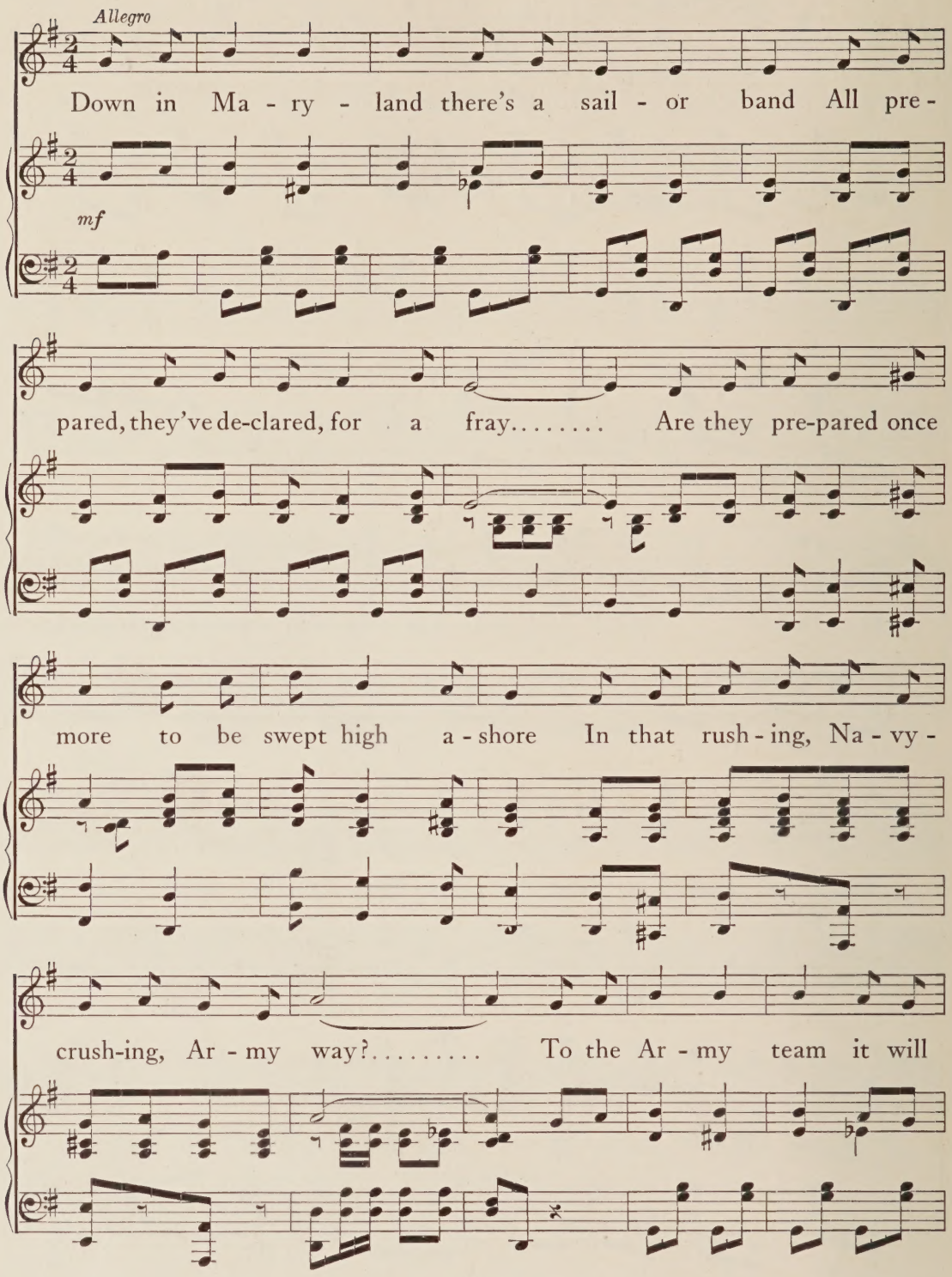
ARMY, O ARMY!

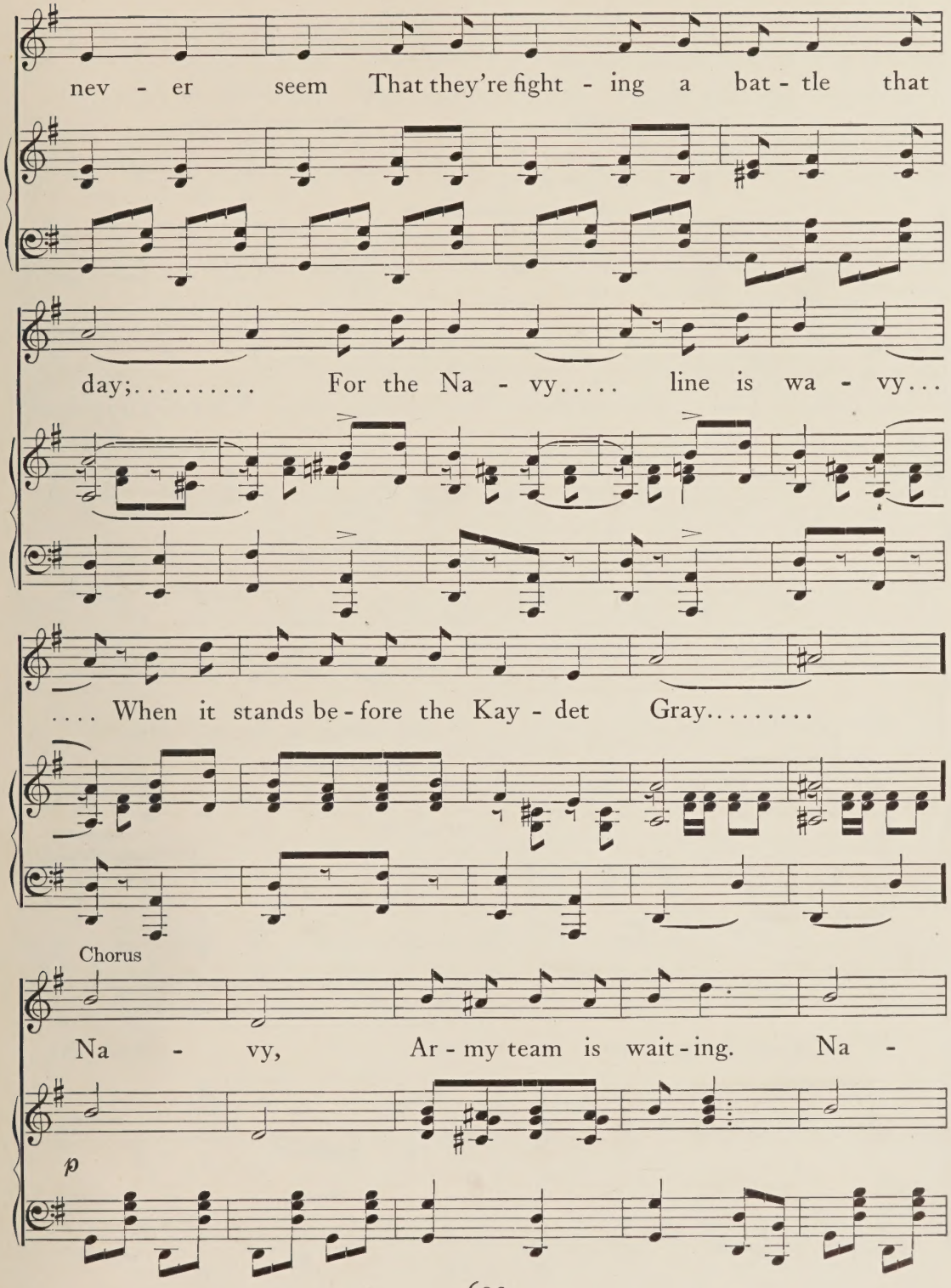

Allegretto
mf
A - midst the rock-bound high-lands of the Hud - son's shore, The
home of fight - ers ev - er since the days of yore, There's a
hus - ky bunch of scrap-pers called the Ar - my team, That's
going to shat - ter eve - ry Na - vy dream..... And
when that team is fight - ing, let its foes be - ware! For

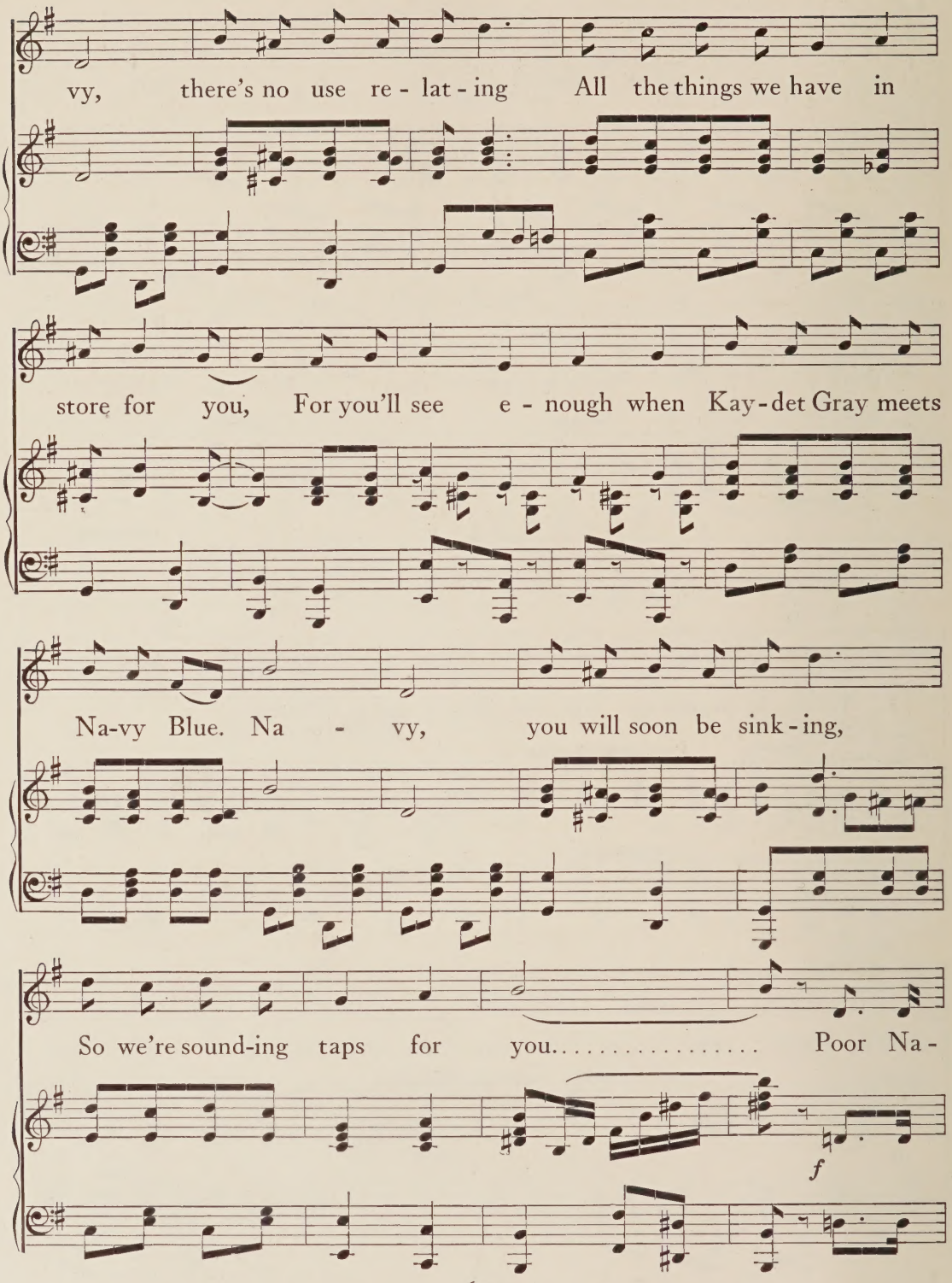

Ar - my fight - ers nev - er know des - pair,..... And
eve - ry loy - al heart be-neath the kay - det gray Is
beat - ing for the team to - day.....
Chorus
Ar - my,.... O Ar - my!.... You're the proud de -
fen - der of the kay - det gray! Break that Na - vy line in

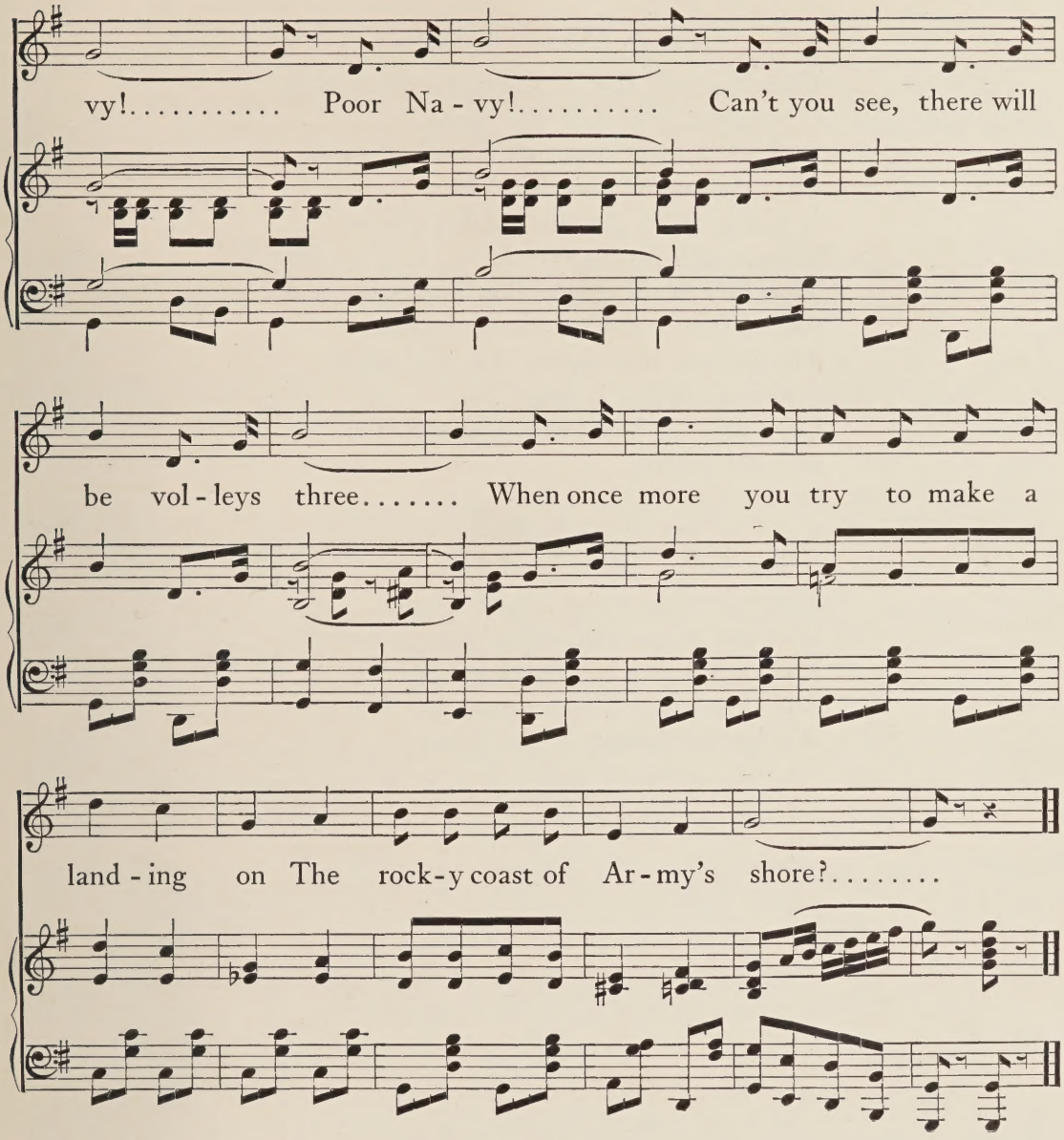
eve - ry play!.... Win the game to - day.... In the
Ar - my way..... And Ar - my,..... O
Ar - my!..... With a cour - age that will nev - er, nev - er
die,..... Sweep the Na - vy off the field, For we
know you nev - er yield, You're the Ar - my, That's why!....

DOWN IN MARYLAND


Allegro
Down in Ma - ry - land there's a sail - or band All pre -
mf
pared, they've de-clared, for a fray..... Are they pre-pared once
more to be swept high a - shore In that rush - ing, Na - vy -
crush-ing, Ar - my way?..... To the Ar - my team it will


nev - er seem That they're fight - ing a bat - tle that
day;..... For the Na - vy..... line is wa - vy...
.... When it stands be - fore the Kay - det Gray.....
Chorus
Na - vy, Ar - my team is wait - ing. Na -
p


vy, there's no use re - lat - ing All the things we have in
store for you, For you'll see e - nough when Kay - det Gray meets
Na-vy Blue. Na - vy, you will soon be sink - ing,
So we're sound-ing taps for you..... Poor Na -
f


vy!..... Poor Na - vy!..... Can't you see, there will
be vol - leys three..... When once more you try to make a
land - ing on The rock - y coast of Ar - my's shore?.....

ARMY, ARMY, YOU'RE A WONDER

Tune: "New Tipperary"

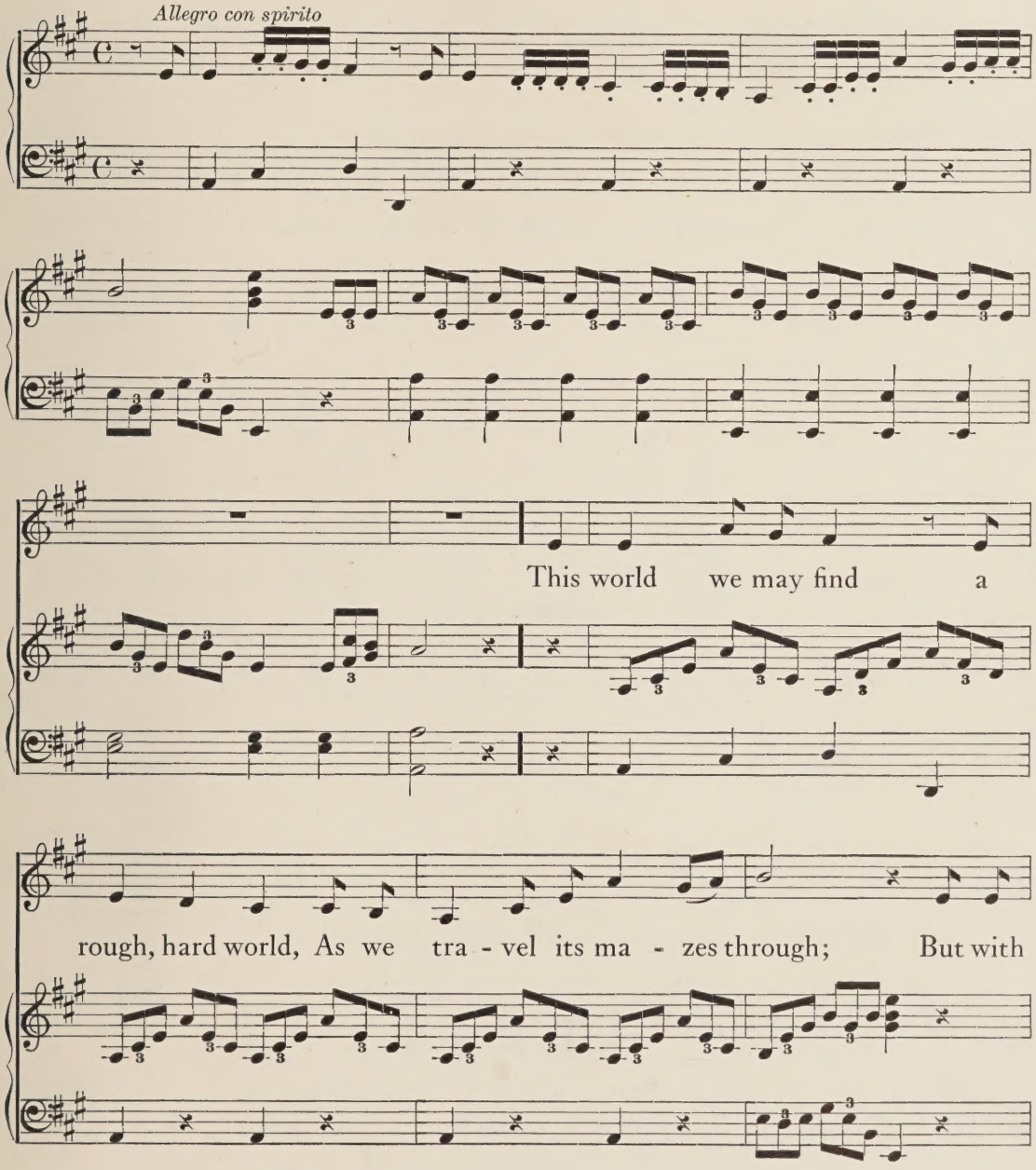
When you see that old veteran Army team
Come bounding over the ropes,
And settle right down to a winning game
That smears the Navy's hopes,
It makes every genuine soldier's heart
Fill up with joy and pride
That he's of the mettle that makes the team,
And that he roots on the Army side.
Throughout this country far and wide
And islands far away,
Each heart in blue beats firm and true
For the Army.

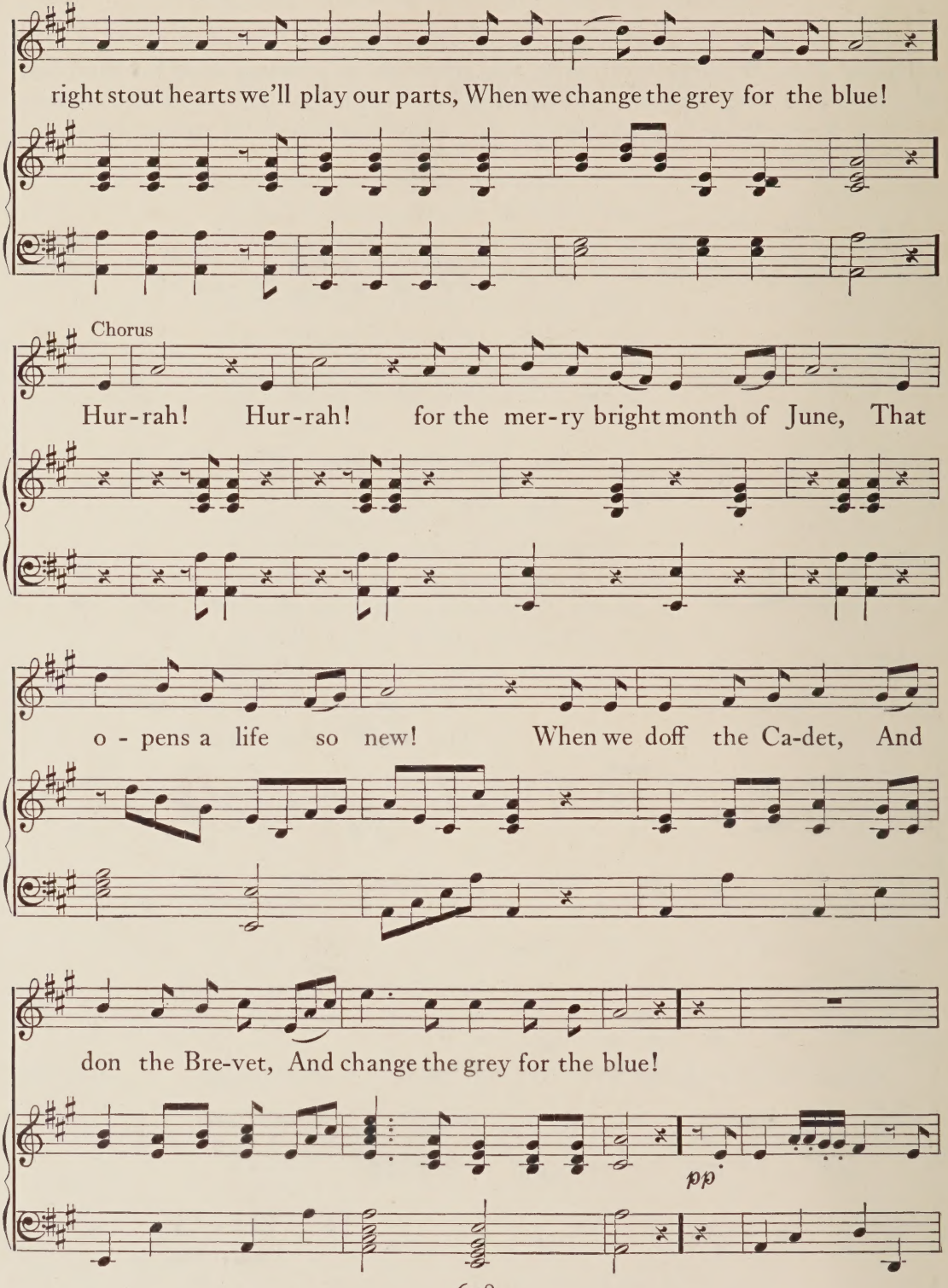
Chorus

Army, Army, you're a wonder,
You will show those Middies under,
Win this game without a blunder, for
You've got to win, you've got to win,
And down that Navy, down that Navy.
It's for the honor of the Army.

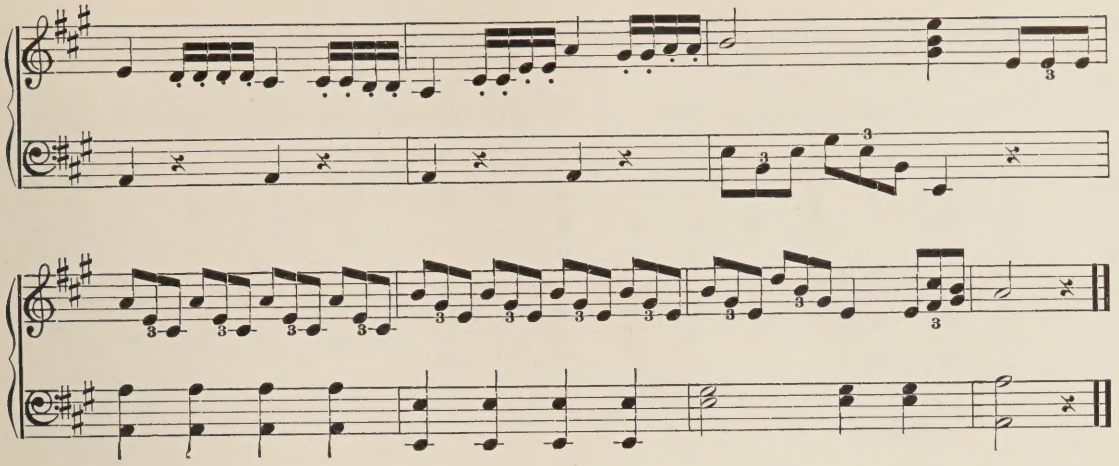
CADETS' GRADUATING SONG FOR 1848

The "Lady of the Army" who wrote this song for the Class of 1848 was probably Mrs. Winfield Scott, who also wrote the graduating song for the Class of 1847. This song was first published in sheet form by Firth, Pond & Company of New York. What is probably the only copy now extant is preserved in the U.S.M.A. Library.




right stout hearts we'll play our parts, When we change the grey for the blue!
Chorus
Hur-rah! Hur-rah! for the mer-ry bright month of June, That
o - pens a life so new! When we doff the Ca-det, And
don the Bre-vet, And change the grey for the blue!
pp

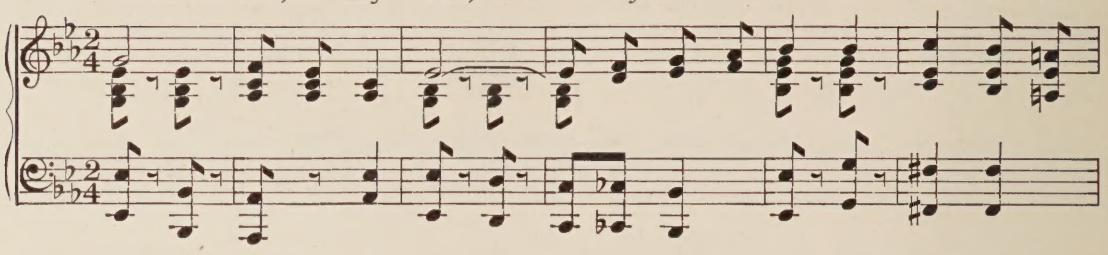
CADETS' GRADUATING SONG FOR 1848



OFFICIAL WEST POINT MARCH

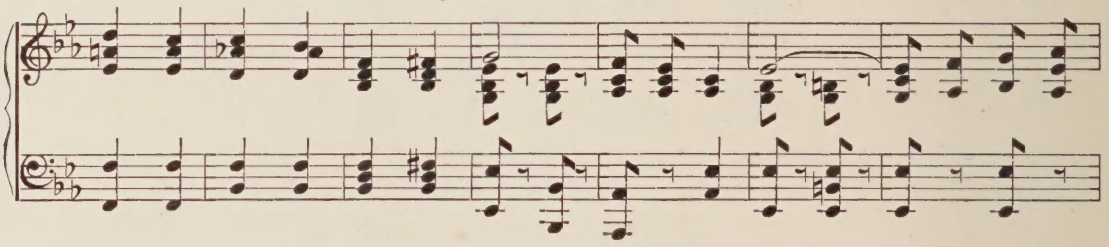
Words by Cadet Parham, Class of 1928, and music by Philip Egner

West Point, at thy call,..... Thy sons a-rise in hon-or to

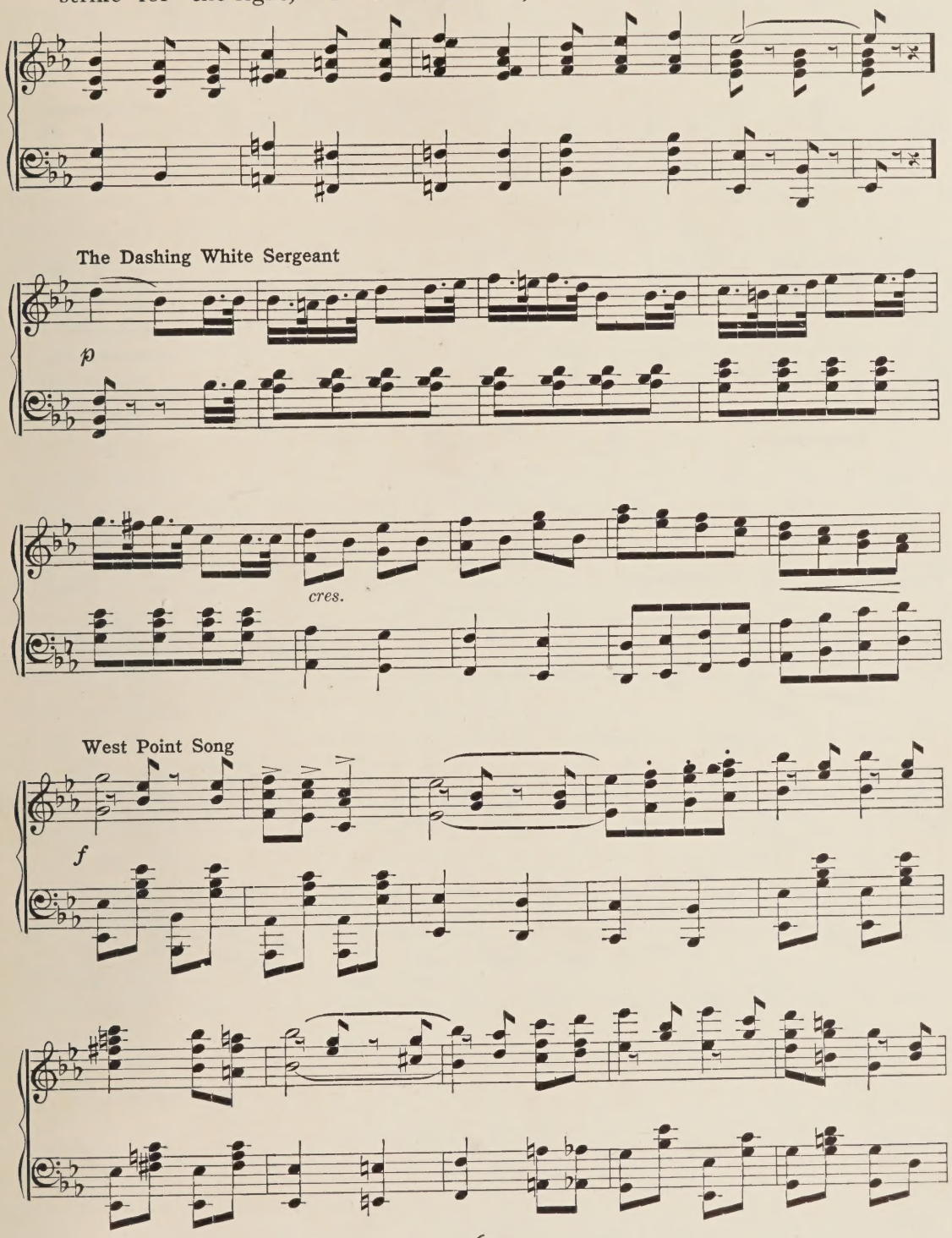


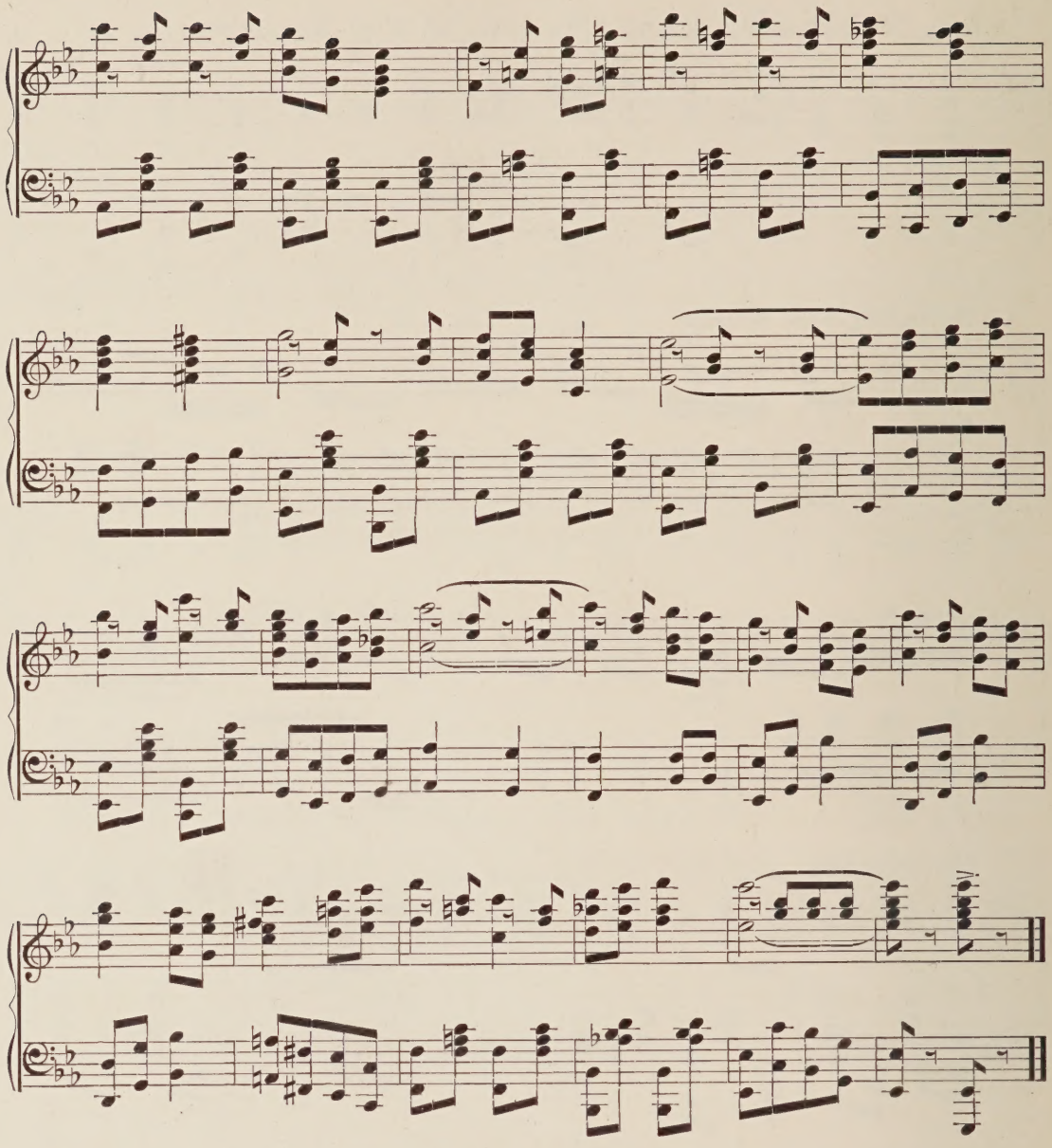
thee..... May thy light shine ev-er bright, Guide thy sons a-right In dis-tant

lands or dis-tant seas, Thy name first a-bove all..... thro' all the



years thy mot-to we will bear,..... We, thy sons, as we fight may we


strike for the right, Al - ma Ma - ter, ev - er for thee.....
The Dashing White Sergeant
p
cres.
West Point Song
f



BIBLIOGRAPHY

The material in this book has been acquired from many sources. Part of it is the accretion of fifteen years of service in the various components of our army. Part has been obtained by circularizing the regiments and by interviews and correspondence with officers on the active and retired lists, as well as with members of the American Legion. The remainder has been unearthed in a search of hundreds of diaries, memoirs, histories, old broadsides, and songsters in the West Point Library, the New York Public Library, and the Library of Congress in Washington.

In the following list are included some of the books which were most helpful in making this collection. Some of them contain many soldier songs; others contain one or two odd bits that are perhaps not recorded elsewhere. Anyone interested in soldier and patriotic songs will find in these books a wealth of material.

Current and World War

Army Song Book, War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities

Singing Armies, Francis Fay, in *The Bookman,* Vol. 4 (1918)

Singing Soldiers, John Niles

The Soldiers' Scrap Book, Van Camp and Kane

Songs of Cheer, Published by Leo Feist, Inc.

Songs of the Service, Pamphlet compiled by Community Service, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Songs of the Soldiers and Sailors, Commission on Training Camp Activities, 1917

Tommy's Tunes (pamphlet), Lieutenant Plim

World War Music, a list of music relating to the World War and a catalogue of World War songs, by Walter Rose Whittlesey

Spanish-American War

Songs of the 51st Iowa, O. H. Jones

The Army's Songs of the Philippines, Albert Shelley in *Harper's Weekly,* March 5, 1910

The Military Order of the Carabao, 1900-1913 (contains history of order, list of members, etc., and a song section)

Civil War

Acme Haversack (several issues published in late '80's)

Beadle's Dime Union Song Books

Camp Fire Songster
Cullings from the Confederacy, Nora Fontaine M. Davison
Flag of Our Union Songster
Hardtack and Coffee, Billings
Jack Morgan Songster, by a Captain in Lee's Army
Little Mac Songster
National War Songs (S. Brainard's Sons, 1884)
Our National War Songs (S. Brainard's Sons, 1892)
Red, White and Blue Songster
Song Book of Penn. Commandery, M.O.L.L.
Songs of Dixie (S. Brainard's Sons, 1890)
Stars and Stripes Songster
The Siege of Vicksburg, O. H. Oldroyd
The Songs and Ballads of the Southern People, Frank Moore
Tony Pastor's Union Songster
Touch the Elbow Songster
Uncle Sam's Army Songster
War Sketches and Incidents, Iowa Commandery, M.O.L.L.
War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy, S. J. A. Fitzgerald
War Songs for Freemen, F. J. Child

Mexican War

Colonel Crocket's Free and Easy Songster (Texas War Songs)
Notes of the Mexican War, J. J. Oswandel
Rough and Ready Annual (D. Appleton & Co., 1848)
The Rough and Ready Songster, by an Officer in General Taylor's Army
The Texas Rangers, Samuel C. Reid, Jr.

War of 1812

Martial Music of Camp Dupont (1816)
McCarty Songs (1842) (contains some early American patriotic songs)
National Songster (1814)
New National Song Book (about 1840: contains many old songs and tunes, including some from the Revolution and War of 1812)
The American Star Songster (1814)
The Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812, Lossing

Revolutionary War

American Musical Miscellany (1798)
Camp-Fires of the American Revolution, H. C. Watson
Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, Lossing
Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution, Frank Moore

Songs of Other Days (contains some Revolutionary tunes)
Songs of the Revolution, an article prepared for the Sons of the American Revolution by Samuel Eben Barney
The American Songster (1788)
The Parlor Song Book (contains some words and tunes of War of 1812 and Revolution)

General

A Collection of Songs, compiled by West Point Army Mess
A Few Songs Sung at the Twelfth Annual Dinner of the 18th Infantry, pamphlet (1917)
American War Ballads, George Carey Eggleston
American War Songs, American Art Journal, Vol. 84, No. 7 (1904)
Army Ballads and Other Poems, Arthur T. Lee
Ballads of the Regiment, Gerald A. Griffin
Cowboy Songs, John Lomax
Following the Guidon, E. B. Custer
Howe's Songs and Ballads of ye Olden Times
Patriotic Songs of the American People, Howard Futhey Brinton
Report on the Star-Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle, etc., O. G. T. Sonneck. Chief, Music Division, Library of Congress
Roll and Go, Joanna Colcord (contains a few songs that have been sung by both soldiers and sailors)
Selected Songs, Col. J. C. Kelton
Songs of the People, a series of song books published in the late 1840's
Songs of the Seventh, 7th Regiment, New York National Guard
Stories of Famous Songs, S. J. A. Fitzgerald
The American Songbag (Five Wars' Section), Carl Sandburg
The Bear Cat Hymn Book, 76th Field Artillery
The Book of Popular Songs
The Most Popular Army and Navy Songs, Noble
The Song, George A. Upton
The West Point Scrap Book
Voices of the Border, Lt.-Col. G. W. Patten

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A

A farmer came to camp one day, *305*
A few days more, a few days more, *570*
A handsome young airman lay dying, *115*
A life in the soldier's camp, *294*
A life on the Vicksburg bluff, *290*
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight," *280*
All the folks they gave three jeers, *181*
Amidst the rock bound highlands of the Hudson's shore, *599*
Après la guerre fini, *136*
Arm, arm, sons of the Union, *406*
A seventh son of a seventh son, *550*
As in a maze, he stood to gaze, *471*
As I sit on my bunk arranging my junk, *90*
A soldier in the cavalry lay on a canvas bunk, *191*
A soldier wooed a peerless maid, *418*
As we're going down the road, the Infantry we hail, *526*
Awake! Arise! Ye men of might! *378*

B

Beside a Belgium 'staminet when the smoke had cleared away, *113*
Bill, we're on our way, on our way, on our way, *164*
Bombed last night! Bombed the night before, *105*
Bon soir, mademoiselle, comment allez-vous? *156*
Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song, *350*
Bring the wagon home, John, it will not hold us all, *558*
But I ain't got weary yet, *183*
By my faith, but I think ye're all makers of bulls, *495*
By old Fort San Felipe, *220*
By the moss-grown church at Naic, *222*
By the mud holes down at Naic, *223*

C

Can't you hear the bugles blowing from the paulins in the park? *52*
Captain Fiddler's come to town, *356*
C-C-C-Cootie, *165*
Columbia's sons, rush forth in throngs, *399*
Come, all ye gallant volunteers, *383*
Come, all you brave Americans and unto me give ear, *488*
Come, all you gallant soldiers and the story you shall hear, *125*
Come, all you soldiers, if you want to hear, *180*
Come, all Yankee soldiers, give ear to my song, *394*
Come, border men, awake now, *453*
Come and get your quinine, and come and get your pills, *75*
Come, fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast, *57*
Come, fill up your glasses—the night hurries on, *393*
Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row, *564*
Come listen unto this my song, *31*
Come off to the stable, all ye who are able, *76*
Come out, ye Continentalers, *468*
Come, push about the jorum, boys, *442*
Come, raise aloft the red, white, and blue, *401*
Come, sheathe your swords, my gallant boys, *491*
Come, stack arms, men, pile on the rails, *284*
Come, strike the bold anthem, the war dogs are howling, *451*
Come, swallow your bumpers, ye Tories, and roar, *465*
Come unto me, ye heroes, *500*
Company "A," old battling Company "A," *166*
Could you to battle march away, *451*

D

Darling, I am coming back, *109*
Dear army beans, you know I love you, *153*
Dearest love, do you remember, *339*
Did you see the 28th Division Out in No Man's Land? *177*
Do they miss me in the trench, do they miss me? *295*

Down in Maryland there's a sailor band, *602*
Drill, Ye Engineers, drill! *62*

E

Ere the fair land of Texas, a star of our flag, *396*
Every soldier leaves behind, oh, a girl that's true and kind, *131*
Every time I pray for rain, *583*
Eyes right! Knapsacks tight! Bayonets to the rear! *14*

F

Fading light dims the sight, *77*
Father and I went down to camp, *459*
Fight away, oh fight away, *595*
For battle prepared in their country's just cause, *485*
For seven long years I courted Nancy, *4*

G

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend, *469*
Gay is the life of the young dragoon, *554*
Get out that old broken tibia, *124*
Give me a discharge, give me my pay, and leave the rest to me, *175*
Give me some hardtack, *152*
Good-by, boys, I'm through with guns and caissons too, *135*
Good morning, Mr. Zip–Zip–Zip, *97*

H

Hail, Alma Mater, dear, *571*
Half-way down the trail to Hell in a shady meadow green, *25*
Hark to the Indian yell, *454*
Hello, G. H. Q., when do we sail? *175*
Hence with the lover who sighs o'er his wine, *503*
Here's to the Third Artillery, *541*
He who wears a regimental suit, *420*
His sword blade gleams and his eye-light beams, *473*
Hold your head down, fusileer, *145*
How happy the soldier who lives on his pay, *486*
How stands the glass around, *463*
How well I remember there're no more days till June, *585*

I

I ain't been long in this yer army, *17*
I am stumpless quite since from the shot, *392*
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, *73*
I dreamed that I dwelt on an isle of cracked ice, *215*
I'd hate to be a Hun, boys, *173*
I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators bold, *117*
If a lady wearin' pantaloons is swingin' wit' a knife, *219*
If at war's altar we should kneel, *524*
I fear no haughty nation, *381*
If I had a beau for a soldier who'd go, *573*
If you don't like your beans and your hard-tack, *153*
If you want to know where the generals were, *87*
If you want to "Kuss the Kaiser," *169*
I'll be a Sergeant, an orderly Sergeant, *271*
I'll be down to get you in an ambulance, captain, *161*
I'll be down to meet you with my pick and shovel, *161*
I'm a man of experience, I've been to Fort Monroe, *60*
I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, *27*
I'm glad my dad three hundred has, *324*
I'm only a common soldier man in the blasted Philippines, *206*
I'm Paddy Whack from Bally-na-hack, not long ago turned soldier, *260*
In a little nipa cottage on the Pasig's muddy shore, *221*
In our fair land there are some men, *520*
In that land of dopey dreams, happy, peaceful Philippines, *200*
In the base at Savenay, *124*
In the prison cell I sit, *344*
In Yorkshire I was born and bred, *437*
I sing you an honest song, made by an honest pate, *410*
It's a most amazing country in the far-off Philippines, *224*
It's a way we have in the Army, *69*
It's the syme the whole world over, *138*
I've done throwed my saddle in a mesquite tree, *170*
I've got my wind up, honey, *160*
I've got some good news, Emil, *162*
I've taken the nags as I've found them, *22*
I've torn my "differential" up, *593*

I want to go home! I want to go home! *99*
I was far, far from the firing line, *178*
I will sing you a song, 't will not take me long, *210*
I wish I was in de land ob cotton, *238*

J

Jehovah, Lord, beneath whose smile, *186*
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, *248*
Johnny Bull, beware, keep at your proper distance, *431*
Just before the battle, mother, *331*
Just before the battle, mother, I was drinking mountain dew, *334*
Just behind the battle, mother, *102*
Just see those New York laddies, loused up with coots and scabbies, *174*

K

Keep your eye on General Wingate's brigade, *177*
Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy, *145*
K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy, *165*
K-K-K-K-P., Dirty old K. P., *165*

L

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed, *510*
Let tyrants shake their iron rod, *499*
Let us close our game of poker, *320*

M

Man born of woman was a soldier for to be, *203*
Mary had a little lamb, *236*
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, *242*
Mine heart ish proken into little pits, *308*
Mount! Mount! and away o'er the green prairie ride, *374*
My daddy to my mammy said, *417*
My name it is Joe Bowers, *314*
My rations are "S. B.," *324*

N

Near Buena Vista's mountain chain, *389*
No more the driver's horn, *356*
Not England's daughters rosy cheeked, *440*
Now isn't it strange how the army doth change? *67*
Now listen unto this my song: I'm a warrior bold you see, *30*
Now on this good ship ————, *206*

O

O boys, we're goin' far tonight, *385*
O Furlo' Moon, up in the sky, *588*
Oh, a jolly brave knight was our Benjamin Beall, *455*
Oh, a mistress fit for a soldier's love, *135*
Oh, Carabao, old Carabao, *218*
Oh, had I a beau who for Mexico would go, *421*
Oh, how I hate to go into the mess hall! *154*
Oh, I'm a good old rebel, *361*
Oh, it's nice to get up in the darkness, *66*
Oh, it's old Arizona again, *552*
Oh, I've been having a hell of a time since I came to the Philippines, *225*
Oh, I wash the captain's dishes, *178*
Oh, I wish I was a diamont upon my Lulu's hand, *93*
Oh, joy! Oh, boy! Where do we go from here? *157*
Oh, kind folks listen to my song, *255*
Oh, may that cuss, Jeff Davis, float, *343*
Oh, me! Oh, my! *590*
Oh, Mother, put out your service star, *156*
Oh, Mother, take in your service flag, *155*
Oh, my name is Paddy Doyle, *324*
Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, *424*
Oh, sing a song of hikers on Datu Ali's trail, *197*
Oh, out-fits may come and out-fits may go, *547*
Oh! the dragoon bold! he scorns all care, *456*
Oh, the minstrels sing of an English King, *140*
Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga, *64*
Oh, there's not a thrade that's going, *258*
Oh, they said the coast artillery would never go to war, *128*
Oh, Uncle Sammy, he needs the signal corps, *149*
Oh, Uncle Sammy, he pays the infantry, *149*
Oh, war now blows her ringing blast, *408*
Oh, we're the Old Ninth Infantry, *512*
Oh, we are the Yearlings, *591*

Oh, we don't have to hike like the infantry, *149*
Oh, we're going to the Hamburg show, *95*
Oh, we're the boys of the Thirsty-First, *556*
Old Bill Kaiser, we are coming 'cross the blue, *169*
Old General Bell, he's round to inspect again, *166*
Old Jerry was sending them over, *150*
Old King Cole was a merry old soul, *45*
O mademoiselle from Gay Paree, parley-voo? *83*
One morning bright and early, *384*
One, two, three, four, We don't need any more, *107*
Only one more jungle season, *559*
O'Reilly was a soldier, the pride of Battery "B," *54*
Our Army is a motley crew, *325*
Our brothers, the dough-boys, *533*
Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain, *347*
Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent, *264*
Our rifles are ready, and ready are we, *419*
Our warrior hearts for battle burn, *419*
Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail, *40*
Over there, over there, *163*
Over there, over there, where the Hun shrapnel bursts in the air, *164*

P

Poor old soldier, poor old soldier, *71*

R

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo, saw men ever such a sight, *391*
Roarious! Roarious! We'll make the coast artillery glorious! *134*
Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon, *19*

S

Said an aviator to a fighter, *121*
Said Burgoyne to his men as they passed in review, *502*
Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa, *353*
Shall we ever forget when we fought for the union, *317*
Since our muskets we have shouldered, *312*
Since the days of old the lure of gold, *575*
Since you all will have singing and won't be said nay, *477*
Sitting by the roadside on a summer day, *302*
Slum and beans, *154*
So, * * * * * *, be advised, *187*
Soldiers sing of their beans and canteens, *317*
Some said it was the infantry, *323*
Sons of Slum and Gravy, will you let the Navy, *598*
Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean, *75*
Stand, Army, to the bar, *68*
Stand up! Stand up! Attention! *49*
Step forth, ye sons of freedom, *452*

T

That seat of science, Athens, *480*
That's the wrong way to tickle Marie, *144*
The army is gath'ring from near and from far, *277*
The Army's coming down the river, *597*
The Artilleree, the Artilleree, with the dirt behind their ears, *38*
The captain told the lieutenant To polish up the floor, *178*
The day is broke; my boys push on, *498*
The days of 'seventy-six, my boys, *449*
The despot's heel is on thy shore, *251*
The hour was sad I left the maid, *507*
The Mexican bandits have crossed to our shore, *387*
The Mexicans are doomed to fall, *416*
The monkey married the baboon's sister, *522*
The M.P.'s, the M.P.'s, with side arms up and down, *179*
The officers live on the top of the hill, *10*
The old gray hearse goes rolling by, *122*
The poor old Kaiser ain't what he used to be, *146*
The Pretoria passed a ship today, *86*
There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours, *364*
There are ships that carry rations, *174*
There once was a Filipino hombre, *188*
There's a long, long nail a-grinding, *159*
There's a long, long trace a-winding, *158*
There's a long, long trail that's winding into No Man's Land in France, *159*
There's a spot that the soldiers all love, *318*

The shades of night were falling fast, *300*
The song of the soldier, weary, hungry and faint, *323*
The years creep slowly by, Lorena, *335*
This world we may find a rough, hard world, *607*
Three gallant ships from England came, *434*
Three years ago this very day, I went to Governor's Isle, *6*
Throughout the land dar is a cry, *404*
To the memory of Crockett fill up to the brim! *413*
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are marching, The kaiser's right there at the door, *169*
'T was at the siege of Vicksburg, *287*
'T was in Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-six, *515*
'T was the Emancipated Race went charging up the hill, *207*
'Twas winter, and blue Tory noses were freezing, *482*

U

Up, Texians, rouse hill and vale with your cry, *413*
Up to your waist in water, *143*

W

Walk in, my tall-haired Indian gal, *415*
Was he a-bookin' of his "Phil," *582*
Watch old "Bill" run, *172*
Was not the day, was not the day, *499*
We all went down to New Orleans, *297*
We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil, *245*
We are coming home! The battle's din and strife is passed, *395*
We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight, *235*
We are the boys of Ashburne, roughnecks to the core, *180*
We are the boys of Potomac's ranks, *359*
We are the engineer train, *134*
We follow where the Swamp Fox guides, *496*
We know that we light bobs are tough and hardy, *485*
We'll be over there to get you, Fritzie, *162*
We'll join in your toast, and here is a roast, *520*
Well, the doughboys are in the trenches, and the cavalry's out on patrol, *134*
Well, where are we going, boys? *95*
We organized in 'seventeen, the gallant Fifty-First, *544*
We're all going calling on the Kaiser, *171*
We're a million gringo soldiers, Yankee Dixie is our name, *168*
We're only a rookie regiment, we've got our spurs to win, *529*
We're tenting tonight on the old camp-ground, *328*
We said good-by to the brown babaye, *194*
West Point, at thy call, *610*
We've been away from home, *176*
We've got a dinky stove that smokes, n'everything, *179*
We've not much longer here to stay, *567*
We want to know when the time will come for us to join the rest, *182*
We will sing a song of glory, *538*
When battle music greets our ear, *275*
When evening shadows fall, The cooties bother most of all, *167*
When I enlisted in the army, *342*
When Johnny comes marching home again, *357*
When leaving dear old Ioway in the first part of the year, *34*
When on the wide-spread battle plain, *370*
When our wild Irish throws, *172*
When the Mexican leaguered thy walls, Alamo! *414*
When the war is over and I get back home, *161*
When Uncle Sam put his fingers in the World War, *184*
When you see that old veteran Army team, *606*
Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here, *157*
Will you come to the bow'r I have shaded for you, *372*
With a pick and with a shovel and with a hoe, *76*
Would you be a soldier, laddy? *268*
Wrap both your elbows up around your neck, *167*

Y

Yea, the doughboys, up at break of day, *579*
Ye Cavaliers of Dixie! *228*
Ye gentlemen and ladies fair, *445*
Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, *232*
You can never win us back! Never! Never! *338*
You Parliament of England, you Lords and Commons, too, *428*
You're in the army now, *12*

Z

Zachary Taylor was a brave old feller, *412*

SFC REF M1629.D7 1929

3H 9259
7 50